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# TRANSLATIONS

FROM

AUTHORS IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

BY

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VOL. II.

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CHARACTERS  
OF  
*L A T I N P O E T S :*  
WITH  
TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGES  
SELECTED FROM EACH.

## C H A R A C T E R.

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---

 VIRGIL.

IN Virgil's verse the brightest beauties shine,  
 And temper'd judgment guides the whole design;  
 Discretion rules the pulses of the heart,  
 And Nature moves the graceful Child of Art;  
 Secure from want, he still avoids excess,  
 Nor strikes us more lest he should please us less:

Through Albion's vales, where golden harvests  
 gleam,  
 The Thames thus rolls his beneficial stream:  
 Now on his banks the flocks securely stray,  
 Nor dread the rage of his incroaching sway;  
 In peaceful state he now Augusta laves,  
 Whose sacred domes and spires adorn his waves;  
 While the calm mirror, with appointed tide,  
 Reflects unbroken their majestic pride.

## C H A R A C T E R.

---

 STATIUS.

IN Statius, thought with boundless vigour glows,  
 Whene'er his theme displays immeasur'd woes ;  
 Or whether, rous'd by menacing alarms,  
 His shrill-ton'd trumpet wakes the din of arms,  
 Ungovern'd rage his lab'ring breast inspires,  
 And his Muse burns with all Bellona's fires :

Thus where the mighty lakes contract their  
     shores,  
 An host of waters the St. Lawrence pours ;  
 Down the abyss of Niagara's steep  
 In lucid arch the tyrant torrents sweep ;  
 With rapid ruin urge their boistrous course,  
 And distant whirlpools feel their eddying force ;  
 No more our ears the tumult can endure,  
 And clouds of foam the mid-day sun obscure.

## TRANSLATIONS.

## VIRGIL.

## BOOK VI.

SEARCH not, my son, the sorrows of thy race,  
 Their mighty sorrows; him to earth the Fates  
 Shall but present in transitory glance,  
 Not grant his longer residence: too great  
 Had seem'd, ye gods! the progeny of Rome,  
 Had he been theirs unquestion'd: from the field  
 Of Mars, what groans of heroes will resound  
 Rome's walls ascending! what sepulchral rites  
 Shalt thou behold, O Tiber! as thy streams

---

O natoe, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum:  
 Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, nec ultra  
 Esse sinent. nimium vobis Romana propago  
 Visa potens, superi, propria hæc si dona fuissent,  
 Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem  
 Campus aget gemitus! vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis  
 Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem!

Glide



Glide by his recent tomb! From Ilium's stock  
 To such fair hope no branch shall ever raise  
 The Latian fathers, nor of such a youth  
 The land of Romulus again shall boast.

Alas! what duteous love, what honor! strict  
 As faith of antient ages! with an arm  
 In war invincible! With rash attempt

The foe in arms had fac'd him, when on foot  
 He led th' embattled squadrons, or with spur  
 The flanks he goaded of his foaming steed.

Ah much to be lamented youth! if thou—  
 If thou canst burst through Fate's rude barriers—

Thou

Shalt be Marcellus.—With unsparing hand

Nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos  
 In tantum spe tollet avos: nec Romula quondam  
 Ullo se tantum tellus jactabit alumno.  
 Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello  
 Dexterâ! non illi se quisquam impune tulisset  
 Obvius armato, seu cum pedes iret in hostem,  
 Seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.  
 Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,  
 Tu Marcellus eris. manibus date lilia plenis;

Here

Here show'r your lilies: I myself will strow  
 The blooming flow'rs, and with this fruitless gift  
 Thus venerate at least my kindred shade,

*STATIUS.*

BOOK III.

THIS way direct thy fight: amid the depth  
 Of yon blue vault, innumerable swans  
 Their files have station'd; whether from the  
 North,  
 And Thracian Strymon, by rude Boreas driv'n,  
 Or from the banks o' th' placid Nile they come,

---

Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis  
 His saltem adcumulem donis, & fungar inani  
 Munere.

Huc adverte animum. clara regione profundi  
 Ætheris, innumeri statuerunt agmina cygni.  
 Sive hos Strymonia Boreas eiecit ab Arcto,  
 Seu fecunda refert placidi clementia Nili.

Their

Their course is clos'd: deem thou that symbol  
 Thebes;  
 For silent here and motionless they rest,  
 As if secure from danger: but, behold,  
 Through the vast void a mightier troop advance;  
 Sev'n eagles, thunder-bearers of high Jove,  
 I see in threats exulting: these, conceive  
 To be th' Inachian chiefs. With fierce assault  
 The snow-white phalanx they invade, and ope  
 Their beaks, to riot on new feasts of blood,  
 E'er yet their talons grasp their shrinking prey.  
 See'st thou the sanguine drops, the feath'ry  
 show'r,  
 Float o'er the skies?—But lo, what sudden wrath

---

*Fixerunt cursus, hac rere in imagine Thebas.  
 Nam sese immoti gyro, atque in pace silentes,  
 Ceu muris, valloque tenent. sed fortior ecce  
 Adventat per inane cohors. septem ordine fulvo  
 Armigeras summi Jovis exultante caterva  
 Intuor. Inachii sint hi tibi (concipe) reges.  
 Invasere globum nivei gregis. uncaque pandunt  
 Cædibus ora novis, & strictis unguibus instant.  
 Cernis inexperto rorantes sanguine ventos,  
 Et plumis stillare diem? quam sæva repente*

Of unpropitious Jove the conqu'ring host  
 To various death decrees ! One soars aloft,  
 And feels within his breast the lightning's flame,  
 Yet hardly bows his spirit to the stroke :  
 Another, daring the presumptuous flight  
 Of elder birds, ye feeble wings ! you fail'd,  
 And laid him low on earth : this falls, and draws  
 His rival with him, in one fate involv'd :  
 This flies, and flying leaves his soæial train :  
 This shall the floods absorb : and frantic this  
 Shall dying feed upon his living foe.  
 Why, O Melampus ! from thy downcast eye  
 In secret starts that tear ? — not unobserv'd  
 Is he who falls. — He said, and both retir'd.

---

Victores agitat læto Jovis ira sinistri ?  
 Hic excelsa petens subita face Solis inarfit,  
 Summisitque animos. illum vestigia adortum  
 Majorum volucrum teneræ deponitis alæ.  
 Hic hosti implicitus pariter ruit, hunc fuga retro  
 Volvit agens sociæ linquentem fata catervæ.  
 Hic nimbo glomeratus obit. hic præpete viva  
 Pascitur immoriens. spargit cava nubila sanguis.  
 Quid furtim lachrymas ? illum venerande Melampis  
 Qui cadit, agnosco —

*STATIUS.*

## STATIUS.

## BOOK. X.

No longer must I sing in wonted strain;  
 Augmented boldness from th' Aonian groves  
 Now must I draw: Ye Muses all, to mine  
 Unite your darings!—Whether from th' abyss  
 Of Erebus this rage was sent, and arm'd  
 To brave the pow'r of Jove, the Stygian fiends  
 Pursu'd, where Capaneus his banners wav'd;  
 Or whether valour 'twas beyond controul,  
 Glory precipitate, or succeeding woe,  
 Which takes its rise from joy, when wrath in-  
 cur'd

---

Non mihi jam solito vatium de more canendum:  
 Major ab Aoniis sumenda audacia lucis,  
 Mecum omnes audete decere, sive ille profunda  
 Missus nocte furor, Capaneaque signa secuta:  
 Arma Jovem contra Stygiæ raptiere sorores,  
 Seu virtus egressa modum, seu gloria præceps,  
 Seu magnæ data fama neci, seu læta malorum

A flatt'ring aspect bears from gods to men,  
 Earth and its objects now the hero spurns;  
 Glutted with carnage, ev'ry weapon spent,  
 His own, and those of his attendant friends,  
 With wearied arm, he turns his eyes to heav'n,  
 Then measures with indignant look the walls  
 Of tow'r-incircled Thebes; with countless rows  
 Two unbranch'd pines connected he sustains,  
 To force his passage into air; a torch  
 In many a flame divided, from afar  
 Tremendous he uprears, whose dazzling gleam  
 Glows on his armour: "Against Thebes," he  
 cries,

"Be this my guide! With this, my spirit burns

---

*Principia, & blandæ superum mortalibus iræ.  
 Jam sordent terrena viro, tædetque profundæ  
 Cædis, & exhaustis olim, Grajumque, suisque  
 Missilibus, lassâ respexit in æthera dextra.  
 Ardua mox torvo metitur culmina visu,  
 Innumerosque gradus, gemina latus arbore clusus  
 Aërium sibi portat iter. longèque timendus  
 Multifidam quercum flagranti lumine vibrat.  
 Arma rubent una, clypeoque incenditur ignis.  
 Hac ait in Thebas, hac me jubet ardua virtus*

"To

“ To mount where flipp’ry with Menæceus’ blood

“ The tow’r yet reeks; now will I try the strength

“ Of godlike aid, and prove Apollo’s truth.”

He said, and mounting with alternate step,

Triumphant scales the captive walls, Of old

Thus Heav’n beheld the Titans in mid air

Ascending, when rebellious Earth aspir’d

To cast a downward look upon the gods;

When yet the mass of Pelion had not gain’d

Its purpos’d height, and Ossa scarce had touch’d

The trembling footstool of the thund’ring Jove.

*Ire, Menæceo qua lubrica sanguine turris.*

*Experiar, quid sacra juvent, an falsus Apollo.*

*Dixit, & alterno captiva in mœnia gressu*

*Surgit ovans. quales mediis in nubibus æther*

*Vidit Aloidas, cum cresceret impia tellus*

*Despectura deos, nec adhuc immane veniret*

*Pelion, & trepidum jam tangeret Ossa Tonantem.*

## STATIUS.

## BOOK XI.

——— Thus she intreats,  
 And falls upon the ground : with threats severe  
 The father draws her from her knees, and spurns  
 The thought of pardon. Thus beneath the cave  
 High arch'd, the lion, at whose youthful rage  
 The woods and mountains trembled, now dis-  
 arm'd

By lengthen'd years, in torpid sloth reclines :  
 But still majestic, in his aged form  
 Inspires a terror, which forbids approach ;  
 And, if he hears the found of lowing herds,

——— sic orat, humique

Volvitur, abducit genitor, sævumque minatur  
 Indignans veniam. qualis leo rupe sub alta  
 Quem viridem quondam silvæ montesque tremebant :  
 Jam piger, & longo jacet exarmatus ab ævo,  
 Magna tamen facies, & non adeunda senectus :  
 Et si demissas veniat mugitus ad aures,

Starts



Starts up, still mindful of himself, and groans  
 O'er his lost strength, indignant that the race  
 Of younger lions o'er the fields should reign!

### STATIUS.

SYLVÆ; LIB. V. l. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15.

WHAT crime have I committed, wretched  
 youth!

What error? to deserve that I alone,  
 O Sleep! thou gentlest pow'r! should want thy  
 gifts?

Birds, beasts, of milder or more savage kind,  
 In silence rest; the rocks in slumbers feign'd,

Erigitur, meminitque fui, viresque solutas

Ingemit, & campis alios regnare leones.

### AD SOMNUM.

CRIMINE quo merui juvenis, placidissime divum,

Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem.

Somme tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucresque, feræque,

As

As wearied, nodding from their summits, bend ;  
 Streams cease their rougher sounds ; their roar  
 The billows hush, amid the briny main,  
 And waves reposing on the shore recline.  
 Sev'n times has Cynthia in her varied form  
 Seen these pale cheeks unchang'd ; as oft the star  
 Of morn, and cold Aurora, my complaints  
 Has past, or scatter'd from her dewy car.

How shall my strength suffice me?—Had I eyes  
 Num'rous as Argus, which alternate op'd  
 Their lids, and clos'd, and never wholly slept;  
 Vain were to me his thousand.—Now alas !

---

*Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.  
 Nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus, occinit horror  
 Æquoris, & terris maria acclinata quiescunt.  
 Septima jam rediens Phœbe mihi respicit ægras  
 Stare genas, totidem Oetææ, Paphiæque revisunt  
 Lampades, & toties nostros Titonia questus  
 Præterit, & gelido spargit miserata flagello.  
 Unde ego sufficiam? non si mihi lumina mille,  
 Quæ facer alterna tantum statione tenebat  
 Argus, & haud unquam vigilabat corpore toto.*

Some youth, who in his arms enfolds his love,  
 Thro' the long night repels thee; thence O come:  
 Nor do I ask thee on my eyes to spread  
 Thy wings entire—that boon the happy crave;  
 Touch thou me only with thy rod's extreme,  
 And pass with lightest step suspended——

---

At nunc, heus, aliquis longa sub nocte, puellæ  
 Brachia nexa tenens, ultro te Somne repellit.  
 Inde veni, nec te totas infundere pennas  
 Luminibus compello meis; (hoc turba precatur  
 Lætior) extremo me tange cacumine virgæ:  
 Sufficit, aut leviter suspenso poplite transi.

**OID.**

**I**N Ovid, Wit expands her brilliant fail,  
Caught by the favor of each wanton gale ;—  
Though deeply fraught with Learning's various  
stores,  
The gather'd wealth with lavish hand he pours ;  
And while his lays the splendid grief impart,  
They strike the ear, but sink not to the heart ;

Thus in the regions of the farthest North,  
Where the Sun brings no ripen'd harvest forth,  
Through the chill air incessant meteors fly,  
And signs of wonder streak the lucid sky ;  
In wild confusion flit th' inconstant rays,  
Nor e'er in Nature's aid collect their blaze ;  
From crystal rocks no genial moisture flows,  
And Winter's pow'r no diminution knows.

## C H A R A C T E R.

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---

 LUCAN.

IN Lucan, thought with dignity prevails,  
 While Virtue weighs the world in equal scales;  
 To Truth severe he makes his firm appeal,  
 And admiration springs from what we feel;  
 No vain delight his solid lines inspire,  
 But as we gaze we glow with patriot fire:

Thus flames the sun ascending thro' the sky,  
 While low-bred vapours from his presence fly;  
 Trees, plants, and flow'rs imbibe his vital ray;  
 Earth, air, and sea, rejoice beneath his sway;  
 And while he pierces to the central mine,  
 Where gold and diamonds yet imperfect shine,  
 Splendor and use in blended streams abound,  
 And ev'ry beauty is with blessing crown'd.

## TRANSLATIONS.

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*OVID.*

## METAM. BOOK X.

PYGMALION saw these crimes, and saw disgrace  
 Still overwhelm the guilty female race ;  
 With horror hence he from their union fled,  
 And chose the slumbers of a lonely bed :  
 Meantime an image he of iv'ry made,  
 Where happiest art such beauty had display'd,  
 As would in vain in real life be fought ;  
 Then himself doats on what his hands had  
 wrought :

---

Quas quia Pygmalion ævum per crimina agentes  
 Viderat : offensus vitiis, quæ plurima menti  
 Fœminæ natura dedit, sine conjuge cœlebs  
 Vivebat, thalamique diu consorte carebat.  
 Interea nivæum mira feliciter arte  
 Sculpsit ebur, formamque dedit, qua fœmina nasci  
 Nulla potest, operisque sui concepit amorem.

A vir-

A virgin's grace it more than seem'd to wear,  
 For life might well be thought t' inhabit there,  
 And, but for shame, a wish to move reveal'd,  
 So much was art by highest art conceal'd.  
 Pygmalion now the polish'd form admires,  
 Whose beauty feign'd a real flame inspires;  
 Oft to his work his hands spontaneous move,  
 Whether 'twas iv'ry still, or life to prove;  
 And still he doubts, unwilling to confess,  
 That lifeless iv'ry should such life possess:  
 Now gives a kiss, now thinks the kiss repaid,  
 Talks to the statue, clasps the senseless maid,  
 Thinks that his fingers on her beauties press,  
 And fears to harm them by his fond excess;

---

*Virginis est veræ facies, quam vivere credas,  
 Et, si non obstet reverentia, velle moveri;  
 Ars adeo latet arte sua, miratur, & haurit  
 Pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes.  
 Sæpe manus operi tentantes admovet, an sit  
 Corpus, an illud ebur: nec adhuc ebur esse fatetur  
 Oscula dat, reddique putat, loquiturque, tenetque,  
 Et credit tactis digitos insidere membris,  
 Et metuit pressos veniat ne livor in artus,*

Courts her with presents such as maidens love,  
Fruits, flow'rs, and birds from ev'ry mead and  
grove ;

Then round her shoulders a rich robe he throws,  
While on her neck and arms, in glitt'ring rows,  
Each gem he places ; all become the maid,  
Yet she most fair appears when least array'd ;  
Calls her, when plac'd upon the couch, his bride,  
And as the limbs from off the pillow glide,  
With care replaces the inferiate load,  
As if it felt the fondness he bestow'd.

To Venus sacred now returns the day,  
When youths and maids their am'rous homage  
pay ;

Et modo blanditias adhibet, modo grata puellis  
Munera fert illi conchas, teretesque lapillos,  
Et parvas volucres, & flores mille colorum,  
Liliaque pictasque pilas, & ab arbore lapsas  
Heliadum lacrymas: ornat quoque vestibis artus,  
Dat digitis gemmas, dat longa monilia collo ;  
Aure leves baccæ, redimicula pectore pendent,  
Cuncta decent, nec nuda minus formosa videtur.  
Cõllocat hanc stratis concha Sidonide tinctis,  
Appellatque tori sociam: acclinataque colla

With



With flow'rs adorn'd each snowy victim dies,  
 And fragrant flames from ev'ry altar rise;  
 On these Pygmalion too his off'ring lays,  
 And thus with fearful suit to Venus prays:  
 "Ye gods! whose pow'r, if so your wills decree,  
 "Through heav'n extends; pervades through  
 land and sea,  
 "To these fond arms oh let her be convey'd;"  
 He sigh'd, yet dar'd not say, his iv'ry maid:  
 "But one like her!"—The goddess heard his  
 pray'r,  
 And saw the wish he trembled to declare:  
 Soon to his view the friendly signs appear'd,  
 And thrice the flame its curling volume rear'd;

---

Mollibus in plumis, tanquam sensura, reponit.  
 Festa dies Veneris tota celleberrima Cypro  
 Venerat: & blandis indutæ cornibus aurum  
 Considerant ictæ nivea cervice, juvenæ,  
 Thuraque fumabant, cum munere functus ad aras  
 Constitit, & timidè, Si dii dare cuncta potestis,  
 Sit conjux opto, non ausus eburnea virgo  
 Dicere Pygmalion, similis mea, dixit, eburnæ.  
 Sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis,  
 Vota quid illa velint: &, amici numinis omen,

Now

Now home return'd, he seeks his fancied bliss,  
 And bending o'er her, prints an ardent kiss;  
 When sec, she glows! With lips again applied,  
 Again with roving palm her breast he tried,  
 The soft'ning iv'ry, iv'ry now no more,  
 Yields to the trial, as his hands explore  
 The panting mass; thus ductile wax receives,  
 Warm'd by the sun, each form the workman  
 gives:

Amaz'd he feels a yet uncertain joy,  
 Fearing least truth his error should destroy;  
 Once more her charms with eager haste he tries,  
 And found beyond a doubt her bosom rise;

Flamma ter accensa est, apicemque per aëra duxit.  
 Ut rediit, simulacra suæ petit ille puellæ,  
 Incumbensque toro dedit oscula, visa tepere est.  
 Admovet os iterum, manibus quoque pectora tentat:  
 Tentatum mollescit ebur, positoque rigore  
 Subfedit digitis, ceditque, Ut Hymettia sole  
 Cera remollescit, tractataque pollice multas  
 Vertitur in facies, ipsoque fit utilis usu.  
 Dum stupet, & dubiè gaudet, fallique veretur,  
 Rursus amans, rursusque manu sua vota retractat:

'Twas life, no statue, the new-kindled heat  
 In ev'ry pulse beneath his pressure beat ;  
 To Venus now his amplest thanks repaid,  
 Pygmalion clasp'd once more his breathing maid,  
 Prest on her melting lips a lengthen'd kiss,  
 And while the maid first felt the thrilling bliss,  
 Blushing, to heav'n she rais'd her timid sight,  
 And saw at once her lover and the light.

---

Corpus erat, salient tentatæ pollice venæ.  
 Tum vero Paphius plenissima concipit heros  
 Verba, quibus Veneri grates agit, oraque tandem  
 Ore suo non falsa premit : dataque oscula virgo  
 Sensit, & erubuit, timidumque ad lumina lumen  
 Attollens, pariter cum cælo vidit amantem.

## LUCAN.

## BOOK I.

THOU, least new triumphs should thy past obscure,  
Great Pompey! fear'st; and wreaths from pirates won

To Gallia's laurels yield: thee, lengthen'd toils  
Exalt, whose fortune spurns a second place;  
And while a Cæsar brooks no higher rank,  
Endures no equal: which the juster arms  
Assum'd, must rest unknown—in his defence  
Each boasts a mighty judge: War's partial powers  
Fought for the victors, but the vanquish'd cause

Tu nova ne veteres obscurant acta triumphos,  
Et victis cedat peiratica laurea Gallis,  
Magne times: te jam series, ususque laborum  
Erigit, impatiensque loci Fortuna secundi:  
Nec quemquam jam ferre potest, Cæsarve priorem,  
Pompeiufve parem. quis justius induit arma  
Scire nefas: magno se iudice quisque tuetur:

Was Cato's choice. Nor upon equal terms  
 Met the contending chieftains : one, in years,  
 Into old age declining, by long use  
 Of civil honours calm'd, the warlike chief  
 Had laid aside, and fought the arts of peace  
 In fame more gentle ; courting by rich gifts  
 The multitude, whose wav'ring breath impell'd  
 His course ; rejoic'd the plaudits to receive  
 Of his own theatre, nor strove new strength  
 To gain ; but trusting to past Fortune's smile,  
 He stands the shadow of a mighty name :  
 Thus in some fertile soil, an oak sublime,  
 Which bears the antique spoils of vanquish'd  
 hosts,

*Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.  
 Nec coire pares : alter vergentibus annis  
 In senium, longoque togæ tranquillior usu  
 Dedidicit jam pacē Ducem, famæque petitor  
 Multa dare in vulgus, totus popularibus auris  
 Impelli, plausuque sui gaudere theatri :  
 Nec reparare novas vires, multumque priori  
 Credere Fortunæ ; stat magni nominis umbra :  
 Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro*

Trophies, to conquest sacred, now no more  
 By firm entwisted roots secure, depends  
 For strength upon its weight; while thro' the air  
 Spreading its wither'd branches, it affords,  
 Not by its leaves, but by its trunk, a shade;  
 And though each threatening blast portends a fall,  
 Though proudly stand the younger trees, alone,  
 Receives each hallow'd homage:—but a name  
 In Cæsar rules not only, nor renown  
 Of past exploits; in him a spirit flames  
 Which knows no resting place, no shame admits,  
 But not to conquer in the warlike field;  
 Fierce, unsubdued, where hope, where anger calls

---

Exuvias veteres populi, sacrataque gestans  
 Dona Ducum: nec jam validis radicibus hærens,  
 Pondere fixa suo est, nudosque per æra ramos  
 Effundens, trunco, non frondibus efficit umbram.  
 Sed quamvis primo nutet casura sub Euro,  
 Tot circum silvæ firmo se robore tollant,  
 Sola tamen colitur. sed non in Cæsare tantum  
 Nomen erat, nec fama Ducis: sed nescia virtus  
 Stare loco, solusque pudor non vincere bello:  
 Acer, & indomitus, quod spes, quoque ira vocasset,

His arm, he follows; nor the ruthless sword  
 Spares to unsheath; still faithful to success;  
 Ardent he presses on the fav'ring pow'rs,  
 Impelling what his purpose could oppose  
 Of sov'reign rule; exulting to pervade  
 Through havoc to his prey: The thunder's bolt  
 Thus driv'n by winds, through parting clouds,  
 With sound  
 Terrific rushes, rives the vaulted sky,  
 And rends the face of day, while crouds aghast  
 With dazzled eyes, shrink from the shaft oblique;  
 Sparing no temples, though of Jove, it bursts  
 Through all resistance, with tempestuous fall,  
 And quick return, it rages; far and wide

---

Ferre manum, & numquam temerando parcere ferro:  
 Successus urgere suos: instare favori  
 Numinis, impellens quidquid sibi summa petenti  
 Obstaret, gaudensque viam fecisse ruina.  
 Qualiter expressum ventis per nubila fulmen  
 Aetheris impulsu sonitu, mundique fragore  
 Emicuit, rupitque diem, populosque paventeis  
 Terruit, obliqua præstringens lumina flamma,  
 In sua templa furit, nullaque exire vetante

Hurls

Hurls the vast ruins, and with force increas'd  
 Resumes the ravage of its scatter'd fires.

# LUCAN.

## LIB. V.

**T**WICE and again, with hand, which shook the  
 door,  
 Had Cæsar knock'd, when from his rushy couch  
 Amyclas rising spake; "What shipwreck'd man  
 "Seeks here for refuge? Who, by fortune prest,  
 "Can be so wretched as to need my help?"  
 He spake; and from the smould'ring heap, where  
 fire

*Materia, magnamque cadens, magnamque revertens  
 Dat stragem latè, sparsosque recolligit igneis.*

*Hæc Cæsar bis, terque manu quassantia tectum  
 Limina commovit. molli confurgit Amyclas,  
 Quem dabat alga, toro. quisnam mea naufragus, inquit,  
 Tecta petit? aut quem nostræ Fortuna coëgit  
 Auxilium sperare casæ? sic fatus, ab alto*

Had



Had blaz'd, rekindled with his breath the flame ;  
 Free from the fear of war, his low-built hut  
 He knew, to civil arms could yield no spoil.

O happy state of poverty, secure  
 In lowly mansions—gifts of bounteous Heav'n  
 Not understood !—What temples, walls, could  
 boast

Such strength, as not to tremble, when assail'd  
 By Cæsar's arm ?——

Aggere, jam tepidæ sublatæ fune favillæ,  
 Scintillam tenuem commotos pavit in igneis,  
 Securus belli : prædam civilibus armis  
 Scit non esse casus. ô vitæ tuta facultas  
 Pauperis, angustique Lares ! ô munera nondum  
 Intellecta Deûm ! quibus hoc contingere templis,  
 Aut potuit muris, nullo trepidare tumultu  
 Cæsarea pulsante manu ?——

## LUCAN.

## LIB. VII.

THERE clad in vulgar arms, and to the foes  
 Unknown, what weapon, Brutus, didst thou  
 wield?  
 O thou! our empire's glory, thou the hope  
 Last to the Senate left; last of a name  
 For ages so renown'd! with rash attempt  
 Rush not through hosts contending, nor advance  
 Philippi's fatal onset; — thou, whose doom  
 Thy own Thieffalian plains await: in vain  
 Here dost thou strike at Cæsar's head; not yet  
 Has he attain'd the citadel of right,  
 Nor past the summit, whence the pow'r of man  
 Declines, or yet from Fate hath he defery'd  
 A death so noble: still then let him live,  
 Nor fall thy victim, Brutus, till he reigns.

---

Illic plebeia contactus cæsside vultus,  
 Ignotusque hosti, quod ferrum Brute tenebas?  
 O decus imperii, spes ô suprema Senatûs,  
 Extremum tanti generis per sæcula nomen,  
 Ne rue per medios nimium temerarius hosteis,

## THE SAME IN RHIME.

THERE, from the foes in vulgar arms conceal'd,  
 What sword unnotic'd, didst thou, Brutus, wield?  
 O thou, in whom our empire's glories shine!  
 Freedom's last hope! last honour of thy line!  
 Urge not too bold, thro' hostile bands thy way,  
 Nor antedate Philippi's fatal day,  
 Thou, whom thine own Theſſalia ſhall betray:  
 Vain here thy toil to ſtrike at Cæſar's life;  
 Not yet the tyrant, 'mid ambition's ſtrife,  
 Hath reach'd the citadel of right, nor paſt  
 That bound, where human pow'r no more ſhall laſt;  
 Not yet by crimes hath he deſerv'd, tho' great,  
 A death ſo noble to receive from Fate:  
 Still let him live, till worthy to be ſlain  
 Victim of Brutus, he o'er Rome ſhall reign.

---

Nec tibi fataleis admoveris antè Philippos,  
 Theſſalia periture tua. nil proficis iſtic  
 Cæſaris intentus jugulo: nondum attigit arcem  
 Juris, & humanum culmen, quo cuncta premuntur  
 Egreſſus, meruit fatiſ tam nobile letum:  
 Vivat, &, ut Bruti procumbat victima, regnet.

LUCAN.

## LUCAN.

## LIB. IX.

“**F**LIGHT is the crime of cowards:” thus he  
spake,

And ev’ry ship prepar’d to fail, recall’d  
Thus, when Hyblæan swarms have left their hives  
Exhausted, and unmindful of the combs,  
No longer intertwine their wings, but each  
Flies devious, self-employ’d, and slothful shuns  
The thymy blossom,—if the Phrygian brags  
Refounds, astonish’d they resign their flight,  
Intent again pursue their flow’ry work,  
And love of sweets celestial: in his plains

*Ignavum scelus est tantum fuga. dixit, & omnes  
Haud aliter medio revocavit ab æquore puppes,  
Quam simul effetas relinquunt examina ceras,  
Atque oblita favi non miscent nexibus alas,  
Sed sibi quæque volat, nec jam degustat amarum  
Desidiosa thymum. Phrygii sonus ut crepat æris:  
Attonitæ posuere fugam, studiumque laboris*

The shepherd feels a joy secure to find  
 The treasure of his cottage unimpair'd :  
 Thus, by the voice of Cato, was impress'd  
 Submission to a just command, on minds  
 By war untaught to bear the charms of peace,  
 Who now, well-pleas'd, their wonted toils re-  
 sum'd.

# LUCAN.

LIB. IX. AD FINEM.

“NATIONS have lost their joy; our concord lost  
 “The world laments, nor have the fav’ring gods  
 “Granted my wishes, that with conq’ring arms

Florigeri repetunt, & sacri mellis amorem.

Gaudet in Hyblæo securus gramine pastor

Divitias servasse casæ. sic voce Catonis

Inculcata viris justæ patientia Martis.

Jamque actu belli non doctas ferre quietem

Constituit menteis, seriemque agitare laborum.

Læta dies rapta est populis: concordia mundo

Nostra perit: caruere Deis mea vota secundis.

"Depos'd, I might have clasp'd thee to my  
 breast;—  
 "And freed for former loves; have sought from  
 thee should no business of this sort be  
 "Thy better life; nor wish'd a brighter close  
 "To all my toils; content with the reward  
 "To be thy equal deem'd: in lasting peace  
 "I, by my care, would have from thee obtain'd  
 "To grant forgiv'ness to a partial Heav'n  
 "That thou wast conquer'd;—thou, by thine,  
 hadst gain'd  
 "From Rome my pardon:"—thus he spake,  
 nor found  
 Companions in his grief, to his complaints  
 No credit giv'n by multitudes, who check

---

Ut te complexus positis felicibus armis  
 Affectus abs te veteres, vitamque rogarẽ,  
 Magne, tuam, dignaque satis mercede laborum  
 Contentus par esse tibi: tunc pace fideli  
 Fecissem, ut victus posses ignoscere Divis,  
 Fecisses ut Roma mihi. nec talia fatus,  
 Invēnit fletus comitem, nec turba querenti

Their groans, and with a cheerful aspect veil  
 Their inmost thoughts; and dare—O blessed  
 boon  
 Of Liberty!—to gaze upon the crime  
 Of blood with joy, though Cæsar deign to weep

LUCAN.

LIB. IX.

HE, lab'ring with the god, whom in his mind  
 He bore in silence, from his breast thus pour'd  
 These accents, worthy of most holy shrines:  
 “What, Labienus, wouldst thou wish to seek?  
 “Whether in arms, with Freedom, I would fall

Credidit: abscondunt gemitus, & pectora læta  
 Fronte tegunt, hilaresque nefas spectare cruentum,  
 O bona libertas, cum Cæsar lugeat, audent.

Ille Deo plenus, tacita quem mente gerebat,  
 Effudit dignas adytis è pectore voces.  
 Quid quæri Labiente jubes? an liber in armis

“Rather

- “ Rather than see a Cæsar’s reign? If life  
 “ Be ought, or nothing, short, or long posselt?  
 “ If force can harm the good; if Fortune lose  
 “ Her threat, when worth opposes? If to wish  
 “ For what is worthy praise, suffice; if palms  
 “ Can by success enhance the virtuous deed?—  
 “ This we all feel, nor deeper in the mind  
 “ Can Ammon press the truth: on heav’n we all  
 “ Depend, and though no temple speak, we act  
 “ But as the God inspires: that sacred pow’r  
 “ No voice demands, and when we first were  
 born  
 “ He spake the whole permitted man to know;
- 

Occubuisse velim potius, quàm regna videre?  
 An sit vita nihil, sed longa? an differat ætas?  
 An noceat vis ulla bono, Fortunaque perdat  
 Opposita virtute minas, laudandaque velle  
 Sit satis, & numquam successu crescat honestum?  
 Scimus, & hoc nobis non altius inferet Ammon.  
 Hæremus cuncti Superis, temploque tacente  
 Nil agimus nisi sponte Dei: non Vocibus ullis  
 Numen eget: dixitque semel nascentibus auctor  
 Quidquid scire licet: sterileis nec legit arenas,

“ Nor



“ Nor chose these barren desarts to declare  
 “ His will to few, or in the dust his truth  
 “ Immers’d : Is earth, sea, air, and sky, alone  
 “ His dwelling? He with Virtue dwells; why ask  
 “ Of pow’rs superior, more? The God supreme  
 “ Is all we see, where’er we move :—Let doubt  
 “ Impel the searchers of events, and keep  
 “ The votaries of chance suspended :—Me  
 “ No oracles assure, but certain death  
 “ Decides my choice: the coward and the brave  
 “ Alike must fall; nor needs Jove more declare.”

Thus Cato spake, and left the fane, its faith  
 Uninjur’d, and its Ammon unexplor’d.

---

Estque Dei sedes nisi terra, & Pontus, & ær,  
 Et cælum? est virtus: Superos quid quærimus ultra?  
 Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris.  
 Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperque futuris  
 Casibus anticipites: me non oracula certum,  
 Sed mors certa facit: pavidò, fortique cadendum est.  
 Hoc fatis est dixisse Jovem. sic ille profatur,  
 Servataque fide templi discedit ab aris,  
 Non exploratum populis Ammonia relinquens.

LUCAN.

## LUCAN.

## LIB. IV.

LIFE at a distance, comrades, I have cast,  
 And all my pow'rs exulting feel the goad  
 Of future death ; — 'tis rage ; — 'tis ecstasy ! —  
 To those alone whom near-approaching Death  
 Infolds within his grasp, (and what the gods  
 Conceal from wretches, doom'd to longer life,  
 That they may bear its pangs,) 'tis giv'n to prove  
 That he who dies is happy\*. — Fame, that flies  
 O'er land and sea, no ship with louder tramp  
 Hath prais'd : yet dastard nations will not learn

\* *Projeci vitam comites, totusque futuræ  
 Mortis agor stimulis. furor est ; agnoscere solis  
 Permissum est, quos jam tangit vicinia fati,  
 Victurosque Dei celant, ut vivere durent,  
 Felix esse mori.* —

† ——— *nullam majore locuta est  
 Ore ratem totum discurrens fama per orbem.*

By such examples, with how slight an effort  
 One stroke may close their servitude : but kings  
 Still for their arms are dreaded ; Freedom still  
 Is gall'd with chains, and knows not swords  
 were giv'n

That none might be enslav'd. O Death, that  
 ne'er  
 Thou wouldst withdraw the coward heart from  
 life,  
 But valour only gave thee in reward †.

Non tamen ignavæ post hæc exempla virorum

Percipient gentes, quam sit non ardua virtus

Servitium fugisse manu : sed regna timentur

Ob ferrum, & sævis libertas uritur armis,

Ignoratque datos, ne quisquam serviat, enseis.

Mors utinam pavidos vitæ subducere nolles,

Sed virtus te sola daret.

## CHARACTER.

CLAUDIAN.

IN Claudian Pomp unfolds her lengthen'd state  
 In gorgeous robes, but bending with the weight;  
 His fancy fertile, but his numbers flow  
 In stream unalter'd, uniformly flow;  
 To heights by merit scorn'd his praises soar,  
 While Rome's base fons their baser lord adore:

Thus, where the Ganges spreads his sacred  
 flood,  
 And Nature teems with each gigantic brood,  
 Her largest race, the elephant behold,  
 Array'd in panoply of gems and gold;  
 Onward he moves, earth groans beneath his feet,  
 While India's despots, from their solemn feat,  
 Look with disdain on crowds by terror aw'd,  
 Who prostrate hail their tyrant, as their God..

## C H A R A C T E R.

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 SENECA.

TERRIFIC fiends on Seneca await,  
 Revenge, Lust, Murther, Jealousy, and Hate;  
 Here groans Despair, there bursting Frenzy yells,  
 And Rage its crimes in cruel triumph tells;  
 Such are the scenes his savage Muse displays,  
 As passion prompts th' exasperated phrase:

At close of evening thus the tyger howls,  
 As famish'd o'er Hyrcanian wilds he prowls;  
 If 'mid the gloom some trembling deer he spies,  
 Swift as a shaft he springs,—the victim dies;  
 Gorg'd, yet unsated with the mangled food,  
 He riots in the luxury of blood,  
 Impell'd by Fury's still increasing sway,  
 Again he turns, again he tears the prey.

## TRANSLATIONS.

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*CLAUDIAN.*

FAIR would I gather each exploit ; but deeds  
 Of glorious record in condensing train  
 Press on, and streams of still increasing praise  
 O'erwhelm my powers. When now th' imperial Sire  
 Had crush'd the tyrant, and regain'd the skies,  
 Leaving the earth consign'd to thy command,  
 The tottering fabric of the state didst thou  
 With equal neck sustain : In antient days,  
 Thus, when Alcides bore th' incumbent world,  
 With firmer poise suspended, the machine  
 With all its stars unalter'd kept its course,  
 Nor bow'd the hero, with enfeebled step ;  
 While Atlas wonder'd, for a time reliev'd,  
 To see the burthen which himself had borne.

---

Singula complecti cuperem : sed densior instat  
 Gestorum series, laudumque sequentibus undis  
 Obruimur. Genitor cæsi post bella tyranni  
 Jam tibi commissis conscenderat æthera terris.  
 Ancipites rerum ruituro culmine lapsus

Æquali

## THE SAME IN RHIME.

FAIR would my Muse each high exploit rehearse,  
 But crowds of glorious deeds obstruct my verse;  
 Successive tides of praise enlarge my theme,  
 And overwhelm me with their swelling stream.  
 When now th' imperial Sire had quell'd his foes,  
 And fought in brighter realms his blest repose,  
 To thee resigning, and thy firm command,  
 The sov'reign rule o'er ev'ry sea and land,  
 Thy equal neck upheld the mighty weight,  
 And propp'd the ruins of the tott'ring state:  
 Thus, when Alcides bore the starry sphere,  
 With juster poise, through Heav'n's eternal year,  
 The vast machine its revolution clos'd,  
 Nor bow'd the hero with the toil impos'd;  
 And Atlas, while the transient rest he gain'd,  
 With wonder saw the mass himself sustain'd.

---

*Æquali cervice subis. sic Hercule quondam  
 Sussentante polum, melius librata pependit  
 Machina, nec dubiis titubavit signifer astris,  
 Perpetuaque senex subductus mole parumper  
 Obstupuit proprii spectator ponderis Atlas.*

CLAUDIAN.

*CLAUDIAN.*

DE NUPT. HON. ET MAR.

THE goddess paus'd, and turning with surprise,  
 First on the daughter, her admiring eyes,  
 Then view'd the mother, o'er whose blooming  
 head

Advancing time each finish'd grace had shed ;  
 The daughter like the Moon's yet nascent rays,  
 The mother like her, in her fullest blaze :  
 With slender boughs, and yet unbinding roots,  
 Thus near its parent the young laurel shoots,  
 But bears the promise of her branching pride,  
 When flocks shall graze beneath her shady side :

Cunctatur stupefacta Venus, nunc ora puellæ,  
 Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.  
 Hæc modo crescenti, plenæ par altera Lunæ,  
 Assurgit ceu forte minor sub matre virenti  
 Laurus, & ingentes ramos, olimque futuras  
 Promittit jam parva comas : vel flore sub uno

Or



Or thus, where Pæstan groves luxuriant blow,  
 On one united stem two roses grow;  
 This richly rear'd by summer suns and show'rs,  
 At large the fragrance of her beauty pours;  
 That shrinks within its bud, nor dares display  
 Her tender foliage to Hyperion's ray.

**S E N E C A.**

**MEDEA; PROLOGUE.**

YE gods of wedlock, and Lucina, thou  
 Protectress of the genial couch; with her,  
 By whose instruction Tiphys in his bark  
 First brav'd the sea; and thou, whose stern com-  
 mand

Ceu geminæ Pæstana rosæ per jugera regnant:  
 Hæc largo matura die, saturataque vernis  
 Roribus indulget spatio: latet altera nodo,  
 Nec teneris audet foliis admittere soles.

Dii conjugales; tuque genialis tori  
 Lucina custos; quæque domitorem freti

Controuls

Controuls the rage of Ocean ; Titan, thou  
 Whose radiant car illumines the subject earth ;  
 And thou, thrice potent Hecaté, who lend'st  
 Thy conscious gleams to each unhallow'd rite !  
 Ye gods, whom Jason witness'd and betray'd ;  
 Or those, whom more it suits Medea's wrongs  
 To invoke, old Chaos, and eternal Night ;  
 Ye pow'rs infernal, enemies to Heav'n,  
 Ye shades accurs'd ! and thou, the gloomy lord  
 Of Erebus, with her, thy consort, stol'n  
 With firmer faith by thee ; on each I call,  
 But with no friendly voice :—Attend, attend,  
 Y' avenging ministers of guilt ! unfold

---

Tiphyn novam frænare docuisti ratem ;  
 Et tú profundi sæve dominator maris ;  
 Clarumque Titan dividens orbi diem ;  
 Tacitisque præbens conscium sacris jubar,  
 Hecate triformis ; quosque juravit mihi  
 Deos Jason ; quosque Medææ magis  
 Fas est precari ; noctis aternæ chaos  
 Adversa superis regna, manesque impios,  
 Dominumque regni tristis, & dominam fide  
 Meliore raptam, voce non falsa precor :  
 Adeste, adeste sceleris ultrices deæ,

The serpents tangled in your gory locks ;  
 Whirl round your torches ; hither haste, array'd  
 In all your horrors, such as erst you wore  
 When station'd at my nuptial bed !—first strike  
 This new-made bride with death ; the second  
 blow

Fall on the father, and his royal race :—  
 But, O for some more piercing curse, to blast  
 The faithless bridegroom ! May he live, and roam  
 Through unknown wilds, in poverty, despair,  
 Exile, and hate ; uncertain where to find  
 A roof for shelter, till at last he wish  
 Ev'n me again his partner ; let him seek  
 For life's support at foreign doors, a guest

*Crinem salutis squalidæ serpentibus ;  
 Atram cruentis manibus amplexæ facem,  
 Adeste : thalamis horridæ quondam meis  
 Quales stetitistis : conjugii letum novæ,  
 Letumque socero & regiæ stirpi date.  
 Mihi pejus aliquid, quod precer sponso malum ;  
 Vivat ; per urbes erret ignotas, egens,  
 Exul, pavens, invisus, incerti laris :  
 Me conjugem optet ; limen alienum expetat,*

Now

Now known and spurn'd ; and, to complete my  
curse,

Let him have children like himself, and like

Their mother:—Ha! revenge then still is mine;

I am a MOTHER:—hence, ye vain complaints!

Shall I not rush upon my foes, not quench

These bridal torches, and the light of day?

Does Phœbus, author of my race, behold

My wrongs, and, on his car unmov'd, pursue

His wonted progress through unclouded skies,

Nor backward drive his courfers to the East?

O bear me through the void, ye friendly steeds!

Give me the reins, bright fire! and from thy  
wheels

*Jam notus hospes; quoque non aliud queam*

*Pejus precari, liberos similes patri,*

*Similesque matri;—parta, jam, parta ultio est.*

*Peperi. querelas verbaque intassum fero.*

*Non ibo in hostes? manibus excutiam faces,*

*Cœloque lucem. spectat hoc nostri fator*

*Sol generis? & spectatur, & curru insidens*

*Per solita puri spatii decurrit poli?*

*Non redit in ortus, & remetitur diem?*

Let

Let me hurl bick'ring flames: let Corinth blaze,  
 Nor longer part her two contending shores:—  
 This still remains; myself the nuptial torch  
 Will bear, and, all due rites absolv'd, will flay  
 My victims, on the altars I have rear'd:—  
 Tear thee, Medea! through thy inmost heart,  
 A way to work their chastisement.—My foul!  
 If yet within thee there remain a spark  
 Of ancient fire, dispel all female fears,  
 And be as cruel as the ruthless rocks  
 Of Caucasus; whate'er the Pontic floods,  
 Or banks of Phasis once beheld, again

Da, da per auras curribus patriis vehi.  
 Committe habenas, genitor, & flagrantibus  
 Ignifera loris tribue moderari juga.  
 Gemino Corinthus littori opponens moras,  
 Cremata flammis maria committat duo.  
 Hoc restat unum: pronubam thalamo feram  
 Ut ipsa pinum; postque sacrificas preces  
 Cædam dicatis victimas altaribus.  
 Per viscera ipsa quære supplicio viam,  
 Si vivis, anime: si quid antiqui tibi  
 Remanet vigoris, pelle semineos metus,  
 Et inhospitalem Caucasum mente induc.

Shall th' Isthmus see; deeds savage, deeds un-  
 known,  
 Deeds terrible alike to Earth, to Heav'n,  
 My mind revolves; wounds, carnage, death that  
 roams  
 O'er ev'ry limb;—these are too light of note,  
 These are my virgin acts:—let grief arise  
 In sterner state, and crimes of deeper stain  
 Accompany an injur'd mother's wrongs:—  
 Arm thyself, Fury! for destruction draw  
 Thy keenest blade; and let a tale of horror  
 Proclaim alike my marriage and divorce.  
 But—how, Medea! dost thou quit thy husband?

---

Quodcunque vidit Phasis aut Pontus nefas,  
 Videbit Isthmos. effera, ignota, horrida,  
 Tremenda cœlo pariter ac terris mala,  
 Mens intus agitat; vulnera, & cadem, & vagum  
 Funus per artus. levia memoravi,  
 Hæc virgo feci. gravior exfurgat dolor;  
 Majora jam me scelera post partus decent.  
 Accingere ira, teque in exitium para  
 Furore toto: paria narrentur tua  
 Repudia thalamis. quo virum lingujs modo?

E'en as thou follow'dst him:—no more delays;—  
Ties form'd by blood, by blood, shall be dissolv'd.

Hoc quo secuta es. rumpe jam segnes moras:  
Quæ scelere pacta est, scelere rumpetur fides.

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 CHARACTER.
 

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 LUCRETIVS.
 

---

LUCRETIVS, led from Wisdom wide astray,  
 By the false fire of Error's meteor ray,  
 Yet with such strength, to Truth's misguided  
 shade

Has ev'ry splendor of rich thought convey'd,  
 Such more than colour in his diction shown,  
 That Art appears with pow'rs beyond her own:

Thus while the painter, with outline conceal'd,  
 Has to the sight the truth almost reveal'd,  
 With shaded tints, has cloth'd the canvas plain,  
 The touch eluding with a phantom vain ;  
 The sculptor scorning the deceitful hues,  
 Where light and shade the sense beguil'd abuse,  
 Dares in his mass the brittle web to break,  
 Gives the last stroke, and bids the marble speak.



## C H A R A C T E R.

ANTI-LUCRETIVS.

IN Melchior science and the Muse combine,  
 Nor to Lucretius yields his rival line ;  
 Themes most obscure admit his lucid lay,  
 And Art's minutest forms his lyre obey ;  
 Nature to him her secret store unfolds,  
 And Nature's Lord well-pleas'd the work be-  
 holds ;

Thus smiles the sapphire with a blue serene,  
 A blush more deep is in the ruby seen,  
 The di'mond still a brighter beam displays,  
 The sight confounding with its varied rays ;  
 But in the sacred plate on Aaron's breast,  
 While judgment utter'd the divine behest,  
 Light and perfection by the gems were known,  
 Where Thummim spake and holiest Urim shone.

## TRANSLATIONS.

## LUCRETIUS.

## BOOK I.

BENIGNANT Venus! of the Æneid race  
 Divine progenitrix! delight of men  
 And pow'rs superior! who beneath the signs  
 Rolling their course celestial, over seas  
 Where navies ride, o'er genial earth, which bears  
 Her varied fruitage, takest thy abode  
 In frequent influence; from thee their birth  
 Since animals of ev'ry kind derive,  
 And new-born ope their eye-lids to the dawn,

---

Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmque voluptas,  
 Alma Venus, cœli subter labentia signa  
 Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferentis  
 Concelebras: per te quoniam genus omne animantum  
 Concipitur, visitque exortum lumina solis:  
 Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli:  
 Adventuque tuo, tibi suavis Dædala tellus

At

At thy approach the variegated earth  
 Sends up her flow'rs odorous, ocean smooths  
 In smiles its billows, and the sky appears  
 In light diffusive, sheds its glittering beams:  
 For soon as Spring discloses lucid day,  
 And Zephyrs, loosen'd from their bonds, in gales  
 Prolific blow, the many-colour'd tribes  
 Of birds aërial, subject to thy flames,  
 Thy potent presence feel; the wilder herds  
 Bound o'er the pastures joyful, and oppose  
 Their glowing breast to brave the rapid tide:  
 Thus by thy charms, thy ever winning wiles,  
 Each animated race thy call obey  
 With willing ardour; wheresoe'er thou lead'st

---

Submittit flores: tibi rident æquora ponti,  
 Pacatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.  
 Nam simul ac species patefacta est verna dici,  
 Et referata viget genitabilis aura Favoni:  
 Aërie primùm volucres te diva, tuumque  
 Significant initum, percussæ corda tua vi.  
 Inde feræ pecudes persultant pabula lætæ,  
 Et rapidos tranant amneis: ita capta lepore  
 Illecebrisque; tuis omnis natura animantum

Their

Their instinct, over foaming seas, through woods  
 On steepy mountains waving, limpid streams,  
 And leafy dwellings of the feather'd tribes,  
 With flow'ry meads, in all inspiring bland  
 Thy genial warmth to propagate their kind :—  
 Since thus o'er Nature's universal realm  
 Alone thou rulest, nor without thy will  
 Ought rises to salute the morn, no joy  
 Nor joy-diffusive Love exerts his sway,  
 Thee to my Muse associate I invoke,  
 While I pursue in tuneful verse, the theme  
 Of boundless Nature, to the noble race  
 Of Memmius, patron of my song, whom thou

---

Te sequitur cupidè, quò quamque inducere pergis.  
 Denique per maria, ac monteis, fluviosque rapaceis  
 Frondiferasque domos avium, camposque virenteis,  
 Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem,  
 Efficis, ut cupidè generatim secla propagent.  
 Quæ quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas,  
 Nec sine te quicquam dias in luminis oras  
 Exoritur, nèque fit lætum, neque amabile quicquam :  
 Te sociam studeo scribendis versibus esse,  
 Quos ego de rerum natura pangere conor  
 Memmiadæ nostro, quem tu dea tempore in omni

O god-

O goddess, ever hast decreed, to deck  
 With ev'ry science, and each lib'ral art;  
 Thee, therefore, I implore to grant that grace  
 To these my dictates; and meanwhile, effect,  
 That War's fell deeds o'er sea and earth may cease,  
 And calm repose her slumbers may enjoy;  
 For thou alone, by tranquil Peace, canst give  
 Thy aid to mortals, since the warlike strife  
 Thy Mars armipotent conducts, and he  
 Oft on thy fragrant bosom leans, subdu'd  
 By Love's unerring shaft, and thus, with eye  
 Upturn'd, reclining on thy polish'd cheek,  
 In languor doats—and feeds his ardent looks,  
 Love's conquest rich inhaling, while supine

---

Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.  
 Quò magis æternum da dictis Diva leporem.  
 Effice, ut interea fera munera militiai  
 Per maria, ac terras omneis sopita quiescant.  
 Nam tu sola potes tranquilla pace juvare  
 Mortaleis: quoniam belli fera munera Mavors  
 Armipotens regit: in gremium qui sæpe tuum se  
 Rejicit, aeterno devictus vulnere amoris:  
 Atque ita suspiciens tereti cervice reposta

With panting breath, o'er ev'ry charm he roves:  
 Him, goddess, thou within thy downy arms  
 Infold embracing, from thy liquid lips  
 Pour the soft accent in persuasive tone,  
 And sue that Peace victorious may return  
 To Rome, and to his offspring;—for in days  
 Of tumult to our country, we, the bards,  
 Silent, unable to pursue our themes,  
 Dare not intrude upon the warlike stock  
 Of Memmius, nor can that exalted race  
 Desert the safety of the public weal.—

---

*Pascit amore avidos inhians in te dea visus:  
 Equè tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore.  
 Hunc tu Diva tuo recubantem corpore sancto  
 Circunfusa super, suaveis ex ore loquelas  
 Funde, petens placidam Romanis inclyta pacem.  
 Nam neque nos agere hoc patriæ tempore iniquo  
 Possumus æquo animo: nec Memmi clara propago  
 Talibus in rebus communi deesse saluti.*

## ANTI-LUCRETIUS.

## BOOK III.

HAPPY the man who, studious to pursue  
 Truth to its inmost cause, soars far above  
 Each outward sense; conducted by no guide,  
 But what proceeds from Reason's friendly ray,  
 And his own native strength; who tries the paths  
 By mortal feet untrodden; to each source  
 Of Nature pierces; and without dismay  
 Dares to explore her most recondite haunts;

Him, not th' uncertain smile of kings, nor gale  
 Of Fortune, nor vain Pleasure's empty with,

Felix qui veras avidus cognoscere causas,  
 Sensus assurgit supra, nullumque secutus  
 Ductorem, præter lumen Rationis amicum  
 Vimque animi, reliquis mortalibus invia tentat  
 Ipse loca, explorat rerum caput, atque per omnes  
 Naturæ latebras ire imperterritus audet.  
 Illum non anceps Regum favor, aut levis aura  
 Fortunæ, miserisque bonis contenta Voluptas

With wretched good contented, can persuade  
 To quit Truth's sacred love; to him it boots  
 But little, to behold at ease the fireams  
 Gliding in languid sloth, or on the grass  
 Reclin'd, or stretch'd beneath the quiv'ring shade  
 Of branching trees, to gaze upon the sands  
 O'er which in glitt'ring gleam the waters flow;  
 Or cull the flow'rs which on the banks arise,  
 And drink the moisture of the fo'ring dew:  
 He rather seeks the fount, and with delight  
 Investigates the rich mæand'ring veins.

Why then do we, though by the bars inclos'd  
 Of bodies, gaze on matter's outward form,

---

*Dimoveant, Veri sanctum ut deponat amorem.  
 Scilicet haud satis est rivos spectare fluentes,  
 Aut herbâ in molli patulaque sub ârboris umbrâ  
 Prostratum, nitido radiantes rore lapillos.  
 Mirari, ac tremulo labentes murmure lymphas,  
 Et flores quos nutrit aquarum lacteus humor,  
 Ac bibulo semper viridantem cespite ripam:  
 Fontem ipsum indagare juvat, penitusque latentes  
 Rimari venas laticumque exordia prima.*

Howe'er



Howe'er adorn'd, admiring? and disport  
 On the vain surface of created things?  
 Why not, with nobler search, the deep recess  
 Of Nature's holy temple pierce, and sue  
 To gain admission to her inmost shrine?  
 Where, on the source and origin of things,  
 With what true joy we may direct our eyes,  
 And fix in firmest energy the mind.

Here haunts the Sage, and leaves to vulgar  
 cares  
 The trifling, transient toys;—hence to the praise  
 Deserv'd, no bard can elevate his song,  
 Of great Pythagoras, and Plato, souls

Quorsum igitur nos corporibus circumundique septi,  
 Materiæ decus ac formam externumque nitorem  
 Miramur tantum, summoque in cortice rerum  
 Ludimus? Internam cur non penetramus in ædem  
 Naturæ, atque adytis immitti poscimus ipsis?  
 Quàm pulchrum est in principiis, in origine rerum  
 Defixisse oculos & nobile mentis acumen!  
 Pervolat huc Sapiens; nugæ sunt cætera Vulgi.  
 Hinc nullus digno Vates extollere versu

Illustrious, who with ardour sought to know,  
 First their own state, and then to One supreme,  
 Author of all creation and themselves,  
 In contemplation most sublime to rise.

These nor the manners, nor the fond delights  
 Of their own soil, or their paternal roof,  
 Could turn from tracing with laborious feet,  
 The banks of Egypt's stream, and Syrian shores,  
 Where highest Wisdom first her sculptur'd gates  
 Disclos'd: amid these emblematic fanes,  
 Here they consulted those, whom lengthen'd  
 years  
 Had train'd to richest knowledge, and survey'd

*Pythagoræ magni poterit, magnique Platonis  
 Illustres animas: ingens quibus institit ardor,  
 Se primum, auctoremque sui & primordia cuncta  
 Querere contemplando. Hos non tenuere paterni  
 Delicia: morisque soli, quin protinus omnem  
 Aegyptum & Syrii lustrarent littora ponti;  
 Incoluit primum quas alma Scientia sedes:  
 Atque viros ibi consulerent sapientipotentes  
 Longævosque, & doctrinæ monumenta vetusta:*

The mystic monuments of eldest Time :  
 Thence to return, not fraught with tinctur'd vests,  
 With gold, or gems, t' enrich their native land,  
 But with the precious words of wisdom, far  
 Above all treasures, and with lights of truth.

With this intent, my Memmius ! sweet the task,  
 To gaze with thee on Nature, sweet to pierce  
 Her close recesses, to support the torch  
 Before thee, and confirm thy feeble steps :  
 Nor be thou wearied in the labour ; long,  
 I own, and rough the tracks, o'er mountains,  
 where

*Civibus ut tandem non vellera murice tincta,  
 Non aurum aut gemmas, aut aurea dicta ferentes,  
 Ditarent patriam nova per commercia Veri.*

*Hoc animo, Quinti, Naturam invisere tecum  
 Dulce mihi : dulce est altos intrare recessus,  
 Et præferre facem, & gressus firmare labantes.  
 Ne te, quæso, viæ capiant mala tædia longæ.  
 Sunt rigidi, fateor, trito sine tramite montes,  
 Sunt duræ cautes, ac spinis horrida passim*

No feet have trodden ; rugged rocks, and shrubs  
 Horrid with thorn, and interwoven stems,  
 Cross thy advancing, and intrenchments deep :  
 Traverse the marshy soil ; yet boldly thou  
 Proceed with mind unfaltering, while I strive  
 To smooth the path, and cheer thy wearied feet  
 With no unpleasing song : thus, in the woods  
 And 'mid embow'ring shades, the tuneful bird  
 Warbles her native descant, while his mate  
 Broods o'er th' unfeather'd offspring, with a care  
 Maternal ; he now perches on the branch,  
 Now flutt'ring o'er the spray, with rapid wing  
 He darts ; and day and night, with watchful  
 guard

---

Virgulta, et fossæ juga per salebrofa profundæ :  
 Maeste animo tamen interea dum alludere conor,  
 Defessamque tibi rerum asperitate molestâ,  
 Non injucundo solari carmine mentem.  
 Haud secus in sylvis, ac frondes inter opacas  
 Ingenitum carmen modulatur muscus ales,  
 Dum fovet implumes fœtus placidissima conjux :  
 Nam ramo nunc ille sedens, nunc præpete pennâ  
 Huc illuc circumvolitans, noctesque diesque

Protects

Protects the nestlings ; then the grove resounds  
 With the soft trillings of his ruffled throat ;—  
 She all the while, within her nest conceal'd,  
 Imbibes the liquid notes, forgets her toil,  
 Nor feels the lassitude of constant care.

### *ANTI-LUCRETIUS.*

#### BOOK VII.

SINCE matter then is still in ev'ry part  
 Matter extended and endu'd with form,  
 Why should we not distinguish, though abstruse  
 And hidden in the living tribes, each part  
 Less than the other, with creative skill

Invigilat custos ; liquidâ tum voce canorus  
 Personat omne nemus : molli hæc abscondita nido  
 Suaves aure bibit numeros, oblita laboris ;  
 Et vix assiduæ sentit fastidia curæ.

Ergo Materiæ cum sit pars quælibet ipsa  
 Materies, extensa loco, atque instructa figurâ,  
 Quid vetat abstrusas inter prorsusque latentes

By proper organs work'd? thence to disclose  
 Their origin, and each in each contain'd  
 In order infinite:—Thus we behold,  
 When Spring, with genial days, returns to deck  
 The garden's pride, the bud emerging quit  
 Its verdant bark; see, yet it scarce presumes  
 To burst the tender film, and to commit  
 Its blushing honours 'mid the glitt'ring leaves;  
 Cull it; a flow'r imperfect, but which shows  
 The future promise, while the soft'ring fun  
 Is wanting still:—again, with cautious hand,  
 Pluck the soft blossom, and with piercing eye,  
 Explore the texture of its inmost frame;

Viventum in gremio partes, dignoscere quasdam,  
 Non modò dividuas, iterumque iterumque minores,  
 Verum etiam organico ritu doctæque creantis  
 Arte laboratas, quæ sint primordia rerum,  
 Atque alias aliis immerfas? Sicut in horto  
 Cernimus, illuxere dies cum veris amœni,  
 Surgere florentem viridi de cortice gemmam.  
 Aspicias ut teneram vix audet findere pellem  
 Primum inter nitidas affulgens purpura frondes?  
 Carpe manu, flos est nondum, sed molle futuri  
 Principium floris; soles alimenta que desunt:

There

There shalt thou find unnumber'd folds of leaves  
 In nascent state, and all th' expansive bloom,  
 Which zephyrs would have waken'd, had it gain'd  
 In time the just perfection of the rose.

---

*Carpe manu, internosque oculo scrutare recessus;  
 Invenies foliorum intexta volumina centum,  
 Et quotquot Zephyris erat expansura coronas,  
 Si crevisse rosæ justum licuisset in ævum.*

These results show that the amount of water  
in a body of water, and the relative amount  
of water in a body of water, and the relative  
amount of water in a body of water.

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amount of water in a body of water.



# TRANSLATIONS

FROM

*FRENCH VERSE.*



In nova fert *animus* mutatas dicere *formas* corpora.

Vid. Harris, Philologic Arrangements, p. 100.

# TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE RUSSIAN



THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE

BY THE REV. F. W. B. WILSON

FROM  
 L'ART D'AIMER DE BERNARD,  
 EN SIX PIEDS.

BOURBON advanc'd with formidable host  
 To quell the tyrants in their haughty boast ;  
 His thund'ring engines now their lightning pour  
 On hostile Paris, and each tott'ring tow'r ;  
 Rage and destruction round the league were spread,  
 Which, Hydra-like, now droop'd in ev'ry head ;  
 On Rome's vain efforts Heav'n indignant frown'd,  
 And Henry's brow with conqu'ring wreaths were  
 crown'd.

---

Bourbon armoit son bras du foudre redoutable  
 Qui portoit des Ligueurs la perte inévitable ;  
 Ses bombes, ses carreaux fondant de toutes parts  
 Du rébelle Paris renversoient les remparts ;  
 La Ligue, hidre aux abois, dans ses Tours embrasées  
 Soulevoit vainement ses têtes écrasées,  
 Le Ciel confondoit Rome, & couronnoit Henri.

On

On Iton's flow'ry banks, whose waters lave  
 The plains were Ivri's golden harvests wave,  
 A castle stands, where art its skill had shown,  
 But could from simple nature scarce be known ;  
 Of this asylum nought disturbs the peace,  
 The roar of storms, the din of battles cease ;  
 Silence here reigns, and, 'mid the calm repose,  
 The wanton Zephyr o'er the flow'ret blows ;  
 The shepherds here on pipes melodious play,  
 And warbling birds accompany the lay ;  
 The limpid streams their gurgling murmurs join,  
 And seem, the banks forsaking, to repine ;

---

Sur les bords de l'Iton, auprès des champs d'Ivri,  
 Est un Château tranquille & dont l'architecture  
 Sous un art déguisé n'offre que la Nature ;  
 De cet asile heureux rien ne trouble la paix,  
 Des fougueux aquilons n'y soufflèrent jamais ;  
 Dans le sein du repos le silence y préside,  
 Folâtrant sur les fleurs le zéphire y réside ;  
 Aux flutes des Bergers, à leurs tendres chansons,  
 Les oiseaux de leur voix accordent les doux sons,  
 Les ruisseaux dans ces prés roulant une onde claire,  
 Les quittent à regret & semblent s'y complaire ;

One happy mortal, loving and belov'd,  
 Here past his days, from Henry's camp remov'd ;  
 Bellegarde his name, her's was d'Estrée ; the strife  
 Of Rome and France reach'd not their happy life ;  
 In shady forests they exchange'd their sighs,  
 And silence to their joys new charms supplies ;  
 By all forgotten, they the world forget,  
 And if the rays of Phœbus rise, or set,  
 For them he quits the East, or seeks the West,  
 When thus Bellegarde his lovely fair address :

“ In these retreats, d'Estrée, these shades un-  
 known,

“ Let us not seek for pleasures near a throne,

---

C'est-là qu'une Mortelle à son Amant chéri  
 Prodiguoit ses faveurs loin du camp de Henri ;  
 D'Estrée & Bellegarde arrêtés dans leurs chaînes  
 De Rome & de Bourbon fouloient aux pieds les haïnes.  
 A l'ombre des forêts ils soupiroient leurs feux,  
 Le silence augmentoit leurs plaisirs amoureux,  
 Ils vivoient oubliés de la Nature entière,  
 Le Soleil, chaque jour, rapportant la lumière  
 Leur sembloit pour eux seuls éclairer l'univers.

“ N'altérons point la paix de ces profonds déserts,

“ Vivons, chere D'Estrée, inconnus sur la terre

“ There Bourbon’s friendship, or the chance of  
 arms,  
 “ Might in our bosoms waken new alarms,  
 “ Her glitt’ring banners Glory might display,  
 “ And I too dearly for my laurels pay ;  
 “ Thy beauties which my doating eyes adore,  
 “ Whose worth by modesty still shines the more,  
 “ With ease might triumph o’er the hearts of  
 kings,—  
 “ But ah, the fleeting joy which glory brings ;  
 “ The crown, the sceptre, laid beneath thy  
 feet,  
 “ The court, whose light eclips’d thy charms  
 would meet,

---

“ L’amitié de Bourbon, les hazards de la Guerre  
 “ Auroient pû décorer ma jeune vanité  
 “ D’un laurier trop frivole & trop cher acheté ;  
 “ Ta grace, ton éclat, tes charmes que j’adore,  
 “ Et que ta modestie orne & relève encore,  
 “ Triompheroient bientôt du plus puissant des Rois ;  
 “ Mais le bruit passager de quelques vains exploits,  
 “ Le Sceptre, la Couronne à tes pieds abaissée,  
 “ La pompe de la Cour par tes yeux éclipsée,

“ The

- " The pomp of grandeur with its empty name,  
 " Say, are they worth our praise, or worth our  
 blame?  
 " These groves, these plains, give all our hearts  
 desire,  
 " And roving Zephyrs fan our faithful fire ;  
 " The birds, in pairs, our best advisers prove,  
 " They without danger, free from falsehood,  
 love ;  
 " These flocks their mutual ardour still maintain,  
 " No rigour know they from a stern disdain ;  
 " No cold refusal to their love is made,  
 " Felt in this moment, in the next repaid ;
- 

- " Le néant des grandeurs, valent-ils nos plaisirs ?  
 " Tous nous rit dans ces lieux, tout parle à nos desirs,  
 " Dans ces champs, dans ces bois, tout brûle, tout soupire,  
 " L'oiseau toujours fidele aux ardeurs qu'il inspire,  
 " Ne fait naître des feux que pour les partager,  
 " Ils se cherchent sans feinte, ils s'aiment sans danger,  
 " De ces tendres moutons les flammes mutuelles  
 " Ne les exposent point à des rigueurs cruelles,  
 " Les dédains, les refus ne sont point faits pour eux,  
 " Ils sont toujours aimés dès qu'ils sont amoureux.

" The

“ The branching trees their tender arms entwine,  
 “ To guide the roivings of the gadding vine;  
 “ All living tribes, of water or of air,  
 “ The flame of Love's reviving torch declare:  
 “ Here free from anguish, from remorse remov'd,  
 “ In oaths repeated, let our hearts be prov'd;  
 “ And couldst thou know the transports we  
 possess,  
 “ Bourbon ! be jealous—own thy grandeur  
 less !

Thus from his lips Bellegarde enamour'd shows  
 What grateful ardour in his bosom glows ;

“ Aux têtes des ormeaux, aux bras des jeunes chênes,  
 “ Cette vigne s'unit par mille étroites chaînes ;  
 “ Dans la plaine de l'air, & dans le fond des eaux,  
 “ A tout Etre l'Amour fait sentir ses flambeaux....  
 “ Coulons nos jours heureux sans remords & sans trouble,  
 “ Jurons-nous un feu pur que chaque instant redouble  
 “ Et qu'aspirant lui-même à des plaisirs si doux,  
 “ Bourbon, s'il les savoit, puisse en être jaloux...

Bellegarde en ces mots faisoit parler sa flamme,  
 Ses levres exprimoient les transports de son ame ;

D'Estree,



D'Étrée, attentive to so bright a flame,  
 In secret felt one equal, one the same,  
 Within her bosom rise by quick degrees ;  
 Now they their cyphers carve upon the trees,  
 And more than cyphers thus their tribute pay :  
 " Increase, ye elms ! and on your bark display  
 " Our love increas'd, and as your branches grow,  
 " A like expansion may our wishes know."  
 Thus in their bliss alternate they rejoice,  
 And Echo join'd with theirs her softer voice :  
 When first the mountain's top confest the dawn !  
 They fought the fountain, or the flow'ry lawn,

---

Sa Maîtresse, attentive à tous ses mouvemens,  
 Eprouvoit en secret les mêmes sentimens.  
 A leurs vœux mutuels tout se rendoit sensible ;  
 Quelquefois ils gravoient, sur l'écorce flexible,  
 Dans un chiffre amoureux leurs noms entrelassés :  
 Croissez, s'écrioient-ils, jeunes ormeaux, croissez !  
 Puissent croître avec vous les feux qui nous consomment !  
 Puissent toujours briller les yeux qui les allument !  
 Leurs transports, leurs plaisirs qu'ils chantoient tour à tour,  
 Ils les faisoient redire aux échos d'alentour.  
 Quand l'Aube alloit blanchir les sommets & les plaines,  
 Tous deux venoient s'asseoir près des claires fontaines ;

Whence

Whence the fond lover ev'ry blossom chose,  
 The lily, snow-drop, pink, and vermeil rose;  
 These in a wreath he form'd with am'rous skill,  
 While they, so prest, a sweeter scent distil,  
 Then round her temples found a dearer place,  
 And gave the ringlets of her hair new grace;  
 Its faithful mirror the clear stream display'd,  
 And she, with smiles of praise, his skill repaid;  
 Then favors such as fondest love imparts,  
 Their lips uniting, closer join'd their hearts;  
 The Earth in haste her verdant carpet spreads,  
 And more than dreams kept hov'ring o'er their  
 heads :

---

Un tapis renaissant leur présentoit des fleurs ;  
 Là, cet Amant chéri faisoit choix des couleurs,  
 Relevoit leur éclat, varioit les nuances,  
 Les roses sous ses doigts épanchoient leurs essences ;  
 D'une tête si belle arrangeant les cheveux,  
 Ils les semoit de fleurs & les tressoit en nœuds ;  
 Fidelle en ses avis, l'onde étoit consultée,  
 L'adresse de l'Amant étoit toujours vantée ;  
 Soudain mille baisers, mille tendres faveurs,  
 Unissoient, confondoient leurs levres & leurs cœurs ;  
 La terre ouvrant son sein s'empressoit de produire  
 Des roses, des œillets qui sembloient leur sourire ;

Thus

Thus all concurr'd to work their fond content;  
 But who can fate foretell, or who prevent?  
 Compell'd to quit d'Estrée in all her charms,  
 At Bourbon's call, to join his conq'ring arms;  
 Bellegarde obeys, but to the king reveal'd  
 That love, which prudence better had conceal'd:

“ Vain are your feasts,” he said, “ your bought  
 delights,  
 “ Which fill the circle of your days and nights;  
 “ In these, great prince, I no delight can prove —  
 “ The court may know to glitter, not to love:

---

Tout enfin concouroit à leurs plaisirs divers:  
 Mais qui peut du destin pressentir les revers!  
 Forcé de s'éloigner de l'objet qui l'enchanté  
 Et mandé par Bourbon, trop plein de son Amante,  
 Bellegarde ne put lui taire son bonheur,  
 L'indiscret à son Roi courut ouvrir son cœur.

“ Vos fêtes, lui dit-il, si vives, si pompeuses,  
 “ N'amènent en ces lieux que des Beautés trompeuses,  
 “ Tant de faste & d'éclat ne fauroit me charmer,  
 “ La Cour veut éblouir, on n'y fait point aimer;

“ To

“ To court unknown, I know one charming fair,  
 “ Whom Heav’n has form’d with most peculiar  
   care,  
 “ Whose look, whose voice, where all the graces  
   meet,  
 “ Would to your beauties work a sure defeat ;  
 “ Yes, to d’Estrée their art must yield its pride,  
 “ While love and nature at Ivri reside.”

Rais’d by this picture, Bourbon feels the fire,  
 But knows that kingly pow’r cannot inspire  
 That love to tenderness which yields alone,  
 And coy, rejects the splendor of a throne ;

---

“ Il est une Mortelle à la Cour inconnue  
 “ Que de tous ses trésors le Ciel a prévenue,  
 “ Dont les yeux, dont la voix, dont les traits enchantés,  
 “ Sont faits pour effacer vos plus rares Beautés ;  
 “ Oui, d’Estrée a moins d’art & l’emporte sur elles,  
 “ Ivri renferme seul des graces naturelles.

Frappé de ce portrait, Bourbon voulut la voir ;  
 Il savoit que des Rois l’invincible pouvoir  
 Ne peut rien sur le cœur ni sur le choix des Belles,  
 Que plus d’un Conquérant a trouvé des rebelles ;

Jealous

Jealous to prove sincere the flame he feels,  
 The camp he quits, while night his step conceals,  
 Leaves all the grandeur of his state behind,  
 In Ivri's plain love's truer joys to find.

The dawn now glimmer'd in the redd'ning  
 skies,  
 When the retreat appear'd to Bourbon's eyes ;  
 With shrubs close-twisted was the entrance barr'd,  
 But to d'Estrée produc'd a feeble guard ;  
 Long time the king thro' winding mazes stray'd,  
 As chance directed, when amid the shade

---

Jaloux de ne devoir son bonheur qu'à l'Amour,  
 Dans l'ombre de la nuit il échappe à sa Cour,  
 Quitte de sa grandeur les marques souveraines  
 Et d'Ivri, sans escorte, il traverse les plaines.

L'aurore répandoit sa timide clarté  
 Lorsque Bourbon arrive au séjour souhaité  
 Qui cache à l'univers les charmes de d'Estrée !  
 Mille bosquets fleuris en défendent l'entrée ;  
 Le Roi dans leurs détours avoit erré long-tems ;

Melodious accents broke upon his ear,  
 While Silence listen'd, pleas'd the sounds to hear;  
 The woes of absence were the fair-one's theme,  
 But when the monarch saw her beauty's gleam,  
 None could, he thought, but she, such beams  
 display—  
 Nor did he err, the beauty was d'Estrée;  
 Her graceful port, her dignity of mien,  
 Where charms attemper'd by restraint were seen,  
 Announc'd her manners, and her worth express'd,  
 Whom, moving towards her, thus the king address'd:

“ A lover, anxious in his absence, sends  
 “ To her, whom best he loves, his best of friends;

---

Il marchoit au hazard, quand de tendres accens  
 Frapperent son oreille au milieu du silence;  
 Une Belle chantoit les tourmens de l'absence:  
 Bourbon croit voir d'Estrée, & ses naïfs appas  
 Lui firent soupçonner qu'il ne se trompoit pas;  
 Ses graces, son maintien, sa noble retenue,  
 Annonçoient de ses mœurs la candeur ingénue,  
 Il l'aborde & lui dit, “ Un Amant inquiet  
 “ Adresse ici mes pas vers un aimable objet;

“ Nor

“ Nor long I fought—thy beauties, thine alone,  
 “ Could in his bosom fix a worthy throne ;  
 “ Thou art d’Estrée—no error here has place ;  
 “ Or if I err, thine is her equal grace :  
 “ Bellegarde in camp remains, so wills the king,  
 “ And for his absence this excuse I bring ;  
 “ His love I need not, or his truth impart ;  
 “ Thy form, thy worth, must answer for his  
     heart.”

D’Estrée heard what he spoke,—the speaker  
     view’d,—

Her hour was come ;—love, not to be subdu’d,

---

“ Je l’ai d’abord cherché, mais vos grâces, vos charmes,  
 “ Me disent que c’est vous qui causez ses allarmes,  
 “ Vous seule êtes d’Estrée, on ne s’y méprend pas,  
 “ Si vous ne l’êtes point, vous avez ses appas,  
 “ Henri de votre Amant exige la présence ;  
 “ Je viens auprès de vous excuser son absence ;  
 “ Je ne vous dirai point l’excès de son ardeur,  
 “ Vos vertus, vos attraits répondent de son cœur....

D’Estrée à ce discours ne fut point insensible,  
 Son heure étoit venue, un penchant invincible

To this new lover gave her nascent smile :  
 Attack'd on all sides, won by every wile  
 Of wit display'd, of flattery conceal'd,  
 Against whose darts what female breast is steel'd?  
 All these in Henry's words and gesture shone,  
 Nor by d'Estrée's was studied coldness known—  
 Disguise, delay, denial, scorn unjust,  
 Where yielding fondness puts a feeble trust;  
 Nature for tenderness had form'd her breast,  
 And d'Estrée felt what nature first imprest :  
 Bourbon the moment saw and seiz'd with joy ;  
 No ties of friendship could his hopes destroy ;

---

Doit la fixer au char de ce nouvel Amant ;  
 Tout l'attaque ; l'esprit, l'adresse, l'enjoûment  
 Relevoient de Henri les vertus éclatantes,  
 Et d'Estrée ignoroit ces froideurs offensantes,  
 Ces longs déguisemens, ces injustes refus  
 Qui dans un cœur plâtré tiennent lieu de vertus ;  
 Son ame qu'ont pétrie les mains de la Nature,  
 Conservoit jusqu'alors sa première culture ;  
 Bourbon en profita ; bientôt il sût bannir  
 De Bellegarde absent le foible souvenir,

Th' ex-



Th'expiring embers of her former vows  
 Soon he dispers'd, more vivid flames to rouse;  
 Bellegarde was banish'd, nor did Bourbon owe  
 Her heart to what the monarch could bestow.

With efforts vain the banish'd lover strove  
 To claim his rights, and to regain her love;  
 He came indeed her falsehood to upbraid,  
 Their pleasures past, his constancy betray'd:  
 "False one," he cry'd, "where are the times  
     now flown,  
 "When love was seated on no royal throne,

A son amour constant il la rendit sensible,  
 Et ne dût point son cœur à l'appas invincible  
 De dominer un maître & captiver son Roi.

Bellegarde essaya de rappeler sa foi,  
 Il vint lui reprocher ses trahisons cruelles,  
 Lui peindre leurs plaisirs, leurs flammes mutuelles.

"Perfide, lui dit-il, qu'est devenu ce tems  
 "Où nos cœurs amoureux l'un de l'autre contens

"When

" When in these woods with silence at our side,  
 " We scorn'd the wealth of courts, the pomp of  
 pride;  
 " Fond love then cherish'd our united flame,  
 " Our faith unbroken, and our wish the fame;  
 " And must I think those moments are no more;  
 " That dear remembrance now has lost its pow'r?  
 " That d'Estrée's heart could e'er ungrateful  
 prove?"

Vain all attempts were to recall her love;  
 Bourbon was master of her alter'd heart,  
 Bellegarde compell'd despairing to depart;

---

" Dédaignoient de la Cour le faste & l'opulence ?  
 " A l'ombre de ces bois dans les bras du silence,  
 " Le tendre Amour filoit nos jours & nos plaisirs,  
 " Au bonheur de nous voir nous bornions nos desirs,  
 " Ces momens sont passés... Ah ! l'aurois-je pû croire  
 " Que vous dussiez un jour en perdre la mémoire?...  
 " Que l'ingrate d'Estrée oubliât mon amour?...

Vains efforts ! sa douleur n'obtint pas le retour  
 D'un cœur déjà rempli dont Bourbon étoit maître :  
 Désespéré, confus & n'osant plus paroître

To

To lonely spots which knew his happier state  
 In grief retir'd to curse his adverse fate;  
 In dreary deserts thunn'd all human race,  
 And told to rocks the tale of his disgrace.

---

Dans les funestes lieux témoins de ses malheurs,  
 Maudissant son destin, suivi de ses douleurs,  
 Dans des déserts affreux il déroba ses traces,  
 Aux arbres, aux rochers raconta ses disgrâces.

FROM  
L'ART D'AIMER DE BERNARD,

EN SIX PIEDS. --

TIME now the reign disclos'd of noblest fame,  
When the first Francis in the shades of Shame  
Her dark abode forc'd Ignorance to take,  
And gave the dawn of arts o'er France to break;  
Distinguish'd merits with just honours crown'd,  
Fix'd in his court their place unrivall'd found;  
Mars and Minerva there united shone,  
To wave their banners, and support his throne:

---

Le tems ouvroit ce regne à jamais annobli,  
Où François dissipant les ombres de l'oubli,  
Fit luire sur les Arts l'aurore fortunée  
Qui promettoit Louïs à la France étonnée;  
Des graces, des plaisirs, du mérite éclattant,  
La Cour de ce Héros fut l'asile constant;  
Minerve & le Dieu Mars, soutenant sa couronne,  
Couverts de ses lauriers s'asseyoient sur son trône...

Yet

Yet he of love felt all the pleasing darts,  
 When by address, and their attractive arts,  
 Two different beauties each employ'd their skill  
 To mould the monarch to their separate will.

Etampe, the younger, adds to nascent charms  
 That languid look which proudest strength dis-  
 arms,  
 But with a stubborn and intriguing mind,  
 A jealous spirit weakly proud combin'd;  
 Poitiers with riper beauty met his eyes,  
 And different charms produc'd the same surprize :

L'Amour lui fit sentir l'atteinte de ses traits ;  
 Par un génie adroit, par leurs brillans attrails  
 Deux Belles à lui plaire employant leur étude,  
 De son cœur tour à tour fixoient l'incertitude.

Etampe, la plus jeune, à des charmes naissans,  
 A la tendre douceur de ses yeux languissans,  
 Joignoit un esprit vif, intrigant, indocile,  
 Une ame vaine, altiere, à s'allarmer facile :  
 Diane offroit aux yeux d'aussi puissans appas ;  
 Etampe eût peu d'attrails que Diane n'eût pas ;

The smiles of nature, and the wiles of art,  
 In each possess an undecided part ;  
 Poitiers at length the glorious palm obtain'd,  
 And pow'r undoubted o'er her rival gain'd ;  
 She on her brow was able to conceal  
 The wrongs and insults she was doom'd to feel ;  
 With calmness undisturb'd had learn'd to bear  
 That proud Etampe should rival claims declare ;  
 Her anxious fears within herself restrain'd,  
 Shunn'd stern reproach, and useles pray'r dis-  
 dain'd :

---

Les ris, les agremens, les graces naturelles,  
 Indécis, suspendus, se partageoient pour elles ;  
 Leurs charmes différens frapportoient les yeux surpris ;  
 Diane cependant fût emporter le prix,  
 Et fût dans leur crédit mettre un long intervalle ;  
 Elle reçut du ciel par-dessus sa rivale  
 L'heureux art de cacher sous un paisible front  
 Les transports inquiets que fait naître un affront ;  
 Elle pouvoit souffrir avec indifférence  
 Qu' Etampe sous ses yeux, briguât la préférence,  
 Ses mouvemens jaloux n'ont jamais éclaté,  
 La plainte ou le reproche eût blessé sa fierté ;

Victory flutters on suspended wings, and  
 And flattering hopes by turns deceitful brings,  
 At last Etampe appear'd to fix her chain,  
 And fearless o'er the vanquish'd Francis reign;  
 But soon Poitiers, well skill'd her powers to use,  
 Regain'd the fondness which she seem'd to lose;  
 Whatever nature simple could inspire,  
 Or art invent, to fan love's languid fire,  
 Looks, language, langours, tender doubts, and  
 dress,  
 Whose modest claim the loosest minds confess,  
 All was on either side by each prepar'd,  
 And fickle love a changing empire shar'd :

---

Entre les deux partis la victoire flottante  
 Vint les flatter long-tems, & trompant leur attente  
 Etampe dans ses fers enchaînoit son Amant,  
 Et sembloit à l'abri d'un fatal changement;  
 Mais Diane bientôt, par sa fertile adresse,  
 D'un cœur près d'échapper rappelloit la tendresse :  
 Tout ce que la Nature inspira pour charmer,  
 Et tout ce qu'inventa l'art de se faire aimer,  
 Coup d'œil, tendre langage, aimable modestie,  
 Soupçons, dépits, langueur & parure assortie,  
 Tout fut de part & d'autre en secret ménagé,  
 Et le volage Amant deméuroit partagé.

When

When thus Etampe: "To conquer or to yield,  
 " Now is the time, in this contested field;  
 " Poitiers shall learn to boast her sway no more,  
 " Bow to my triumph, and her fall deplore;  
 " Too long forbearance has weak silence tried—  
 " Now I attack his heart with conscious pride;  
 " The king to-morrow shall be her's or mine,  
 " Whose heart I fix for ever or resign:"

She spake, then hiding what her rage inspires,  
 To some sequester'd spot Etampe retires:  
 Night, thou fond witness and retreat of love,  
 Whose hours too rapid for such transports move,

" C'en est trop, dit Etampe, il faut céder ou vaincre,  
 " Il faut de sa défaite une fois la convaincre,  
 " Diane doit apprendre à se voir effacer,  
 " Sur ses propres débris il faut la terrasser,  
 " J'ai gardé trop long-tems un indigne silence,  
 " Demain j'attaque un cœur qui trop long-tems balance,  
 " Demain, ou j'abandonne ou je fixe le Roi,  
 " L'Amant va prononcer entre Diane & moi."

Elle dit, & cachant le dépit qui l'inspire,  
 Dans un réduit secret Etampe se retire.  
 Nuit, témoin des plaisirs, asile des Amans,  
 Nuit, quelquefois trop courte à leurs contentemens,

How



How slow to her impatience was thy course !  
 In sighs and tears from Sorrow's streaming source  
 She speaks to Silence, tells her former woes,  
 While Sleep denies the balm of his repose ;  
 Thinks she beholds the happy fair belov'd ;  
 Thinks it is day, though day be far remov'd.

Aurora now her purple beam displays,  
 Earth, seas, and air, enlivens with her rays,  
 Prepares the passage for th' approaching Sun,  
 Whose conqu'ring darts her timid roses shun ;  
 Each darken'd object its bright hue resumes,  
 And flow'rs send forth their exquisite perfumes ;

Que vous parûtes longue à son impatience !  
 Elle gémit, se plaint & parlant au silence,  
 Fait le triste récit de ses tourmens passés,  
 Le sommeil se refuse à ses vœux pressés,  
 Elle croit voir Diane & l'Amant qui l'adore,  
 Elle croit voir le jour, le jour est loin encore.

L'Aurore alloit enfin éclairer l'Univers,  
 Et son char effleurant la surface des mers  
 De l'Astre qui le suit préparoit la carrière ;  
 Les timides lueurs cédoient à la lumière,  
 Les objets obscurcis reprenoient leurs couleurs,  
 Les parfums exhalés du calice des fleurs,

On Zephyr's wing the birds renew their flight,  
 And chant their carols with increas'd delight :  
 Etampe awakes from slumbers faint, where grief  
 And promis'd vengeance found a short relief ;  
 Deferts her couch, and to her mirror flies, and  
 Whose flatt'ring polish added charms supplies.

On Egypt's mystic banks of old ador'd,  
 A Genus dwelt, in every age ador'd ;  
 Proteus his name ; from beast to bird he turns,  
 Now flows a river, now a flame he burns ;  
 With us more potent, fought by night and day,  
 With us, o'er beauty holds a sov'reign sway ;

Sur l'aile des Zéphirs s'élevoient en nuages ;  
 Les oiseaux amoureux redoubloient leurs ramages  
 Etampe enfin s'éveille, ardente à se vanger,  
 Etampe avoit dormi, mais d'un sommeil léger ;  
 Elle sort du duvet, plus séduisante encore  
 Et consulte un miroir que sa beauté décore.

Il existe un Génie en tout tems révéré,  
 Aux rives de l'Égypte autrefois adoré ;  
 Protée étoit son nom ; flamme il devenoit marbre ;  
 Ours, il couloit en fleuve, aigle il changeoit en arbre ;  
 Plus puissant sur nos bords, nuit & jour consulté,  
 Ce Dieu dans nos climas regne sur la beauté ;

To Beauty's empire all his care employs,  
 And strives to prop the pile which Time destroys :  
 Now Hope, now Rigour, with incessant wiles,  
 Deforms his brow with frowns, or decks with  
 smiles ;  
 A thousand altars in his worship blaze,  
 Where ev'ry tribute either India lays ;  
 But more the blush pretended, false disdain,  
 Attempt to please, and animate his reign ;  
 By skilful charm which no deceit declares,  
 Art in his temple Nature's semblance wears ;  
 With pearls and rubies is his altar spread,  
 And sweetest perfumes dripping odours shed ;

---

Ses soins sont employés à la rendre durable,  
 Il cherche à réparer sa perte irréparable ;  
 Tantôt il est espoir, tantôt il est rigueur,  
 Il paroît enjouement, il redevient langueur ;  
 Il compte mille autels ; les Mexicains sauvages  
 Ont, pour les enrichir, moissonné leurs rivages ;  
 Les coups d'œil, les dédains, le sourire apprêté  
 Font leurs efforts pour plaire à la Divinité ;  
 Par le prestige adroit d'une douce imposture,  
 L'Art dans son sanctuaire est pris pour la Nature,  
 De perles, de rubis ses autels parsemés,  
 D'essences & d'odeurs sont toujours parfunés,

Near

Near them the deep, or fainter rose, presides,  
 While in a glass the god the cheat derides:  
 To this enchanter, and his richest stores,  
 Etampé directs her step, his aid implores,  
 Who sooth'd her grief, and wip'd away her tears,  
 While beauty proud in borrow'd pomp appears.

Now to the god's retreat, in loose attire,  
 She flies, to raise love's languishing desire;  
 Around her, Hope, with well-dissembled grace,  
 With Youth, and frolic Sports, their footstep  
 trace;

Joignant le vermillon, le rouge & la céruse,  
 Ce Dieu dans un miroir ri de sa propre ruse.

De ce prompt Enchanteur implorant le secours,  
 C'est à son art puissant qu' Etampé avoit recours,  
 Il calmoit ses dépits, il essuyoit ses larmes,  
 Et dans ce jour pompeux il lui prêta ces charmes.

Dans un lieu retiré, loin des regards mortels,  
 Demi-nue, elle avance au pied de ses autels,  
 Les Amours enfantins, l'Espérance, les Graces,  
 La Jeunesse & les Jeux voltigeoent sur ses traces;

He read her thoughts, he listen'd to her pray'r,  
 Himself arrang'd the ringlets of her hair,  
 Desire he seated on her panting breast,  
 And gave her looks each animating zest ;  
 But more than all his hands a robe prepare  
 To clothe the form of this insulting fair ;  
 A robe so brilliant, that Aurora's sky  
 Could with its lustre scarce presume to vie ;  
 A robe, where azure and embroider'd gold,  
 Amid the glitt'ring gems their station hold ;  
 But oh, what tears of anger and disgrace  
 Will soon the lustre of those hues efface !

---

Le Dieu lut dans son ame, il entendit ses vœux,  
 Lui-même sur son front arrangeant ses cheveux,  
 Il en dresse avec soin la structure flottante ;  
 Il place les Desirs sur sa gorge éclatante ;  
 Il prête à ses regards des charmes irritans,  
 Et souffle sur son teint les ris & le printems ;  
 Mais de tant de faveurs, ô faveur la plus rare !  
 De ses adroites mains il la couvre, il la pare  
 D'une robe (jamais le ciel ne fut si beau  
 Quand l'Aurore aux Humains vient prêter son flambeau)  
 D'une robe où l'azur, l'or & les broderies,  
 Etincellent au loin du feu des pierreries ;  
 Que de cris douloureux ! que de torrens de pleurs  
 Vont bientôt obscurcir ses plus riches couleurs !

Less fatal was the robe Alcides wore,  
 Less rank the poison which that present bore;  
 The eye of Proteus was itself beguil'd,  
 And he, with malice, at the mischief smil'd.  
 While thus Etampe, elate with vain conceit,  
 Prepar'd thy anguish, and thy sworn defeat,  
 What were thy thoughts, Poitiers, in slumber  
     nurst?  
 Appear in haste, Sleep's dang'rous fetters burst;  
 What rest detains thee in its bands secure;  
 Etampe defies thee, deems her triumph sure;  
 Revenge to her imparts his pow'rful arms;  
 Can Love defend thee with as potent charms?

---

Du perfide Nessus le présent homicide  
 Porta moins de poisons dans les veines d'Alcide.  
 L'œil en est ébloui, Protée en fut surpris,  
 Et parut s'applaudir par un malin fouris.

Tandis que de son art Etampe fatistaite,  
 Préparoit vos ennuis, juroit votre défaite,  
 Que faisiez-vous alors dans les bras du sommeil?  
 Diane, paroissez, hâtez votre réveil,  
 Quel repos ennemi, quel songe vous arrête?  
 Etampe vous défie, & sa gloire s'apprête;  
 L'Amour vient lui prêter ses yeux éblouissans,  
 L'Amour vous garde-t'il des attraits plus puissans?

Now

Now fill'd with hope, and certain of success,  
 In firm reliance on her youth and dress,  
 Etampe proceeds to Love's disputed field,  
 And scarce her dress can to her beauty yield;  
 Thus 'mid the flow'rs, which shine with humbler  
 rays,  
 Its gaudy leaves the piony displays:  
 At length sh'appears before the monarch's eyes,  
 Assumes her seat, nor speaks but with her sighs,  
 Then with a look compos'd and studied tone,  
 Thus makes her threats in stern resentment  
 known :

---

Déjà pleine d'espoir & sûre de ses charmes  
 Etampe alloit tenter le pouvoir de ses armes ;  
 Elle sort au grand jour & marche avec fierté,  
 Sa robe étincellante égale sa beauté.

Tel le Lys éclattant leve son front superbe  
 Parmi les autres fleurs qui se cachent sous l'herbe.  
 Elle paroît enfin aux yeux de son Amant,  
 Elle s'assied, soupire & se tait un moment,  
 Puis composant ses yeux, son geste & ses paroles  
 Et mêlant l'artifice à des plaintes frivoles,

“ Is't

- " Is't not enough thy faithless heart should break  
 " The laws my better love once deign'd to  
   make?  
 " Perhaps thou know'st not why I tempt my fate,  
 " Know then, one last adieu shall fix my hate ;  
 " And if thou call'st thy treasons to thy mind,  
 " Soon thou the cause of this resolve wilt find :  
 " Ungrateful false one ! ne'er will I betray  
 " My bosom's lawful pride, which scorns to sway  
 " Thy worthless heart, or sue such prize to gain,  
 " Or give my love sincere when thou dost feign :  
 " Shall I in torments never-ending pine ?  
 " In all thy vows was this thy fell design ?
- 

- " En est-ce assez, dit-elle, & votre cœur sans foi  
 " Est-il las de donner & d'enfreindre la loi ?  
 " Peut-être ignorez-vous le dessein qui m'amene,  
 " Il faut par un adieu confirmer votre haine,  
 " Si vous vous rappelez toutes vos trahisons,  
 " Ingrat, de cet adieu vous saurez les raisons...  
 " Perfide ! avez vous crû qu'infidelle à ma gloire  
 " Et d'un cœur trop léger disputant la victoire,  
 " Je languirois ici dans d'éternels tourmens,  
 " Le dessein de tromper dictoit-il vos sermens ?

" Or



“ Or didst thou keep my fatal fonder love  
 “ My rival's trophy in her boast to prove?  
 “ That rival, where some virtues weak as vain,  
 “ Ne'er can the loss of faded charms regain:  
 “ What, yet no answer? While perforce I weep,  
 “ Still do thy lips a fallen silence keep?  
 “ Thou turnst aside thine eyes;—my transports  
 : true  
 “ Still on thy heart a lost attempt pursue:  
 “ Well then, those lips where broken vows reside,  
 “ Whose smiles contemptuous injur'd love de-  
 ride,

---

“ Ou bien réserviez-vous ma tendresse fatale  
 “ A servir de trophée aux feux d'une rivale,  
 “ D'une rivale en qui quelques fausses vertus  
 “ Ne peuvent réparer les traits qu'elle n'a plus?...  
 “ Vous ne répondez rien, barbare! votre bouche  
 “ Affecte en ce moment un silence farouche,  
 “ Vous détournez vos yeux.....mes larmes, mes transports  
 “ Tentent sur votre cœur d'inutiles efforts,  
 “ Hé bien, ou cette bouche à feindre trop habile  
 “ Qui sût l'art de séduire une Amante facile

“ Shall

“ Shall to Poitiers her banishment assign,

“ Or, — must I close? pronounce her fate or  
mine.”

She spake, and speaking not less fair appears,

When turning pale, with well dissembled tears,

She calls on Death; — confus'd the monarch  
stands,

His heart near yielding to her stern commands;

When to his fight Poitiers advanc'd, in dress

Of graces simple, which avoid excess;

Calm she approaches with that modest air,

Which best, to gain the heart, becomes the fair;

“ Va prescrire à Diane un exil éternel,

“ Ou bien...puis-je achever...qu'ordonnez-vous? cruel...”

A ces mots, qu'animoit la force de ses charmes,

Elle se tait, pâlit, répand de feintes larmes,

Elle appelle la mort...son Amant est troublé;

Elle alloit l'emporter dans son cœur ébranlé;

Quand Diane parut, Diane à qui les Graces

N'inspirèrent jamais l'orgueil ni les menaces,

Tranquille, elle s'avance avec cet air vainqueur

Qui du premier regard contraint de rendre un cœur,

No

No aid from gaudy colours she requir'd,  
 But fair herself, was for herself admir'd ;  
 While by a lawful artifice, array'd  
 In dazzling garments, her attendant maid  
 Follow'd her steps, whose train in equal pride  
 Shone like her rival's, and her pomp defied :  
 Etampe now shudders at this sudden stroke  
 When silent first her rival smil'd, then spokē :

“ Thy heart's the prize, that prize is thy be-  
 heft ;  
 “ With other beauties, if thou canst, be blest ; ”

---

Elle n'emprunta point le fard ni la dorure,  
 Belle de ses attraits, ils formoient sa parure ;  
 Mais, par un artifice avec soin médité,  
 Ses pas étoient suivis d'une simple beauté  
 Dont les habits pareils à ceux de sa rivale  
 Venoient la défier par une pompe égale ;  
 Etampe frémissait, l'autre dissimula,  
 Sourit, se tut d'abord, enfin elle parla.

“ On brigue votre cœur, vous en êtes le maître,  
 “ Soyez heureux ailleurs si vous le pouvez être ;

“ That

" That heart was mine—I lose it; and my breath "  
 " Can with my love alone be lost in death." "  
 " No," said the monarch, as he heard the sound,  
 Where love sincere without its pride he found,  
 " This heart now worthy thine, to thee returns;  
 " Owns thy deserts, with equal ardour burns;  
 " Vain are all efforts to work thy defeat,  
 " I swear; grant thou thy faith my truth to  
 meet."

Etampe astounded scarce the sentence hears;  
 Stopt is her pulse, each sign of death appears;  
 Pale on the earth she sinks, is borne away;  
 Of pride and sorrow the resistless prey;

" Ce cœur étoit à moi, je le perds...j'en mourrai,  
 " Le mien sera fidèle autant que je vivrai...  
 " Non," s'écria le Roi touché d'un tel langage,  
 Où de l'orgueil l'amour refuse le partage;  
 " Ce cœur digne de vous, digne de vos vertus,  
 " On fait pour vous l'ôter des efforts superflus,  
 " Je le jure à vos pieds, comptez sur ma constance.....

Quel coup de foudre! Etampe! ô Dieu! quelle sentence!  
 Etampe n'entend plus, sans pouls & sans chaleur,  
 La mort a sur son front répandu la pâleur,  
 Elle tombe, on l'emporte égarée, expirante,  
 Elle ouvre à peine au jour sa paupière mourante,

And

And while expiring life is all but fled,  
 Scarce she to Heav'n upturns her drooping head;  
 Calls on Poitiers, her conquest still defies,  
 Yet owns the triumph in her streaming eyes;  
 At last recalls her spirit and her hate,  
 And flies from court to hide her dismal fate;  
 There, when or Phœbus gilds the front of day,  
 Or when Diana sheds her milder ray,  
 Her vain regrets of weak cabals she pours,  
 Her arts intriguing, baffled wiles deplores;  
 Detests herself, nor dares her face to view,  
 While rage and fix'd despair her soul subdue.

---

Elle nomme Diane, elle accuse les Cieux,  
 Des pleurs qu'elle retient échappent de ses yeux;  
 Elle rappelle enfin sa haine & son courage,  
 Fuit, & loin de la Cour va cacher son outrage;  
 Là, soit, que le soleil rallume son flambeau,  
 Soit que la nuit dans l'air étende son rideau,  
 On l'entend regretter ses cabales, ses bragues,  
 Et le stérile fruit de ses vaines intrigues:  
 Elle se hait soi-même & n'ose plus se voir,  
 Et mille fois le jour cède à son désespoir.

FROM  
L'ART D'AIMER DE BERNARD,

EN SIX PIEDS.

DAZZLED with charms which blooming youth  
displays,  
You stand enchanted, motionless you gaze ;  
With Love's alarms your panting breast is tost,  
Your senses are disturb'd, your voice is lost ;  
Your heart its flame not able to conceal,  
Fain at her feet its ardour would reveal ;  
Each object calls her image to your sight,  
Speaks of her beauties, paints them with de-  
light :—

---

Ebloui des appas d'une jeune Beauté,  
A ses premiers regards, immobile, enchanté,  
Vous avez de l'Amour senti la vive atteinte ;  
Vos sens étoient troublés, votre voix s'est éteinte,  
Votre cœur, plein d'un feu qu'il n'a pu lui cacher,  
Pour voler sur ses pas sembloit se détacher :  
Tout retrace à vos yeux son image fidelle,  
Tout vous peint ses attraits, & tout vous parle d'elle :

But

But see, she comes ;—your cheek turns sudden pale ;

O'er ev'ry word your timid doubts prevail ;  
 Much would your lips express, but more you feel,  
 And lenient hope attempts your fears to heal ;  
 Uncertain, fill'd with eloquent surprize,  
 On her with trembling doubt you turn your eyes :  
 Enough—your cares shall not neglected prove ;  
 She lives to pity, to relieve, and love.

But if beneath such charms—uncommon  
 fate !—

Virtue shall hold within her heart its state ;

---

Mais, vient-elle à paroître ; alors vous pâlissez,  
 Vos plus simples discours semblent embarrassés ;  
 Vous exprimez beaucoup, vous sentez davantage ;  
 S'il vous naît quelque espoir, la crainte le partage,  
 Timides, incertains, pleins d'un trouble parlant,  
 Vos regards sur les siens ne tombent qu'en tremblant.  
 C'en est assez ; vos feux recevront leur salaire,  
 C'est objet enchanteur étoit né pour vous plaire ;  
 Et si, sous tant d'appas, un sort trop peu connu  
 Daigna placer un cœur formé par la vertu,

If rich her mind, as is her person fair,  
 Submit to love, and all its transports share :  
 Love form'd her beauties for your happy doom,  
 And kept for you the treasure of their bloom.

---

Si son esprit est grand autant comme elle est belle,  
 Aimez, soumettez-vous, sans vous montrer rebelle,  
 En formant ses attraits, l'Amour vous regardoit,  
 C'est un rare trésor que le Ciel vous gardoit.



# EXTRACTS

FROM

*L'ART D'AIMER DE BERNARD,*

EN CINQ PIEDS.

---

## CANTO I.

I've seen the wars, have heard the din of arms,  
Nor can my feeble voice sing Glory's charms;  
I've seen the Court, and past my bloom of spring,  
Nor for its idols have I deign'd to sing;  
Bacchus I've seen, nor shar'd his frantic joy,  
Nor shall a looser pow'r my muse employ;  
Plutus I've seen—my scorn his coffers move;  
I've seen my Daphne, and I sing of love.

---

J'ai vu Coigny, Bellone & la Victoire,  
Ma faible voix n'a pu chanter la gloire;  
J'ai vu la Cour; j'ai passé mon printemps,  
Muet aux pieds des Idoles du temps;  
J'ai vu Bacchus, sans chanter son délire;  
Du Dieu d'Isse j'ai dédaigné l'empire;  
J'ai vu Plutus, j'ai méprisé sa Cour;  
J'ai vu Daphné, je vais chanter l'Amour.

O thou

O thou alone, young object, I adore ;  
 Be thou the only pow'r whom I implore ;  
 In traits of fire let Love display his art,  
 Triumphant as he reigns within my heart ;  
 His voice inspires me, teaches me to love,  
 And by my rules he shall himself improve ;  
 While at thy feet on thee my eyes I bend,  
 To gods themselves I could instruction lend ;  
 True love alone shall animate my lyre,  
 I sing no Lampfacus, nor Caprea's fire ;  
 No Chrysis here shall find her wanton rage ;  
 In nightly sports no Flora dare engage ;

---

Toi seul, ô toi, jeune objet que j'adore !  
 De tous les Dieux sois le seul que j'implore ;  
 Que l'Art d'Aimer se life en traits vainqueurs,  
 En traits de feu, tel qu'il est dans nos cœurs,  
 L'Amour m'inspire ; il m'apprend comme on aime ;  
 De ses plaisirs instruisons l'Amour même.  
 A tes genoux, dans tes bras, sous tes yeux,  
 J'en donnerais des leçons, même aux Dieux.  
 Aux vrais Amours ma lyre consacrée,  
 Ne chante point & Lampsaque & Caprée,  
 Ni de Chrysis les lascives fureurs,  
 Ni de Flora les nocturnes horreurs.

Love here exalted shall, with warmth refin'd,  
 Unveil'd, but decent, please the purest mind ;  
 From purest sources shall my pleasures flow,  
 And clasp'd in Vesta's bosom Venus glow.  
 In other songs let Sybaris convey  
 Th' enervate softness of a languid lay ;  
 In plaintive voice let Amadis rehearse,  
 On Lignon's banks, his vapid frozen verse ;  
 Albano's pencil shall in mine declare,  
 How love is pictur'd like some blooming fair,  
 Whose charms with rapture shall attract our sight,  
 True, though embellish'd, plac'd in fairest light.

---

Qu'ici l'Amour épurant son système,  
 Nud, mais décent, plaise à la Pudeur même ;  
 Que Venus donne à Vesta des desirs :  
 Je veux des mœurs compagnes des plaisirs.  
 Qu'à d'autres Chants soit aussi réservée,  
 De Sybaris la mollesse éternuée,  
 Des Amadis les respects insensés,  
 Et du Lignon les bords toujours glacés.  
 Dans mes portraits, Albane plus fidelle,  
 Peignons l'Amour comme on peint une Belle ;  
 D'un jour aimable éclairons son tableau,  
 Vrai, mais flatté ; tel qu'il est, mais en beau.

Love,

Love, as I deem it, has its deep-felt joys,  
 Itself forgetting, and the world's light toys ;  
 A sentiment submissive, fond, sincere,  
 Whose flame unquench'd will steadfast persevere ;  
 Where hope and awe sustain an equal part ;  
 A flame from th' eyes, electric to the heart,  
 From th' heart to sense, which fertile in desires,  
 From pleasure still increase of strength acquires ;  
 Which when most happy feels the wish for more,  
 The god whom softest Latian bards adore,  
 And I with them ;—thrice is that bosom blest  
 By which from Heav'n this treasure is possess'd.

---

J'appelle Amour, cette atteinte profonde,  
 L'entier oubli de soi-même & du monde,  
 Ce sentiment soumis, tendre, ingénu,  
 Prompt, mais durable, ardent, mais soutenu,  
 Qu'émeut la crainte & que l'espoir enflamme,  
 Ce trait de feu qui des yeux passe à l'ame ;  
 De l'ame aux sens ; qui fécond en desirs,  
 Dure & s'augmente au comble des plaisirs ;  
 Qui plus heureux n'en est que plus avide :  
 Voilà le Dieu de Tibulle & d'Ovide :  
 Voilà le mien. Heureux cent fois le cœur  
 Qui tient du Ciel cet ascendant vainqueur !

## CANTO I.

Now let us trace the source from earliest years:—  
 Behold youth's harmless smiles, its genuine tears;  
 Doat on its language, void of vain pretence,  
 Its air unfeign'd, its undetermin'd sense;—  
 The youthful beauty, credulous, yet coy,  
 Dares not avow the rising dawn of joy,  
 But steals, yet trembling at unknown alarms,  
 A downward glance upon her nascent charms;  
 Blushes, yet longs to try an infant love,  
 Fears to be taught, yet wishes to improve;

---

En remontant aux sources du bel âge,  
 Vois l'innocence, adore son langage,  
 Les pleurs naïfs, le sourire enfantin,  
 L'air ingénu, le regard incertain.  
 Quand les Beautés crédules & craintives  
 Tiennent encor leurs caresses captives;  
 Quand la Nature épiant tous ses sens,  
 Baisse les yeux sur ses trésors naissans,  
 Rougit de plaire en cherchant à séduire,  
 Et veut ensemble ignorer & s'instruire;

Such is fifteen—and such the day-spring mild—  
 Of new-born beauty, yet an artless child,  
 Whose charms on health of roseate bloom depend,  
 While modest graces their best succour lend:  
 Succeeding years their treasures more display,  
 And give to love its more enlighten'd ray,  
 Filling the promise of the lovely morn,  
 While brighter beams the perfect day adorn;  
 Here all the beauties love is doom'd to know,  
 Complete their lustre, and no longer grow:  
 Then the light spirit soars on radiant wings,  
 And ev'ry want a new enjoyment brings;

---

Voilà quinze ans. L'aube aimable du jour,  
 C'est une belle, enfant comme l'Amour,  
 Qui n'a d'attraits que sa fraîcheur nouvelle,  
 Et sa pudeur, des graces la plus belle.  
 L'âge qui fuit, développant les traits,  
 Offre à l'Amour de plus piquans attraits.  
 Au doux éclat qu'a produit cette aurore,  
 Succède un jour plus radieux encore;  
 Et tous les fruits qu'un Amant peut cueillir  
 Ont achevé de naître & d'embellir.  
 L'effor est pris, l'ame a senti ses ailes;  
 Tous ses besoins sont des fêtes nouvelles;

The heart instructed can its wishes own,  
 And twenty years to rapture gives the crown ;  
 At thirty winters Time his footstep shows,  
 And beauty loses, as more ripe it grows ;  
 No longer young, it still excites desire,  
 But craves the studied help of rich attire ;  
 The toilet now displays its borrow'd aid,  
 And ev'ry charm more charming still is made ;  
 Each art of pleasing, and each wish to please,  
 Exerts its force in more intense degrees ;  
 By time mature, increas'd the senses glow,  
 And what at first was love, is rapture now ;

---

Le cœur instruit démêle ses desirs ;  
 C'est à vingt ans qu'on a tous les plaisirs,  
 De trente hivers le temps marque les traces ;  
 La Beauté perd ce qu'on ajoute aux Graces ;  
 On n'est plus jeune, on est belle pourtant ;  
 On met plus d'art aux pièges que l'on tend :  
 C'est le tissu des intrigues secrètes,  
 L'art des atours, l'arsenal des toilettes :  
 Le soin de plaire, & la soif de jouir,  
 Redouble encor, loin de s'évanouir.  
 Par l'âge accrus, les sens ont plus d'empire :  
 C'étoit l'Amour, c'est alors son délire ;

Impetuous, ardent, the deep-piercing rays  
Of more than noon in boundless splendor blaze.

Less young, still beauty can our thoughts en-  
gage,

When speech and conduct mark the fruits of age ;  
Talents acquir'd, and charms not all its own,  
Can still embellish Beauty's evening throne ;  
Love faithful yet to what it once desir'd,  
Can make the faded cheek not unadmir'd ;  
And still maintaining to the last its pow'r,  
Ev'n on Time's ruins strews a grateful flow'r.

---

Ardent, avide, impétueux, hardi,  
C'est un Soleil brûlant en son midi.

Moins jeune encor, la Beauté nous engage.  
L'art du maintien, les graces du langage,  
Les dons acquis, les charmes empruntés,  
Donnent un lustre au couchant des Beautés.  
L'Amour, fidèle à leurs flammes constantes,  
Se glisse encor sous les rides naissantes,  
Et pour régner jusqu'aux derniers instans,  
Sème de fleurs les ruines du temps.



The budding rose in haste at morn to blow;  
 Lends to Aurora a more vivid glow;  
 Clytie at eve, attends in richer robe  
 On Phœbus, quitting this terrestrial globe;  
 At diff'rent ages, ev'ry age can please,  
 To ev'ry taste a sep'rate feast decrees;  
 Hence love, to rule incessant in our hearts,  
 Has fill'd his quiver with exhaustless darts:  
 Some eyes their soothing langour can dispense,  
 With drooping eyelids wake each warmer sense;  
 Others more lively triumph in their turn,  
 And like the lightning, can both blaze and burn;

---

La jeune Rose, en se pressant d'éclore,  
 Fait au matin, le charme de l'aurore :  
 Clytie, au soir, dans son riche appareil,  
 Fait l'ornement du coucher du Soleil.  
 Tout plaît un jour, tout âge a ses délices,  
 Ces dons divers sont faits pour nos caprices ;  
 Par eux l'Amour variant ses attraits,  
 Formé un carquois d'inépuisables traits.  
 Il est des yeux dont la langueur touchante  
 Pénètre un cœur, l'amollit & l'enchanter :  
 D'autres plus vifs l'enflamment à leur tour :  
 Ce sont les traits, les foudres de l'Amour.

Here

Here awful majesty of form maintains  
 Its empire ; here a flowing softness reigns ;  
 Here rich luxuriance boasts its swelling pride ;  
 The lilies here, the roses there preside ;  
 On all Love knows his varied form to set ;  
 Laura was fair, Corinna a brunette.

## CANTO I.

WHEN from the fight we thus receive the dart,  
 Then may we fix the balance of our heart ;  
 The light coquet, by her attractive ease,  
 Will please us ever by her wish to please ;

L'une a du port l'élégante noblesse,  
 L'autre une taille où languit la mollesse ;  
 Plus d'embonpoint embellit celle-ci.  
 Là sont les lys, les roses sont ici.  
 Chaque Beauté fait un lot à chacune ;  
 Laure était blonde, & Corinne était brune.

QUAND l'œil a vu, quand ce trait est lancé,  
 Le choix d'un cœur veut être balancé :  
 Une coquette, & brillante & légère,  
 Plaira toujours par son étude à plaire.

With

With chace more ardent we pursue the maid,  
 Ingenuous, tender, bashful, and afraid ;  
 When by her lover in her fears reliev'd,  
 Her being more delights her, more perceiv'd ;  
 The pride of prudes we triumph to disarm,  
 Nor is the Mystic to Heav'n only warm ;  
 The sportive fair can give more lively joy,  
 The pensive more our serious thoughts employ ;  
 Sometimes caprice and scorn well-feign'd I love,  
 But ne'er let passion drowsy langour prove :  
 Chloe our heart with lively worth assails,  
 Now grace of speech, now cultur'd taste prevails ;

---

Tendre, naïve, égale en sa pudeur,  
 La simple Agnès excite plus d'ardeur,  
 Lorsqu'un Amant l'aidant à se connaître  
 Par le plaisir lui fait sentir son être.  
 La Prude anime, & plaît à désarmer.  
 Une Mystique excelle à bien aimer.  
 Dans le plaisir la folle qui s'enflamme,  
 Met plus d'esprit, la Rêveuse plus d'ame.  
 J'aime un caprice & de feintes rigueurs :  
 Sauvons l'amour du pavot des langueurs.  
 De l'enjouement Eglé fait son partage :  
 Life a le goût ; Charite le langage :

Delphine

Delphine is silent, but her speaking eye,  
More than by words that silence can supply.

On three estates of age your choice decide:—  
Here youth invites you in its maiden pride;  
The flow'r still waits for Summer, to display  
Its open'd foliage to the beam of day;  
Nor always Hymen can his torch oppose;  
Passion from strict controul more ardent glows;  
The jealous husband but infures his fate,  
And fraud will follow when the chain we hate.  
Disperse the cloud the widow seems to wear,  
Reap the ripe harvest of th' experienc'd fair;

---

Cloë se tait; mais l'amour, dans ses yeux,  
Met son esprit qui n'en parle que mieux.

Sur trois états décide ton hommage:  
Cloë t'appelle aux moissons du bel âge;  
C'est une fleur qui n'attend que le jour,  
Qui doit l'ouvrir au souffle de l'amour.  
Celle qu'Hymen veut soustraire à tes armes,  
Aimant par fraude, aime avec plus de charmes;  
Et secouant les chaînes d'un jaloux,  
Sert mieux l'Amant, pour mieux tromper l'Epoux:  
D'un deuil frivole, écarte le nuage,  
Et glane au champ du tranquille veuvage;

In

In that afylum foon the pray'r is heard,  
And no delay from wayward pride is fear'd,

Women poffest of all which wins the heart,  
Their charms embellish by each cultur'd art ;  
In ev'ry branch their varied talents ufe,  
Venus instructs, the Graces court the mufe ;  
Sappho, Corinna, now may rivals find,  
As bright in beauty, and as rich in mind ;  
In gay confufion on the toilet found,  
Books and bandeaux, the lute and lace abound ;  
Nor ev'n the compafs, and the fphere, difdain  
To mix with toys of drefs their ferious train :

---

C'est un afyle où fans peine écouté,  
L'amant heureux jouit en liberté.  
Ce fexe aimable a tout ce qu'on adore ;  
Tous les talens l'embelliffent encore.  
Sur tous les Arts fes beaux yeux font ouverts ;  
Vénus instruit, les Graces font des vers ;  
Sappho, Corinne ont des Sœurs dignes d'elles.  
Vois l'ambigu des toilettes des Belles,  
Tout ce qui fert l'efprit & les appas,  
Livres, atours, bijoux, lyres, compas,  
Couvrent l'autel de Flore & de Thalie.  
Pourquoi blâmer ce que leur cûte allie ?

In these pursuits triumphant Cupids join,  
 Whom with his tints Albano might design;  
 One might the husband's jealous guard detect,  
 And through his glass his secret aim direct;  
 Another bring his rash desires to rule,  
 Define his pleasure in Platonic school;  
 Here with the voice the instrument conspires,  
 And here the pencil paints what th'eye admires:  
 Pursue, ye lovers, what with friendly aid,  
 May for your loves an added cause be made:  
 I know the charm which fondness may produce;  
 I've seen my Daphne in the brilliant juice

---

Ce sont les jeux des amours triomphans;  
 Albane eut peint ces folâtres enfans;  
 L'un, pour servir une flamme secrète,  
 Contre un jaloux dirige une lunette;  
 L'autre en un coin calcule ses desirs,  
 Ou traite à fond l'essence des plaisirs.  
 Tel à sa voix joint un clavier sonore;  
 Tel autre esquisse un objet qu'il adore.  
 Suivez, Amans, ce qui plaît aux amours:  
 L'art donne à tout ses utiles secours.  
 Je fai quel charme il prête à la tendresse,  
 J'ai vu Daphné, Sirène enchanteresse,

Which

Which Bacchus yields, immerge her vermeil lip,  
 Accept his goblet, and with caution sip;  
 I've seen my Daphne, on some flow'ry lawn,  
 Bound with the lightness of the sportive fawn,  
 Or in more measur'd step, and softer grace,  
 In smother curves the lines of beauty trace,  
 In rapture's form her waving arms advance,  
 And give new honours to the speaking dance:  
 Thus in the realms of Jove, with joy increas'd,  
 The youthful Hebe decorates the feast;  
 Or thus more tender, more enchanting moves,  
 Parisot smiling on the youth she loves.

---

Sous un treillage où Bacchus est vainqueur,  
 Boire, verser & chanter sa liqueur.  
 J'ai vu Daphné, Terpsicore légère,  
 Sur un tapis de rose & de fougère,  
 S'abandonner à des sons pleins d'appas,  
 Voler, languir, & mesurant ses pas,  
 Tendre au plaisir les bras qu'elle déploie.  
 Telle en versant le nectar & la joie,  
 D'un pas léger sur la voûte des cieux,  
 La jeune Hébé danse aux festins des Dieux.  
 Ou telle encor, plus vive & plus touchante,  
 Sallé poursuit Amadis qui l'enchanté.

## CANTO I.

**O**thers will wear your chains with nobler pride,  
 Content in silence dearest bliss to hide :  
 True love, whose constant stream unerring flows,  
 Is like the smooth and limpid lake, which knows  
 No rude commotion from the tempest's wing,  
 Which needs no succour from a foreign spring,  
 Still from itself unwearied store supplies,  
 Deigns not to sink, nor yet aspires to rise :  
 False love assumes the torrents swelling form,  
 And owes its treasure to some fleeting storm,

---

D'autres sauront, à vos fers attachés,  
 S'ensevelir dans des plaisirs cachés.  
 Pour en tracer une image sensible,  
 L'amour constant est comme un Lac paisible,  
 Profond, égal, toujours beau, toujours clair,  
 Inaccessible aux tempêtes de l'air,  
 Qui, sans chercher le tribut d'autres ondes,  
 Se régénère en ses sources fécondes.  
 L'amour volage est semblable au torrent,  
 Il tombe, il roule, il fuit en murmurant :

Which



Which leads its wand'ring waters far astray,  
 And borne in tumult lasts but for a day.  
 Let us pursue the more attemper'd flow,  
 To happy choice our surer blessing owe :  
 True love its passion with respect reveals,  
 Or still its thoughts in tender fear conceals ;  
 A look the lover's modest wish can bless,  
 He hopes but little, and presumes still less ;  
 On constant faith he sires the blooming flow'r,  
 And sees the bliss supreme by Fancy's pow'r ;  
 Rejected, glows with undiminish'd fire,  
 Nor cools when triumph crowns the fond desire.

---

Tari bientôt dans sa source égarée,  
 Né d'un orage, il en a la durée.  
 Suivez les flots dont le calme est certain :  
 D'un heureux choix dépend votre destin.  
 Par son respect l'amour vrai se déclare ;  
 C'est lui qui craint, qui se fuit, qui s'égare,  
 Qui, d'un regard fait son suprême bien,  
 Desire tout, prétend peu, n'ose rien ;  
 Qui, sur les fleurs, fait marcher la constance,  
 Voit tout en beau, met tout en jouissance ;  
 Dans les revers, armé de plus de feux,  
 Dans les faveurs, empressé quoiqu'heureux.

## CANTO II.

OF all the blessings Heav'n to earth imparts,  
 Best in our eyes, and dearest to our hearts,  
 Is that pure essence, that transcendant charm,  
 Whose animating pow'rs the bosom warm,  
 The gift of pleasing, to be wish'd for more  
 Than all which wit or beauty has in store;  
 O'er all the features we its influence trace,  
 It gives to beauty its enliv'ning grace,  
 Artless attracts, and binds without a chain,  
 Without whose succour love itself were vain,

---

Des dons du Ciel, le plus cher à nos yeux  
 Est ce rayon de l'essence des Dieux,  
 Cet ascendant, ce charme inexprimable,  
 Ce trait divin par qui l'homme est aimable,  
 Ce don de plaire, enfin, plus souhaité,  
 Que n'est l'esprit, plus sûr que la beauté.  
 Sur tous nos traits, il imprime ses traces;  
 Il donne à tous le coloris des graces,  
 Séduit sans art, enchaîne sans effort,  
 De la tendresse est l'aiman, le plus fort.

To all our efforts adds the vital soul,  
 And forms a harmony which binds the whole;  
 You who this charm of character possess,  
 You of Love's realms the monarchs I confess.

With this we need not pierce th' infernal shade,  
 Nor seek the talisman, or philtre's aid;  
 Here no Canidia, no arm'd Hell we want,  
 Be worthy love, and love your suit will grant;  
 He who knows well to love, still merits more;  
 The feeling heart is what we most adore;

---

C'est une autre ame à nos ressorts unie,  
 Qui d'un beau tout, compose l'harmonie.  
 Vous, qui portez ce caractère heureux,  
 Je vous fais Roi de l'empire amoureux.

Sans pénétrer jusqu'au sombre rivage;  
 Sans talisman, sans philtre, sans breuvage,  
 Sans Canidie & tout l'enfer armé.  
 Soyez aimable, & vous serez aimé.  
 Qui fait aimer, est plus aimable encore;  
 Un cœur sensible, est ce qu'un cœur adore :

Beauty

Beauty may please, but delicacy gains  
 Its lasting charm, and forms the firmest chains.

O thou to whom Love yields its sov'reign  
 pow'r,

Let boldness still improve the favor'd hour ;  
 Aim well thy shafts, and let no doubts intrude  
 To damp thy conquest,—all shall be subdu'd :  
 The most rebellious are not most unkind ;  
 She who dissembles, she, whose wav'ring mind  
 Expects her conqueror, with flame conceal'd,  
 Contends, with hope that she at last may yield.

---

La beauté plaît soutenons ses attraits  
 Du sentiment, le plus beau de ses traits.

Toi, dont l'amour augmentera les charmes,  
 Qu'un peu d'audace accompagne tes armes ;  
 Lance tes traits, frappe & sois convaincu  
 Qu'on peut tout vaincre, & tout sera vaincu.  
 La plus rebelle est souvent la plus tendre.  
 Telle qui feint, & qui languit d'attendre,  
 D'un feu couvert, brûlant au fond du cœur  
 Combat d'un air qui demande un vainqueur.

Ye haughty beauties ! prudes of ev'ry age,  
 Who boast your vain caprice, my precepts sage  
 Attend ; this oracle of Fate is true,  
 Love will in time your utmost pride subdue ;  
 The blessings then which Spring affords, employ,  
 The vengeful god in Autumn blasts your joy ;  
 And while he punishes the dire mistake,  
 An Atys cold for Cybele will make :  
 Beauty hath wings, the heart remains entire,  
 To waste and languish with unnotic'd fire,  
 While keen regret imprints its poison'd tooth ;  
 But we whom pleasure waits, and blooming youth,

---

Fières Beautés, Prudes de tous les âges,  
 Qui nous vantez vos caprices sauvages,  
 Ecoutez-moi : cet oracle est certain :  
 On aime un jour, c'est l'arrêt du destin ;  
 Usez des biens que le Printemps vous donne :  
 Un Dieu vengeur vous attend à l'Automne,  
 Et punissant une indocile erreur,  
 Garde un Atys pour Cybelle en fureur.  
 Craignez l'amour, étudiez son heure ;  
 La beauté fuit, le cœur entier demeure,  
 Sèche, languit, & tout percé de traits,  
 Est dévoré du serpent des regrets.  
 Mais nous, chargés des plaisirs du bel âge,

Let us, while life's best streams our spirits warm,  
 Let us with rapid course pursue the charm,  
 And while our useless efforts we dismiss,  
 Prevent remorse, and seize the fleeting bliss.

## CANTO II.

WITH such a charm th'immortal Graces move;  
 Charm us like them, ye whom my lays improve;  
 Like them the concord of their pow'rs employ,  
 The flow of native mirth, and harmless joy;  
 The laugh sincere of unsuspecting youth,  
 Which prompts the gay return from artless truth,

---

De leurs attraits précipitons l'usage,  
 Et combattant d'imbécilles efforts,  
 Par les plaisirs, sauvons-les des remords.

---

TEL fut l'attrait des Graces immortelles.  
 Vous, que j'enseigne, enchantez-nous par elles;  
 Associez à leur accord charmant  
 Les jeux badins, le folâtre enjouement,  
 Le rire aimable, ami de la jeunesse;  
 Né de la joie, il la produit sans cesse,

Flatters

Flatters our hope, enkindles soft desire,  
 And gives to pleasure still an added fire;  
 The smile, whose speechless language can convey  
 All the breast wishes, but dares not display.  
 Another charm can still our hearts beguile;  
 There is a tear more precious than a smile:—

To chill despair when Ariadne driv'n,  
 On thankless Theseus call'd the wrath of Heav'n;  
 With dying look, and bosom swell'd with grief,  
 A rock ascending, fought in vain relief;  
 A god appears, with Mirth's exulting sound,  
 And shouts of joy the rocks and skies rebound;

Flatte l'espoir, inspire le desir,  
 Et peint les traits des couleurs du plaisir.  
 Plus enchanteur, plus éloquent, plus tendre,  
 Un doux sourire en fera plus entendre.  
 D'un autre charme on connaît tout le prix:  
 Il est des pleurs plus touchans que les ris.

Par un perfide Ariane abusée  
 Armait les Dieux contre l'ingrat Thésée,  
 Et l'œil mourant, le sein baigné de pleurs,  
 Sur un rocher leur contait ses douleurs.  
 Un Dieu paraît: les ris & la jeunesse  
 Font retentir mille chants d'alégresse,

The Cupids round his car of triumph press,  
 And pour the streams of nectar in excess;  
 When Ariadne stops his headlong course;  
 He sees her sorrows, dries the flowing source;  
 Pities and soothes the fair-one in her grief,  
 And gives in fondness the most dear relief;—  
 Thus Bacchus, foe to each alarming fear,  
 The god of smiles, is conquer'd by a tear.

---

Et les Amours, se jouant sur son char,  
 En font jaillir des ruisseaux de Nectar.  
 Du Dieu du Thyrsé elle arrête la course;  
 Il voit ses pleurs : il en tarit la source,  
 Plaint & console une amante aux abois,  
 Et dans ses bras la venge mille fois,  
 Ainsi Bacchus, l'ennemi des alarmes,  
 Le Dieu des ris, est vainqueur par des larmes.



ON  
J E A L O U S Y,

FROM

*BERNARD.*

CANTO II.

FROM jealous cares, when fondness seems to fade,  
Love draws an useful, but a dang'rous aid :  
But let not Love assume the form of Hate,  
Nor call the fiend, on whom all ills await ;  
Who list'ning only to Suspicion's wiles,  
With frowning rage each smiling charm defiles ;  
Who talks of love, but taints the name with gall ;  
From whose chill hand the wither'd roses fall ;

---

Par un utile & dangereux secours,  
La jalousie aide encore aux Amours.  
Mais n'aimons pas, comme on dit qu'on déteste ;  
Fuyez ce monstre à qui tout est funeste,  
Qui, n'écoutant qu'un soupçon orageux  
Se plaint des ris, s'effarouche des jeux.  
Le nom d'Amour est du fiel en sa bouche ;  
Sa main flétrit les roses qu'elle touche ;

And

And while around her baleful poisons glide,  
Still would be thought to gentle Love allied.

Ah, let far milder Jealousy be ours,  
Where Hope and Fear exert their blended pow'rs,  
Who bath'd in tears, with locks that loofely fly,  
Turns up to Heav'n her animated eye,  
And unassisted by Medea's spells,  
In Pity's plaintive tone her anguish tells;  
Fond to excess, her heart ungovern'd glows,  
But quick oblivion cancels all her woes;  
Thus lost in Passion's eddying tide, she grieves,  
Now sues despairing, doubting now believes ;

---

Tout l'empoisonne, & malgré sa noirceur,

Du tendre Amour, elle se dit la Sœur.

Ah ! connaissez une autre jalousie :

D'amour, d'espoir, & de crainte faïste,

Les yeux en pleurs & les cheveux épars,

Levant au Ciel le feu de ses regards,

Sans invoquer Médée & sa magie,

Sa douce voix soupire une élogie ;

Le prompt oubli succède à son erreur ;

Tendre à l'excès, elle aime avec fureur,

Each charge she tempers with indulgence sweet,  
And crowns at last the rover at her feet.

Not such the din of elemental war,  
When Juno rushes on her founding car,  
And fires the concave of the skies, to prove  
Her fierce resentment at her faithless Joye;  
But such is Iris, from her clouded bow  
In lucid drops while still her sorrows flow,  
Till Phœbus meets direct her anxious view,  
Whose beams returning ev'ry tint renew.

---

Soupçonne, éclate, accuse, mais pardonne,  
Et rend heureux Pâris aux pieds d'Enone.  
Telle n'est point la tempête des airs,  
Lorsque Junon, parcourant l'Univers,  
Met tout en feu pour un époux volage :  
Mais, telle Iris, plus calme en son nuage,  
En soupirant verse encore des pleurs,  
Revoit son astre, & reprend ses couleurs.

## ON THE SAME SUBJECT,

FROM

*BERNIS.*

THE vital food at once, and mortal bane  
 Of Love, is Jealousy; from her proceeds  
 The lover's delicate distress; from her  
 The fair-one's frantic rage: with mild reserve,  
 When prudence guides, she utters her complaint,  
 Suspects with caution, and like Love, a child,  
 Sports with his follies, and in sport corrects  
 them;—

Beneath this form, and with these feature's grac'd,  
 In your soft intercourse, ye lovers, mix  
 Her anxious cares; but shun her, when impell'd  
 With headlong step by Furies, she uprears  
 The murth'rous poignard; when, too late, Re-  
 morse

Calls forth the groan, the shriek of agony,  
 Which rend the bosom, o'er the yawning tomb  
 Herself

Herself has rais'd; when her own blood she sheds,  
 With streams, her hand has rashly caus'd to flow.

Be then still delicate, but never jealous;  
 With fondness still is delicacy join'd;  
 But jealousy too oft exulting feels  
 A savage joy in deeds of cruelty.

FROM

*BERNARD.*

CANTO III.

O VENUS, goddess of th' Idalian grove,  
 By whom all Nature feels the force of love ;  
 Whose laws their sov'reign rule o'er all maintain,  
 And bind the various atoms in their chain ;  
 In all that breathes thy influence is known,  
 But chief in man hast thou assum'd thy throne,  
 To earth descending from thy seat divine,  
 His heart t'enliven, and his sense refine ;

---

Vénus, ô toi, Déesse d'Epicure !  
 Ame de tout, qui remplis la Nature,  
 Qui mariant tant d'atômes divers,  
 D'un nœud durable enchaînes l'univers,  
 C'est toi qui vis dans tout ce qui respire :  
 Mais c'est dans l'homme où siège ton empire.  
 Tu descendis au terrestre séjour,  
 Pour l'animer du sympathique amour.

MOSI

That

That sense which draws from thee its soft controul,

Treasure of man, best organ of his soul,

The lovely charm which binds his rising youth,

And gives to Love's bright fictions dearer truth.

These ruling powers in man have still their guide,

Where instinct claims unquestion'd to preside,

And Curiosity, with kindred fires,

Its torch supplies to light the new desires,

Lifts up the veil by unperceiv'd degrees,

And points our step where Nature's voice decrees,

Il est des sens, émanés de ta flamme,  
Trésors de l'homme, organes de son ame,  
De sa jeunesse aimables enchanteurs,  
Et de l'amour rapides inventeurs.

Ces Rois de l'homme ont un Roi qui les guide,  
Et, sur eux tous, c'est l'instinct qui preside.  
Sœur de l'instinct, la Curiosité,  
Devant ses pas fit briller sa clarté,  
Leva son voile entr'ouvert à mesure,  
Guida ses pas tournés vers la Nature,

Conduits

Conducts our wishes by progressive arts,  
 And ev'ry joy to ev'ry sense imparts;  
 Those joys which, censur'd still, and still pursu'd,  
 Erroneous fable in her legend rude  
 Blam'd in Pandora, when she gave on earth  
 To Bliss and Passions their united birth.  
 Man, before her, dispirited, and weak,  
 Knew not the paths of happiness to seek;  
 Wearied, exhausted, drew his languid breath,  
 Died while he liv'd, or liv'd a ling'ring death;  
 Condemn'd, insensate, ignorant and blind,  
 In bare existence all his good to find,

---

Et par degrés ménageant ses desirs,  
 Pour tous les sens trouva tous les plaisirs.  
 Pour ces plaisirs qu'on blâme & qu'on adore,  
 L'antique erreur a condamné Pandore,  
 Lorsqu'apportant le bonheur en son sein,  
 Des passions elle enfanta l'essain.  
 L'homme avant elle, & sans ame & sans force,  
 D'aucun penchant ne connoissoit l'amorce;  
 Séché d'ennuis, de langueurs consumé,  
 Obscur, rampant, vivoit inanimé,  
 Réduit, sans voir, sans jouir, sans connaître,  
 Au froid plaisir de végéter & d'être :



Till Heav'n its treasures sent with blessings  
fraught,

And man enjoy'd his pow'rs in sense and thought.

### CANTO III.

DELIGHT presiding there mid sportive Love's,  
Inspires the transport which herself she proves ;  
Sinks to repose, or wakes, as soft around  
The flute, or voice, conveys the melting sound ;  
There she maintains her empire, not alone,  
Th' alcove her palace, and the couch her throne ;

Par ses trésors que le Ciel dispensa,  
L'homme eut une âme, il sentit & pensa.

Là, présidant aux plaisirs amoureux,  
Déesse heureuse, elle y rend tout heureux.  
Elle jouit, s'endort, ou se réveille  
Aux sons flatteurs qui charment son oreille.  
De son pouvoir le trône solennel  
Est une alcove, un lit est son autel.

Near

Near her with more than human honours grac'd;  
 Blifs deck'd with rofeate breath her feat has  
 plac'd; There favor'd Hope his brilliant front displays,  
 And Rapture cafts aloft its wand'ring gaze;  
 There pants the langour of receding blifs;  
 There lives uncloy'd, the ftill repeated kifs;  
 The wifh renew'd; and while Aurora gleams,  
 The charming pow'r who guides the morning  
 dreams.

---

Près d'elle affis, dans fon apothéofe,  
 Eft le bonheur, le front paré de rofe.  
 L'efpoir brillant, de faveurs entouré,  
 La pamoifon, l'œil au Ciel égaré,  
 La jeune audace & la langueur mourante,  
 Des doux baiſers la foule renaiffante,  
 Le rapt vainqueur, l'attentat libertin;  
 Le Dieu charmant des fonges du matin.

FROM

*THE HENRIADE OF VOLTAIRE.*

## BEGINNING OF BOOK IX.

WHERE antient Cyprus spreads her happy shore,  
 Asia begins, and Europe is no more,  
 By Time rever'd a hallow'd structure stands,  
 On rude foundations laid by Nature's hands;  
 But soon the simple pile, adorn'd by Art,  
 Shew'd Nature bearing an inferior part:  
 By myrtle groves the neighb'ring plains secur'd,  
 Ne'er have the rage of wintry storms endur'd;

---

Sur les bords fortunés de l'antique Idalie,  
 Lieux où finit l'Europe, & commence l'Asie,  
 S'élève un vieux Palais respecté par les tems:  
 La nature en posa les premiers fondemens;  
 Et l'art ornant depuis sa simple architecture,  
 Par ses travaux hardis surpasse la nature.  
 Là, tous les champs voisins peuplés de myrtes verts,  
 N'ont jamais senti l'outrage des hivers.

While

While ripe, or rip'ning, through the temper'd  
year

Pomona's fruits and Flora's gifts appear ;  
The bounteous Earth her harvest free bestows,  
Nor waits for seasons, or for human vows,  
Man there without a want or wish denied,  
Seems to possess what Nature once supplied,  
When first she gave, to bless life's early scene,  
The body free from toil, the mind serene,  
A golden age of happiness uncloy'd,  
And ev'ry good, but Innocence, enjoy'd :  
No accents here are heard, save what inspire  
The melting murmurs of a soft desire,

---

Par-tout on voit meurir, par-tout on voit éclore,  
Et les fruits de Pomone & les présens de Flore ;  
Et la terre n'attend, pour donner ses moissons,  
Ni les vœux des humains, ni l'ordre des saisons.  
L'homme y semble goûter, dans une paix profonde,  
Tout ce que la nature aux premiers jours du monde,  
De sa main bienfaisante accordait aux humains,  
Un éternel repos, des jours purs & sereins,  
Les douceurs, les plaisirs que promet l'abondance,  
Les biens du premier âge, hors la seule innocence.  
On entend pour tout bruit des concerts enchanteurs,  
Dont la molle harmonie inspire les langueurs,

While

While troops in beauteous pairs their voices raise,  
 To boast their loves, or lov'd defeats to praise ;  
 Each day with locks adorn'd with flow'ry wreath,  
 To Love's delightful pow'r their prayer they  
     breathe,

Learn in his temple, with persuasive smile,  
 The dang'rous art to please, and to beguile ;  
 With glitt'ring forehead, and extended hand,  
 Pointing to Pleasure, Hope conducts the band,  
 While near the fane with festive song advance  
 The light-rob'd Graces in the circling dance ;  
 There Blis, reclin'd the verdant banks along,  
 In tranquil rapture listens to the song ;

Les voix de mille amans, les chants de leurs maîtresses,  
 Qui célèbrent leur honte, & vantent leurs faiblesses.  
 Chaque jour on les voit, le front paré de fleurs,  
 De leur aimable maître implorer les faveurs,  
 Et dans l'art dangereux de plaire & de séduire,  
 Dans son Temple à l'envi s'empresse de s'instruire.  
 La flatteuse espérance, au front toujours serein,  
 A l'autel de l'Amour les conduit par la main.  
 Près du Temple sacré les graces demi-nues,  
 Accordent à leurs voix leurs danses ingénues.  
 La molle volupté, sur un lit de gazons,  
 Satisfaite & tranquille, écoute leurs chansons.

Silence accompanies, whose eyes reveal  
 What they in vain endeavour to conceal—  
 The fond cares, the tender thought restrain'd,  
 More sweet, more lasting, than the wish obtain'd.

Such is the entrance, but with daring pace  
 If we our steps within the temple place,  
 If we presume to pass the fatal veil,  
 What mournful objects ev'ry sense assail !  
 No more to fight the lovely train appears ;  
 No tuneful accents melt upon our ears ;  
 Complaint, Disgust, Abhorrence, and Disdain,  
 Convert each former joy to present bane ;

---

On voit à ses côtés le mystère en silence,  
 Le fourire enchanteur, les soins, la complaisance,  
 Les plaisirs amoureux, & les tendres desirs,  
 Plus doux, plus séduisans encor que les plaisirs.

De ce Temple fameux telle est l'aimable entrée ;  
 Mais lorsqu'en avançant sous la voûte sacrée,  
 On porte au sanctuaire un pas audacieux,  
 Quel spectacle funeste épouvante les yeux !  
 Ce n'est plus des plaisirs la troupe aimable & tendre,  
 Leurs concerts amoureux ne s'y font plus entendre ;  
 Les plaintes, les dégoûts, l'imprudence, la peur,  
 Font de ce beau séjour un séjour plein d'horreur.

There

There fullen Jealousy, with livid hues  
 And falt'ring feet, Suspicion's path pursues ;  
 Hatred with poison'd cup his step precedes,  
 And fell Revenge, intent on deathful deeds ;  
 Malice attends, delighted to destroy,  
 And cheers their fury with perfidious joy ;  
 Repentance follows, and with usefess groans,  
 And downcast eye, in tears their rage bemoans.

---

Here, in the midst of this unhappy train,  
 Which taints the pleasure of frail man with pain,  
 Alike for deeds or kind or cruel known,  
 Love has asserted his tyrannic throne;

---

La sombre jalousie, au teint pâle & livide,  
 Suit d'un pied chancelant le soupçon qui la guide :  
 La haine, & le courroux, répandant leur venin,  
 Marchent devant ses pas, un poignard à la main.  
 La malice les voit, & d'un souris perfide  
 Applaudit en passant à leur troupe homicide.  
 Le repentir les fuit, détestant leurs fureurs,  
 Et baisse en soupirant ses yeux mouillés de pleurs.

C'est là, c'est au milieu de cette Cour affreuse,  
 Des plaisirs des humains compagne malheureuse,  
 Que l'Amour a choisi son séjour éternel.  
 Ce dangereux enfant, si tendre & si cruel,

The doom of mortals with weak hand sustains,  
 And peace, and war, with doubtful smile ordains;  
 Spreads through all regions his delusive art;  
 Moves the vast whole, and lives in ev'ry heart;  
 Views all his conquests from his lofty feat;  
 Tramples the proudest necks beneath his feet;  
 And more to cruelty than mercy prone,  
 Exults in mischiefs he himself has done.

---

Porte en sa faible main les destins de la terre,  
 Donne avec un souris, ou la paix, ou la guerre,  
 Et répandant par-tout ses trompeuses douceurs,  
 Anime l'Univers, & vit dans tous les cœurs.  
 Sur un trône éclatant, contemplant ses conquêtes,  
 Il foulait à ses pieds les plus superbes têtes;  
 Fier de ses cruautés plus que de ses bienfaits,  
 Il semblait s'applaudir des maux qu'il avait faits,



## TRANSLATION

OF  
*A GREEK SAPPHIC ODE*ON THE  
DELIVERY OF GIBRALTAR.

**H**E comes!—the messenger of conquest comes  
 With winged feet, which o'er the billows bound,  
 Nor bend their curling fummits;—from his lips  
 These welcome tidings burst:—Albion! rejoice,—  
 The keys of either sea are thine,—for, who,  
 Who from thy grasp can force them? Who the front  
 Of ocean, 'circled with embattled tow'rs,  
 Pharos of Neptune, and the horn of Mars,  
 The adamantine rock, fix'd in the earth  
 With cramps of more than iron, who can blast?  
 Alcides' column, where from sov'reign Jove  
 Strength and dominion hold their station, who

Can

Can shake?—though Hatred with Injustice join'd  
Should ratify their compact with an oath.—

Gallia's light race had rush'd, in flutt'ring  
pomp

And measur'd gait, link'd to Iberia's sons  
In steady wrath stern frowning, mutual pair,  
In equal speed, yok'd to the founding car  
Of deathful contest; each resolv'd to work  
Our ruin, and mow down our naval pride:  
Into the casque destructive Famine casts  
Her lot, and mark'd it with our day of doom.—  
What is, O Britons, your resource of flight?  
For on the dizzy precipice by snares  
Ye stand invest'd;—What swift-winged aid,  
What vehicle of earth, of sea, affords  
A safe retreat?—Yet, fear not: Albion fees  
Your sufferings; and her offspring so lov'd  
When did the parent quit? With eagle's speed,  
Bird of the sun, and sov'reign of the rock,

She

She flies to your relief, to frenzy stung,  
 Left the *two* serpents should her nest despoil.

“What sight yet distant, what approaching  
 found,”

Exclaims the guard, “mine eye, mine ear affails?”

“I see the British masts, my country’s flags,”

“The polish’d hulls I see;—I hear the shout

“The cheering seamen raise—sons of the wave!

“Good fortune, crown’d with conquest, is your  
 song:”

Thus while he spake, on ev’ry manly cheek

The tear of joy descends, as he recalls

The hope nigh banish’d of his native land,

His wife, his children, and his friends secure:

Now the reward of all his perils past

He meets, and in an instant clos’d each hand

Was in his comrade’s grasp’d, of him, who sav’d,

And him, the gift of safety who receiv’d.

Nor can it enter in the mind to know,

With

With all its skill, what tokens they employ'd,  
 What rapid converse held, while each inquir'd  
 Each answer'd fond inquiry.—On the foes,  
 Now terror struck, and in their bosoms plung'd  
 The spur of hasty flight; quick from their hands  
 The goblet fell, wherein the Gaul had pledg'd  
 Slaughter and death, and in the dust was roll'd,  
 Rest of its bloody off'ring: on the ground  
 Machines and torches, with the weapons lay,  
 Which fell Enyo on her anvil wrought.—

Where now, Iberian, wilt thou proudly raise  
 Thy trophy—where thy spoils triumphant rear?—  
 Earth shows not where:—Avaunt, and gnash  
     thy teeth,  
 Foil'd and defeated.—Lo, thy empty dream  
 Of glory passes like a shadow.—Know, that strife  
 Of mad ambition sooner shall subvert  
 The shrine of Justice,—sooner shall the blast  
 Of riving thunderbolts uproot the oaks,  
 Time-honour'd sons of Albion,—than thy rage

Destroy

Destroy this rock, th' aspiring crown, the boast  
 Of all the sea encircles :—Here, with breeze  
 Swelling each sail, and nerving ev'ry arm,  
 Victorious peace adorns each martial brow.

The translator had not the permission to print the original  
 Greek, or it would have been inserted.

## F R A G M E N T,

FROM

DE PORCHERES.

W H E N first I saw her, whom my thoughts adore,  
 Why Love, t' inflame her, had I not thy pow'r,  
 Or not thy blindness, not her charms to see?—  
 If I must view this sov'reign of our hearts,  
 Why Love, to wound her, had I not thy darts,  
 Since from her I had not thy wings to flee?

That sense which knew to scorn all converse vain,  
 Which taught my speech its overflowing strain,

---

Quand premier je la vis, cette âme de mon âme,  
 Amour! pour la bruler que n'avois-je ta flamme,  
 Ou ton aveuglement, pour ne voir ses regards?  
 Que s'il me falloit voir ce miracle des belles,  
 Amour! pour la blesser que n'avois-je tes dards  
 Puis ce que pour la fuir je n'avois pas tes aîles?

Ce bel esprit, banni des entretiens frivoles,  
 Qui fit naître en ma bouche un torrent de paroles,

Now

Now to my eyes redundant fireams afford ;  
 My tongue, my pen, their wonted powers forego,  
 And absence changes, to bewail my woe,  
 To speaking tears, my eloquence of words.

FRAGMENT, FROM ST. EVREMONT.

O FATAL transport by possession known,  
 How is my love with all thy phantoms flown !  
 Was it for this, that with impatient eyes,  
 Unhappy day ! I wish'd to see thee rise ?  
 O let the growing charms of hope be mine,  
 And I possession's waning joys resign.

---

Fait ores a mes yeux naître un torrent de pleurs,  
 Et ma langue et ma plume ont oubliés leurs charmes,  
 Car l'absence a changé, pour pleurer mes douleurs,  
 Le fleuve d'éloquence, en un fleuve de larmes.

---

QU'AVEZ VOUS fait de mon amour,  
 Bonheur fatal, funeste jouissance !  
 Etoit-ce pour vous perdre, O trop malheureux jour  
 Que je vous attendois avec impatience ?  
 Rendez trompeur, rendez moi mes desirs,  
 Et je vous rends tous vos plaisirs.

## LE MOYNE.

QUAND on demanda à Boileau, pourquoi il n'avoit pas parlé du Père le Moine, il répondit, qu'il étoit trop poëte, pour en dire du mal, & trop fou, pour en dire du bien.

LE MOYNE, Pierre, Jésuite, né en 1602. Il eût pu se faire un grand nom par sa *Louisiade*; il avoit une prodigieuse imagination; pourquoi donc ne réussit-il pas?—C'est qu'il n'avoit ni goût, ni connoissance du génie de sa langue, ni des amis sévères.—Il mourut en 1671.

*Jugement de Voltaire, dans les Ecrivains du Temps de Louis XIV. Hist. Génér. chap. 41, p. 36.*

Qu'est-ce que veut dire Voltaire, quand il prononce que Le Moine ne connoissoit pas le génie de la langue Française? son génie est bien la clarté & la précision; & pour ces qualités Le Moine est très distingué: à l'égard du goût, si ce mot ne veut dire que le jugement correct, froid, & même timide, Le Moine certes ne l'avoit pas: & des amis sévères auroient peut être corrigé ses fautes, & ses excès, mais ils n'auroient jamais pu lui donner ses talens & ses beautés; quand à M. de Voltaire, dans son style, & sa versification, il a profité des excellences de Le Moine, comme avoit fait Virgile, des talens de Lucrèce: mais on devoit être surpris, qu'avec cette imagination prodigieuse, si riche, & même si téméraire & vaste, qu'avoit Le Moine, il ait pu tant s'attacher, aux détails des événemens & aux traits des caractères du Tasse; dont le génie lui étoit sans doute si subordonné: mais c'est ce que fit l'Anglois Milton; qui s'est enrichi de toutes les beautés de la poésie Italienne, & qui les a toutes surpassées, par la force d'un génie supérieur à tous ses modèles. Ainsi Le Moine dans ses imitations du Tasse, l'a laissé bien loin dans toutes les parties de la poésie, la plus élevée.



## E X T R A C T S

FROM

*THE WORKS OF LE MOYNE.*

## BOOK I.

O'ER Afric now the baleful rumour spread,  
 The Nile in terror shrunk within his bed,  
 While to the main along the sev'n-mouth'd shore,  
 Each rolling wave th' affright of Ægypt bore ;  
 Its tow'rs abandon'd, its defenceless coast  
 Leaves a free passage to the conqu'ring host,  
 And Tanis, once a seat of splendid name,  
 Yields to our arms, and their superior fame ;

---

Au bruit de ce dégast l'Afrique au loin gémit,  
 Le Nil épouvanté se troubla dans son lit :  
 Et sa vague en la Mer par sept bouches renduë,  
 Y porta la frayeur de l'Egypte éperduë.  
 Les Bourgs abandonnez des Communes sans cœur,  
 Resterent exposez aux courses du Vainqueur :  
 Et dans Tanes, jadis, ville si renommée,  
 Les habitans défaits du seul bruit de l'Armée,

Flies

Flies to the desarts of its barren sands,  
 And with their dwellings draws its heartless bands;  
 Old age, with women and their infant brood,  
 Crowd to the rock, where once the Pharos stood;  
 Far as the gulph, where Heav'n's almighty Lord  
 The Hebrews sav'd from Ægypt's brandish'd sword;  
 The crescent yielded to the lily's pow'r,  
 While fear and flight augmented ev'ry hour;  
 While tow'rs and cities, trembling at their fate,  
 Shook to the centre the bewilder'd state: —

Thus from Vesuvius when the flame is roll'd,  
 The fiery streams their course destructive hold;

---

Jusqu'aux extremités d'un desert sablonneux,  
 Traisnerent leurs maisons errantes avec eux.  
 Les Vieillards impuissans, & le Sexe timide,  
 Remplirent le rampart qui ceignoit Pharamide:  
 Et jusqu'à ces cantons où l'Ange Exécuteur,  
 Jadis sauva l'Hebreu du glaive destructeur,  
 A la montre des Lys, les Croissans disparurent;  
 Le trouble, la frayeur, le desordre y coururent:  
 Et tours, chasteaux, citez, d'un commun tremblement,  
 Accrurent de l'Estat le fatal mouvement.

Ainsi, quand du Vesuve, une flâme épandue;  
 Fait un fleuve de feu sur la plaine éperdue,

Horror

Horror avoids, with Fear's distracted haste,  
 The thunder's ravage, and the lightning's waste;  
 Palaces, temples, to the ground it throws,  
 Nor tow'r, nor wall, its fury can oppose;  
 With equal step the deathful fires devour,  
 Him who submits, and him who braves their  
 pow'r;  
 And in the ruin sunk, the tempest tost,  
 The present with the future, each is lost. —

---

La ruïne & l'horreur suivent avecque bruit;

Le ravage qui tonne & le degast qui luit.

Il n'est digne ni mur où sa fureur s'arreste;

Il melle des Palais le fondement au faiste;

La mort d'un cours égal également surprend,

Et celui qui résiste & celui qui se rend :

---

Et dans une tempeste où tout tombe & tout fume,

Avecque le present l'avenir se consume.

## BOOK III.

THUS while the first dispute the hard-fought  
shore,

And force their passage with repeated oar,

Louis impatient from the vessel's side

Bounds with a heart, each peril which defied ;

Through fearful awe the conquer'd waves retreat,

And yield a passage to his daring feet ;

His gestures threaten, and his looks command ;

His sword a comet glitters in his hand ;

His sacred head the shield before him guards ;

Death round him hisses, nor his speed retards :

Tandis que les premiers disputent le rivage ;

Et qu'à force de bras ils s'ouvrent le passage ;

Louis impatient, saute de son vaisseau,

Le beau feu de son cœur luy fait mépriser l'eau.

Soit crainte, soit respect, sous luy la vague baisse :

Il avance, elle s'ouvre : il pousse, elle se presse :

Son geste est menaçant, son regard est hautain :

Un Comete d'acier étincelle en sa main :

Devant luy son escu, pour sa teste est en garde :

La mort siffle à l'entour, & rien ne le retarde.

The

The star of Mars thus with the lightning's train  
 Seeks at th' appointed hour the briny main ;  
 His glowing armour gilds the cloudy sky ;  
 Th' impurpled ocean takes a deeper dye ;  
 The redd'ning beams along the waves prevail,  
 And ghastly terror turns the pilot pale.

## BOOK IV

How subtle Love! how swift his poison flies,  
 Glides through our ears, and pierces through our  
 eyes!

Now Joy's light robe, now Grief's dark weeds he  
 wears,

And tries each path, till he the heart ensnares :

Ainsi l'Astre de Mars suivi d'un long éclair,  
 A son heure descend de sa Sphere en la Mer :  
 Son arme en l'air éclate, elle éclate en la nuë ;  
 Tout l'humide Element rougit à sa venue :  
 Ses feux brillent en rond sur la face des flots,  
 Et la palseur en vient au front des matelots.

Que l'amour est subtil! qu'il est contagieux!  
 Il glisse par l'oreille, il entre par les yeux :  
 Quelques fois sous le deuil, d'autres fois dans la joie :  
 Et pour gagner le cœur, il tente toute voie.

His darts I own, prepar'd for ev'ry foe,  
 For ever glitter, and for ever glow ;  
 But when their points are dipp'd in Beauty's tears,  
 Ah what avails the strength of shields and spears ?

Bethunes, who proudly once defied the foe,  
 Of Lisamante scarce saw the sorrows flow,  
 Those tears like pearls, which trickled from her  
 eyes,  
 E'er in his breast he felt the flames arise ;  
 By Pity waken'd, and by Virtue fed,  
 Respect a silence o'er his wishes spread,

---

Il est vrai que ses traits, dangereux en tout temps,  
 Sont toujours acerez, & toujours sont ardents :  
 Mais quand il en a fait la trempe avec des larmes,  
 Qui peut leur opposer d'assez solides armes ?

Bethunes autrefois invincible à ses traits,  
 De Lisamante à peine entendit les regrets,  
 Vid à peine ses pleurs, comme perles s'épandre,  
 Qu'il sentit à son cœur, un feu nouveau se prendre.  
 La pitié l'alluma, la vertu le nourrit,  
 D'un silence obstiné le respect le couvrit :

And

And though perforce his heart the flame must feel,  
The pow'r he gain'd its ardour to conceal.

## BOOK VIII.

SPIRIT and light a radiant beam compound;  
Voice without matter, word without a sound;  
This without motion, without air imprest,  
Conveys to Michael the divine behest.

## BOOK IX.

THERE, by his sighs his falt'ring speech o'er-  
pow'r'd,  
Gave way to tears, which on her hands he  
show'r'd;

Et ne presumant plus de s'y rendre insensible,  
Tout son effort n'alloit, qu'à le rendre invisible.

IL se fait d'un rayon d'esprit & de lumière,  
Sans bruit une parole, une voix sans matière;  
Et ce rayon porté sans air, sans mouvement,  
A l'Archange Michel est un commandement.

Là, ses soupirs montant sa parole étoufferent:  
Ses larmes sur les mains d'Almafonte coulerent:

And

And whether from his streaming eyes there fell,  
 Drawn from his heart, some pure and vital spell,  
 Or from his sighs some subtle perfume came,  
 Exhal'd in vapour from so bright a flame,  
 On Almazonta's heart this vapour flow'd,  
 This vital flame within her bosom glow'd;  
 Returning sense on all her frame was shed,  
 And life with health upon her cheek was spread;  
 And as the ray within her eyes was seen,  
 The light appear'd around her more serene:  
 The needle thus, by pole magnetic mov'd,  
 When the mild spirit is no longer prov'd,

---

Et soit qu'avec ses pleurs, il tombast de ses yeux,  
 Quelque extrait de son cœur, vif & contagieux :  
 Soit que de ses soupirs la vapeur fust suivie,  
 D'une flamme subtile, & d'un esprit de vie ;  
 Le cœur de la Guerrière à cet esprit s'ouvrit,  
 Cét extrait y coula, cette flamme s'y prit :  
 Ses sens furent par là, remis en leur usage ;  
 Goutte à goutte le teint luy revint au visage ;  
 Et du premier rayon dans ses yeux retourné,  
 Autour d'elle le jour parut rassérainé.

Dans la Bouffole ainsi l'aiguille tournoyante,  
 Quand son esprit éteint la laisse languissante,



Cold and inert upon its point remains,  
 Nor feels the North impress its potent chains ;  
 But if the magnet, which it loves, be near,  
 Though it inclos'd a captive may appear,  
 With strength repair'd, and trembling joy renew'd,  
 It turns its head spontaneously subdu'd ;  
 Feels the dear charm o'er all its substance pour'd,  
 Its instinct waken'd, and its life restor'd.

## BOOK X.

A MOVING cloud instinct with inward light,  
 With doubled rainbow-hues encircled bright,

---

Reste sur son pivot froide & sans mouvement,  
 Et n'a plus pour le Nort, ni cœur, ni sentiment.  
 Mais si l'Aïman qu'elle aime, à son secours arrive,  
 Encore qu'elle soit dans sa boîte captive,  
 Dè nouveau ranimée, & d'aise trémouffant,  
 Elle tourne la teste à l'attrait qu'elle sent ;  
 Et le charme secret qui la porte à le suivre,  
 Fournit à son instinct l'esprit qui la fait vivre.

---

UNE mobile nuë au dedans éclairée,  
 Et d'un double Arc-en-ciel à l'entour colorée,

Descends

Descends towards me, in a calm repose,  
And op'ning, harmless lightning round me  
throws ;

The cloud and lightning past, succeeds a rock  
Self-mov'd, self-guided, without pause, or flock,  
Whence, when subsiding on its base to rest,  
In gentle sounds a voice was thus express :

“ Thyself and error Alegonde, resign,  
“ For this recess, where truest glories shine ;  
“ Nor body's chain, nor spirit's wing regard,  
“ Assume no merit, look for no reward ;

---

Descend jusques à moy, par l'espace de l'air,  
Et sans bruit se fendant jette un paisible éclair.  
A l'éclair, à la nuë, il succede une Roche,  
Qui d'un branle réglé, se remuë & s'approche ;  
Et si-tost qu'elle fut en repos sur son poids,  
Un esprit doux en sort, avecque cette voix.

Alegonde, il est temps de sortir de vous-mesme :  
D'entrer dans ce Desert lumineux & suprême,  
Où par dessus les Corps, par dessus les Esprits,  
Et les bas interets de merite & de prix,

“ Purg'd

“ Purg’d from thyself, devoid of shame or pride,  
 “ Be love thy object, and be Truth thy guide;  
 “ Firm in thy faith, on purest hope inclin’d,  
 “ My glory only shalt thou seek and find;  
 “ Let prize or punishment no more prevail,  
 “ And Love uplift the sword, and hold the scale;  
 “ Bear on thy neck the yoke which Love shall  
     lay,  
 “ Nor other bonds save those of Love obey:  
 “ To quench the flames of Hell, its pains to drown,  
 “ Consume Heav’n’s seraph, and to melt his crown,  
 “ To me alone to draw your fix’d desires,  
 “ I leave these waters, and I leave these fires.”

---

De vous mesme purgée, & de vous mesme vuide,  
 Vous n'aurez que l'Amour pour objet & pour guide:  
 Et pure en vostre espoir, ferme dans vostre foy,  
 Vous n'irez qu'à ma gloire, & ne tendrez qu'à moy.  
 Supprimons pour jamais & peine & recompense;  
 Remettons à l'Amour l'épée & la balance;  
 Soumettez-vous au joug qu'il vous imposera;  
 Ne souffrez de liens, que ceux qu'il vous fera.  
 Pour éteindre l'Enfer, & noyer ses supplices,  
 Pour embraser le Ciel, & brûler ses delices,  
 Pour reduire à moy seul, vos craintes & vos vœux,  
 Je vous laisse ces eaux, & vous laisse ces feux.

Scarce had the voice unbodied cease to speak,  
 When from the rock I saw two fountains break,  
 With mounting flame the springing stream ascends,  
 And each with either gentle murmur blends;  
 My soul as yet in slumber's vapour drown'd,  
 With ears imperfect heard the piercing sound,  
 When starting at the wondrous scene with awe,  
 I scarce could credit what I heard or saw;  
 The fire, the water, and the rock, no more  
 Are phantoms rais'd by Sleep's delusive pow'r,  
 But massive bodies to the eye and ear,  
 Whose wondrous form at distance I revere;

---

La voix nuë & sans corps acheva bien à peine,  
 Que du Rocher ouvert, il sort une fontaine,  
 D'un jet de feu qui brille, & d'un jet d'eau qui bruit,  
 Et s'allie en bruyant, à la flamme qu'il suit.  
 Des vapeurs du Sommeil mon Ame envelopée,  
 De ce bruit si soudain, par l'oreille frappée,  
 En sursaut se dégage, & revenue à foy,  
 A ses sens étonnez, à peine ajoûte foy.  
 L'eau, le feu, le rocher ne sont plus les ouvrages,  
 D'un Sommeil ébaucheur d'incertaines images:  
 Ce sont des corps massifs, ils se peuvent toucher,  
 J'en ai les yeux remplis, & n'ose en approcher.

My

My spirit bowing, this last scene believes,  
 And as a sign from Heav'n its truth receives :  
 Henceforth within this desert I abide,  
 In God alone by holiest love confide ;  
 In body lonely, more in mind recluse,  
 By pleasing Him I all my blifs produce ;  
 Eternity for me, nor gulph, nor throne,  
 Possesses, fear and hope alike are flown ;  
 And that great future, once my doubtful gaze,  
 Quench'd by these waters, shrinking from these  
 rays,  
 Leaves me entire, each obstacle remov'd,  
 To that heart-center'd union best belov'd ;

---

Mon Esprit convaincu, prend ce dernier spectacle,  
 Pour un signe du Ciel, pour un sensible Oracle.  
 Dès lors en ce Desert j'établis mon séjour,  
 Où ne voyant que Dieu, n'ayant que son Amour,  
 Solitaire de corps, d'Esprit plus solitaire,  
 J'ai réduit tous mes soins, au seul soin de luy plaire.  
 L'Eternité n'a plus ni thrône, ni bucher,  
 Qui me puisse ou d'espoir, ou de crainte toucher.  
 Et ce grand Avenir, qui partageoit mon Ame,  
 Estéint avec cette eau, brûlé de cette flamme,  
 Me laisse toute entière, & sans diversion,  
 A ce Centre des cœurs, à ce Dieu d'union,

Which far from bondage, far alike from gain,  
None can, but solitary love, obtain.—

FROM

**LE MOYNE:**

LETTRES MORALES ET POETIQUES.

Two equal tablets next in fight appear,  
With bold design pourtray'd, and colours clear:  
Here Belifarius might in front be view'd,  
Dy'd in the gore of Goths he late subdu'd,  
Beneath his feet their routed squadrons borne,  
Their armour pil'd on heaps, their standards torn;  
Here flows the blood, here clouds of smoke ascend,  
Like that of hosts who still in strife contend;

---

Qui bien loin du servil, bien loin du mercenaire,  
N'admet à ses faveurs que l'Amour solitaire.

Deux semblables Tableaux hardiment dessinez,  
Furent sur leurs billets, à deux autres donnez:  
Dans l'un, sur le devant, se voyoit Beliffaire,  
Rouge du sang des Gots, qu'il venoit de défaire,  
Avec leurs Escadrons à ses pieds terrassez,  
Leurs Etendars estoient l'un sur l'autre entassez:  
Icy le sang couloit; là montoient les fumées,  
Qu'on eust dit, qui ressoient de l'ardeur des Armées.

The

The victor sits uplifted on a shield,  
 Seiz'd from the vanquish'd chieftain in the field,  
 Whose orb two eagles in their talons bear,  
 Spurning the earth, and soaring into air,  
 While Victory, with waving pennons spread,  
 Her laurel binds around the warrior's head:—

But there, how chang'd from what he seem'd  
 of late,  
 Does Belisarius show his adverse fate!  
 There poor, and famish'd, without roof or friends,  
 That hand tremendous he for alms extends;

Le Vainqueur paroissoit assis sur un Escu,  
 Osté dans le combat, au General vaincu :  
 Deux Aigles l'accrochoient du bec & de la serre,  
 Et prenant leur essor, l'élevoient de la terre,  
 Tandis que la Victoire au dessus voltigeoit,  
 Et d'un feuillage vert le Guerrier ombrageoit.

Mais, que dans ce Tableau, le brave Belissaire,  
 Étoit sur le derriere à luy-mesme contraire !  
 Là, pauvre & mendiant, sans retraite & sans pain,  
 A l'aumône il tendoit cette terrible main,

That

That hand, which laid so many tyrants low,  
 Which rais'd such groves of laurel for his brow;  
 That hand, which rul'd the eagles in their flight,  
 Impell'd or check'd their most aspiring height;  
 Which oft had gorg'd them with their darling  
 food,  
 The sack of cities, and of kings the blood.

Nations aghast at such a scene of woe,  
 Enrag'd at Fortune, blame on Virtue throw;  
 Fortune with haughty and retiring gait,  
 Seems to delight in such an alter'd state;  
 And Virtue bending down to earth her eyes,  
 With hands uprais'd to Heav'n, the charge denies.

Sous laquelle il tomba tant de superbes testes :  
 Par laquelle il se fit tant d'illustres conquestes :  
 Cette main, qui le vol des Aigles gouvernoit ;  
 Qui leur donnoit l'effor, & qui les retenoit ;  
 Qui tant de fois jadis, les avoit engraisées,  
 Du sang des Rois défaits, & des Villes forcées.  
 Les Peuples étonnez de le voir abatu,  
 Accusoient la Fortune, & blasmoient la Vertu :  
 L'une tournant le dos, d'une mine insolente,  
 Paroissoit se railler, de ce trait de changeante :  
 Et l'autre, d'un visage aussi triste que fier,  
 Sembloit lever les mains, pour s'en justifier.



FROM

*HYMNS OF LE MOYNE.*

THUS Love two diff'rent faces wears,  
 In feature gentle, or in aspect stern,  
 And as his flames can burn,  
 So can his breath exhale reviving airs:  
 Some shafts are tipt with ductile gold,  
 Of unrelenting iron some are made;  
 The night's terrific shade,  
 Or gladsome dawn, his changing looks unfold;  
 And he who scorns the murmurs of the dove,  
 The vulture's talons in his breast shall prove.

---

Aussi l'Amour a deux visages;  
 L'un est doux, l'autre est rigoureux;  
 Et comme il a d'aimables feux,  
 Il en a qui font des orages:  
 Il a des traits qui font dorez;  
 Il en porte aussi de ferrez,  
 Sous qui toute force succombe:  
 Ses regards comme il veut, font la nuit ou le jour;  
 Et qui méprise en luy, le cœur de la Colombe,  
 Sous luy ressentira les ongles du Vautour.

The

The bee, that winged flow'r of Spring,  
 From whom the wax proceeds, the honey flows,  
 Its various instinct knows  
 To shed its odours, or exert its sting :

The blushing rose, that perfum'd fire,  
 Though Love with blossoms may its leaves adorn,  
 Has with its sweets a thorn;  
 And rain, and lightning may at once conspire :  
 Thus the same sun whose genial beam we share,  
 Forms gold in earth and thunderbolts in air.

Ainsi l'ingenieuse mere,  
 De la cire & de la douceur,  
 L'Abeille, la volante fleur,  
 A ses armes & sa colere.  
 La Rose ce feu parfumé,  
 Quoy que l'Amour l'ait allumé,  
 A son odeur & son épine.  
 D'une mesme vapeur vient la pluie & l'éclair;  
 Et le mesme Soleil dont l'œil nous illumine,  
 Forme l'or dans la terre, & les foudres en l'air.

THE two foregoing stanzas are taken from four mystic hymns of Le Moyne, in which, subjects, most difficult, most sublime, are treated; but which, like these which are attempted, must lose by any words except their own.

## E X T R A C T S

FROM

*LE BONHEUR D'HELVECE.*

## CANTO I.

Too plain I see, this pleasure is a shade,  
 Or fleeting gleam; in gloomy night display'd;  
 Why shed then, Sybarite, thy tears in vain?  
 Does pleasure past convert to present pain?—  
 Wisdom replied: True joys he might have known,  
 Had he in youth their seeds prolific sown;  
 Love is the blessing of indulgent Heav'n,  
 To form the happiest state, to mortals giv'n;

---

Ici, je le vois trop, le Bonheur n'est qu'une ombre,  
 C'est l'éclair fugitif au sein d'une nuit sombre.  
 Sybarite, pourquoi ces regrets impuissans?  
 Quoi les plaisirs passés font tes malheurs présents?

Il pouvoit être heureux, repliqua la Sagesse.  
 Que l'Amour de plaisirs eût semé sa jeunesse;  
 L'Amour est un présent de la Divinité,  
 L'image de l'excès de sa félicité.

This

This boon was his ; if with precaution sage  
 His pleasure he had form'd for ev'ry age :  
 Why should these tears then unavailing flow?  
 Useless remorse but adds to guilty woe.—

But if the lover, in his frantic thought,  
 Feels for a time no change of wishes wrought ;  
 Was there e'er one, who in ambition's flight,  
 Would wish to rest in one unchang'd delight?  
 Honours obtain'd but kindle the desire  
 To honours more exalted, to aspire ;  
 Old hopes to new afford a fertile womb,—  
 From hope to hope, man sinks into the tomb.

Il pouvoit en jouir ; mais il devoit en sage,  
 Se ménager dès-lors des plaisirs de tout âge.  
 Que lui servent hélas ! ces regrets superflus ?  
 L'inutile remords n'est qu'un malheur de plus.

Mais s'il est des instans, où plein de sa tendresse,  
 Un Amant en voudroit éterniser l'ivresse.  
 En fut-il un jamais, où libre de desir,  
 L'ambitieux voulût s'arrêter pour jouir.  
 La grandeur qu'il obtient toujours porte avec elle,  
 L'impatient espoir d'une grandeur nouvelle.  
 De cet espoir rempli, naît un desir nouveau ;  
 Et d'espoir en espoir, il arrive au tombeau.

## CANTO II.

BUT farther on, what crowds in humble guise;  
 By paths obscure to these abodes arise !  
 Who while they' affect all grandeur to disdain,  
 Yet by that scorn their honours would attain ;  
 What monster guides them ?—harden'd to re-  
 morse,  
 Hypocrisy through crimes conducts their course ;  
 Who false to God, his holy will proclaim,  
 And call to savage deeds of blood, his name ;  
 With dust and ashes strown, to pow'r who creep,  
 And pride conceal'd beneath the hair-cloth keep ;

Mais plus loin quelle foule, humble en sa contenance,  
 Par des sentiers obscurs, jusqu'à ces monts s'avance,  
 Et veut, en affectant le mépris des grandeurs,  
 Par ce mépris lui-même, arriver aux honneurs ?  
 Quel monstre les conduit ? la sombre Hypocrisie,  
 Aux crimes, à la honte, aux remords endurcie,  
 Qui se jouant de Dieu feint de le respecter,  
 Qui dans tous ses forfaits ose encor l'attester,  
 Pour marcher au pouvoir rampe dans la poussière  
 Et cache son orgueil sous la cendre & la haire.

Reign by imposture, and by stupid fraud,  
 And while they seem to fear, blaspheme their  
 God ;  
 Wilfully blind, and credulously bold,  
 Misleading others in the faith they hold ;  
 With hate implacable, who far remove  
 Each social sense of charitable love,  
 Which, while the bosom glows with holy fires,  
 To man returns the warmth which God inspires ;  
 These are the monsters, who in shape, and hue,  
 Like to herself, all worth to death pursue ;  
 Peace in their foreheads, war within their hearts,  
 Whence, seen or heard, with horror, Heaven de-  
 parts.

---

Des aveugles mortels ce monstre respecté,  
 Règne par l'imposture & la stupidité,  
 Par la crainte d'un Dieu qu'en secret il blasphème,  
 Par la crédulité qui s'aveugle elle-même.  
 Il guide sur ces monts d'autres ambitieux ;  
 Implacable en sa haine, il écarte loin d'eux  
 La tendre charité, qui brûlant d'un saint zèle,  
 Rend aux humains l'amour que les Dieux ont pour elle.  
 De toutes les vertus zélé persécuteur,  
 La paix est sur son front & la guerre en son cœur :  
 Avec honneur le Ciel, & le voit, & l'écoute.

## CANTO III.

SEE in the sacred vale my verse display  
 Love's myrtle blended with Apollo's bay ;  
 Love is the god to whom my ardours rise,  
 Tyrant o'er fools, subservient to the wise ;  
 To one he chains, to th' other bliss imparts ;  
 And while he rules our senses, warms our hearts.  
 Anacreon here, by happy wisdom led,  
 Shows Pleasure's roses on his fair-one's head ;  
 Unveils her beauties, celebrates her sway,  
 And warbles here his own mellifluous lay.

---

Ma main entrelaçà dans le sacré Vallon,  
 Les myrtes de l'Amour aux lauriers d'Apollon.  
 L'Amour est un des Dieux à qui je rends hommage,  
 C'est le tyran d'un Fol, mais l'esclave d'un Sage.  
 Il donne à l'un des fers, à l'autre des plaisirs.  
 Ici, des sens, du cœur, maîtrisant les desirs,  
 L'heureux Anacréon, guidé par la Sagesse  
 Des roses du plaisir colore sa Maîtresse,  
 Dévoile ses beautés & célèbre l'Amour.  
 Chantre voluptueux il regne en ce séjour.

Enjoy the beauties Spring's swift minutes send ;  
 The flow'rs, just budding, hasten to their end :  
 Let soft remembrance in your hearts inspire  
 The fleeting joy, and kindle new desire ;  
 Talk with the Sage, and with the Graces dance ;  
 In ev'ry step, let Love's ecstatic trance  
 Prolong the moments which his transports bring,  
 Behold where Pfyche at return of Spring,  
 Flutters around the rose with fondest care,  
 Or rests suspended with delight in air ;  
 Gazes awhile upon its form and hue,  
 Then on its bosom sips the honied dew :

---

Jouissez des beautés que le Printemps fait naître,  
 La fleur à peine éclose est prête à disparaître.  
 En vos cœurs, disoit-il, que l'heureux souvenir  
 D'un plaisir qui s'éteint y rallume un désir.  
 Causez avec Zénon, dansez avec les Graces.  
 Puisse l'Amour folâtre, empressé sur vos traces,  
 De son ivresse en nous prolonger les instans.  
 Voyez ce papillon au retour du Printemps,  
 Comme il voltige autour d'une rose nouvelle,  
 Se balance dans l'air, suspendu sur son aîle,  
 Contemple quelque temps sa forme & ses couleurs,  
 Et vole sur son sein pour ravir ses faveurs.

Thus



Thus when Aurora's blush, enlight'ning Heav'n,  
 To beauty has the gift of pleasing giv'n,  
 While I inhale the sweets her charms disclose,  
 I am the Psyche, Doris is the rose :  
 With ardent look, which prudence scarce restrains,  
 I view the form, where languid softness reigns ;  
 Where the contour now meets, now shuns the  
     light,  
 And by delay provokes prolong'd delight ;  
 Now in her arms no more reluctant prest,  
 I rise to rapture, or I sink to rest ;  
 Two beings blended in one form alone,  
 We die, reviving, upon Cupid's throne.

---

Ainsi lorsque l'Aurore éclairant l'hémisphère,  
 Vient rendre à la beauté le don heureux de plaire,  
 Ce papillon, c'est moi ; la rose, c'est Doris.  
 Admirant de son sein l'incarnat & les lys,  
 Mon avide regard contemple avec ivresse,  
 Son beau corps arondi des mains de la Mollesse.  
 Ne puis-je du désir modérer les fureurs ?  
 Je vole entre ses bras & ravis ses faveurs.  
 Dans l'excès du plaisir nos âmes semblent craindre,  
 S'unir, se pénétrer & ne former qu'un être.  
 Mourons & renaissions sur l'autel des Amours.

## CANTO III.

SHE ended here, and where with rapid pace  
 My guide conducted, I her footstep trace,  
 Till where I follow'd on enchanted ground,  
 The fane sublime of Happiness I found ;  
 Here Arts and Pleasures held their lov'd abode ;  
 Cupid and Phœbus each their wreath bestow'd ;  
 Content display'd its gently lambent flame,  
 And Rapture glow'd with ardour still the same.

“ Time here,” said Wisdom, “ has with equal  
 pow'r  
 “ Assign'd to man his light, his darker hour ;

---

En achevant ces mots sur les pas de mon guide,  
 Entraîné tout-à-coup d'une course rapide,  
 Dans un séjour riant je me vois transporté,  
 Et me trouve au palais de la Félicité.  
 Les Arts & les plaisirs environnoient son trône ;  
 Apollon & l'Amour soutenoient sa couronne.  
 Le calme de son ame étoit peint dans ses yeux,  
 Et la joie y brilloit toujours des mêmes feux.

Le Temps, me dit alors la divine Sagesse,  
 Dont parmi les humains la joie ou la tristesse,

“ By

" By turns he hastens, or retards his wings,  
 " And day to day its changeful tribute brings  
 " While I,—unalter'd happiness who draw  
 " From one perennial source, by Nature's law,  
 " For whom Time traces no inconstant line,  
 " Dwell in this palace, and this throne is mine."

She spake,—a mass of intervening clouds  
 My sight opposes, and the vision throws;  
 My dream was clos'd; and waking reason shew'd  
 From independent arts, that pleasure flow'd;  
 That diff'rent tastes in diff'rent men preside,  
 That all to good, if well directed, guide;

---

Tour-à-tour précipité ou ralentit le cours ;  
 Par des plaisirs égaux mesure ici des jours.  
 Et moi, du vrai Bonheur la source intarissable,  
 Qu'à la félicité le destin immuable,  
 Attache de tout temps par le plus doux lien,  
 J'habite ce palais, & ce trône est le mien.  
 Elle dit, & mon œil à travers cent nuages,  
 Ne vit plus qu'un amas de confuses images.  
 Mon songe disparut : je vis qu'à chaque instant  
 Les Arts consolateurs, plaisir indépendant,  
 Nous ouvroient du Bonheur la source incorruptible ;  
 Que de goûts différens plus l'homme est susceptible ;

And

And as the greater number bear the sway,  
 More sure to happiness they point the way;  
 That study can true joy alone supply,  
 Shun the world's vices, and its wrongs defy;  
 And where Corruption has not fix'd her seat,  
 Trace the design, which Virtue must complete.

Henceforth, said I, the world and all its wiles  
 I shun, and follow where true Wisdom smiles;  
 Resolv'd to seek, secure to find the joys,  
 Which Fortune gives not, nor can Chance destroy;  
 Too mild for torment, not too faint to please,  
 Love and the Muse shall weave my web of ease;

---

Plus un mortel en peut rassembler en son cœur,  
 Et plus il réunit de sources du Bonheur.  
 Que l'étude lui fait braver les injustices,  
 Peut seule en l'occupant le dérober aux vices;  
 Et dans un cœur enfin qu'ils n'ont point corrompu,  
 Ebaucher le Bonheur qu'acheve la vertu.  
 Du monde, dis-je alors, j'éviterai l'ivresse,  
 Dans le sentier fleuri que m'ouvre la sagesse,  
 Je veux porter mes pas, résolu d'y chercher  
 Des plaisirs que le sort ne pourra m'arracher,  
 Trop doux pour me troubler, assez vifs pour me plaire:  
 De passer tour à tour du Parnasse à Cythère;

b. 1.

Intent

Intent to cull, where Spring permits the pow'r,  
The fruit of Reason, and of Bliss the flow'r.

## UNEXPECTED FEAR,

BY M<sup>SE</sup>LE BERNARD.

WHEN prudent Damon, with a brow severe,  
Tells me what torments wait on love,  
What treasons, wrongs, the heart must prove,  
Calm I attend, and feel no sense of fear:

But when young Atis paints, with doating eyes,  
How fond the truth, how sweet the joy,  
Which frolic round the lovely boy,—

Ah me! what terrors in my bosom rise!

---

Et d'être en mon printemps attentif à cueillir,  
Les fruits de la raison & les fleurs du plaisir.

QUAND le sage Damon dit que d'un trait mortel,  
L'Amour blesse les cœurs sans qu'ils s'osent se plaindre,  
Que c'est un dieu traître & cruel,  
L'amour pour moi n'est point à craindre;

Mais quand le jeune Atis me vient dire à son tour,  
Ce dieu n'est qu'un enfant doux caressant aimable,  
Un enfant plus beau que le jour,  
Que je le trouve redoutable!

## TO A NIGHTINGALE:

TRANSLATED FROM ROUSSEAU THE POET,

LIV. II. ODE X.

## I.

WHY, Philomel, in mournful strain,  
 Still dost thou of thy woes complain?  
 When ev'ry object to thy grief  
 Attentive strives to bring relief,  
 And Nature wears her fairest face,  
 At thy return, to win thy grace;  
 When to thy loves their thickest shade  
 Is by the conscious Dryads made;  
 And far from thee, with piercing snows,  
 The fury of the north-wind blows;  
 The earth resumes her green array,  
 And skies emit a purer day;  
 For thee the breeze, with genial dews,  
 On Flora's brow the wreath renews;  
 And Zephyr bears along the vales,  
 Each perfume that the earth exhales.

II. To

To listen to thy sweeter note  
 Each bird restrains its ruffled throat;  
 And sportsmen, steel'd to each pretence  
 Of pity, spare thy innocence:  
 Yet mem'ry with incessant course,  
 Still keeps alive thy sorrow's source;  
 While on a sister's savage wrong,  
 Thou pourest still thy plaintive song.  
 My mournful thoughts, alas! bestow  
 A subject of severer woe;  
 For past distress thou mourn'st alone,  
 For present ills I make my moan;  
 And while with ev'ry lenient balm,  
 All nature seeks thy grief to calm,  
 To me my cruel fate denies  
 The comfort e'en of secret sighs.

## TRANSLATIONS

FROM

*THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.*

I.

Now stormy Winter from the skies is flown,  
 And Spring in smiles remounts his flow'ry throne;  
 The grassy earth resumes her bright array,  
 And teeming boughs their new-born leaves display;

The lawns imbibe the morning's genial dew,  
 And blushing roses half disclose their hue;  
 With shepherd-pipes the hills and vallies sound,  
 And goatherds see with joy their kids rebound:  
 O'er ocean's surge secure the sailor goes,  
 With swelling sail, as Zephyr harmless blows:  
 The vow already is to Bacchus paid,  
 And ivy leaves each curling forehead shade:  
 Their skilful work the busy bees resume,  
 From ev'ry flow'r selecting rich perfume;

Or



Or fix'd within the hive, inequal rows  
 The nice arrangement of their cells dispose :  
 Now chaunt the feather'd choirs ; the halcyon  
 bred .

On dancing waves, the swallow in the shed,  
 The swan, that near the river's margin roves,  
 And philomel, that nightly haunts the groves.

If thus their joys, earth, plants, and flow'rs display,

If shepherds pipe, and flocks attend the lay,

If Neptune smiles, and Bacchus leads the dance,

If birds in song, if bees in toil advance,

How shall the poet not enraptur'd sing,

And hail the bounties of the rising Spring.

## II.

ON ÆSCHYLUS.

HE, who the fabric of his tow'ring lays

In frowning pride of majesty could rear,

First in the sternness of the tragic phrase,

Euphorion's offspring, Æschylus, lies here ;

Far

Far from his native Eleusinian coast,  
Trinacria makes his monument her boast.

III.

ON NINON:

APPLIED FROM A GREEK EPIGRAM.

NINON, though far in lengthen'd age declin'd,  
No grace of youthful beauty has resign'd;  
Her eye yet glist'ning, and her cheek yet warm,  
Through scores of years forget not still to charm:  
Nay, childhood's levity still lasting shows,  
That Time in vain would Nature's pow'r oppose.

IV.

To thee these flowers I send, too haughty fair!  
Cull'd by this hand, and wreath'd to bind thy  
hair;  
The rose new-blown, the lily moist with dew,  
The vain narcissus, and the violet blue;

Wear

Wear these, and check thy pride, more humble  
made,

They bloom like thee, but thou like them shalt  
fade.

## V.

## APPLIED TO WERTER.

ONE favor'd hour alone I found the fair,  
And thus, her knees embracing, pour'd my pray'r;  
“ Oh save the man reduc'd so near to death,  
“ Deign to recall his fleeting gasp of breath :  
“ I spake; she wept;—when rous'd with new  
alarms,  
“ The tear she dried, and cast me from her arms.”

## VI.

NOT yet hath Summer to our sight reveal'd  
Thy beauty's flow'ret in its bud conceal'd;  
Not yet the grape assumes its deeper hue,  
Whose virgin bluthes first inchant our view;

But

But youthful Loves their rapid shafts prepare,  
 And the spark smoulders e'er it burst in air:  
 Fly, hapless lovers, e'er they touch the string;  
 I feel the flame, and what I feel, I sing.

FROM  
*COLARDEAU,*  
 IN THE TEMPLE DE GNIDE.

SCARCE on their bosoms yet arose to fight  
 Those orbs, which Cupid moulds with fond de-  
 light;  
 Whose rip'ning charms by youth's expansive heat,  
 Beneath th' unwelcome veil incessant beat:  
 Thus at the dawn we see an op'ning flow'r,  
 That newly feels the sun, exert its pow'r,  
 Burst through its verdant chalice, and display,  
 In blushing pride, its beauties to the day.

---

A peine l'on voyoit s'élever sur leur sein,  
 Ces globes que l'Amour arrondit de sa main;  
 Ces charmes que le feu d'une ardente jeunesse,  
 Sous un voile importun fait palpiter sans cesse:  
 Au lever du soleil, tel on voit une fleur,  
 Des premiers feux du jour, ressentir la chaleur;  
 Repousser, déchirer le tissu qui la couvre,  
 Et montrer les trésors de son sein qu'elle entr'ouvre.

E X T R A C T S

FROM

*THE WORKS OF DORAT.*

I.

FRAGMENT.

FAR be from us vain Fashion's aid !  
Be Nature follow'd, as her counfel leads ;  
Dress and its pow'r, thou lovely maid,  
From want of genuine charms alone proceeds.

Weave from the flow'rs beneath thy feet  
A simple chaplet, without farther show ;  
The Graces are the less compleat,  
When Art the more its succour would bestow.

---

Loin, loin de nous les vains Apprêts,  
Suivons les pas de la Nature ;  
Belle Eglé, le défaut d'attraits  
Fit seul inventer la parure.

Des fleurs qui naissent sur tes traces  
Couronne toi, fans autres soins  
Tout ce que l'Art ajoute aux Graces,  
En est toujours une de moins.

The pride of outward treasures seen,  
 Obscures the lustre of each native grace ;  
 Praxiteles, thy Cyprian queen,  
 Scorns on her form all ornament to place.

Charms yet there are ; —but these, with prudent  
 pride,  
 Mystery loves with fond reserve to hide ; —  
 Give me, O Love, of these the right to speak,  
 My lips, I promise, shall not silence break.

---

Le faste des ajustemens  
 Nuit à la Grâce naturelle ;  
 C'est la Vénus de Praxitèle,  
 Qu'on gâte à force d'ornemens.

Il en est—le dieu du Mystère  
 Se plaît lui-même à les voiler ;  
 Amour ! que se puisse en parler !  
 Je te promets bien de me taire.

## II.

## THE MORNING KISS,

OR

THE BIRTH OF DAY.

THE stars yet shone, the dawn arose  
 With doubtful gleams, which, faintly bright,  
 Could hardly Flora's eyes uncloze,  
 Who still detains with fond delight  
 The youth for whom her bosom glows.

The breeze disports, on healthful wing,  
 With dew besprint, across the skies ;  
 The feather'd choirs begin to sing,

Les étoiles brilloient encore :  
 A peine un jour foible & douteux  
 Ouvre la paupière de Flore,  
 Qui, dans ses bras voluptueux,  
 Retient l'inconstant qu'elle adore.  
 Le souffle humide d'un vent frais  
 Effleure les airs qu'il épure,  
 Soupire à travers ces bosquets,

As through the rustling grove it flies ;  
 And waking Nature hastes to bring  
 Her freshest odours, richest dyes.

Sleep still o'er thee inclin'd its rod,  
 Redeeming thus the happy night,  
 When we to Love's enchanting god  
 Had frequent paid the secret rite,

No sleep was mine ; a richer prize  
 To frenzy rais'd my senses know ;  
 And while I catch thy panting sighs,  
 Fix'd on the goddess are my eyes,  
 To whom my dearest bliss I owe.

Et vient hâter par son murmure  
 Le chant des hôtes des forêts  
 Et le réveil de la nature.

Tu goûtois un profond repos,  
 Après une nuit fortunée,  
 Que nous avions abandonnée  
 Au dieu des amoureux travaux :  
 Moi, je veillois : dans mon ivresse,  
 Je recueillois tes doux soupirs,  
 Et mes yeux, brûlans de tendresse,  
 Se reposoient sur la déesse  
 A qui je dois tous mes plaisirs.

Thy



Thy tresses float in loose array,  
 And spread their only veil, to hide  
 Thy charms expos'd, whose blushing pride  
 Such artless chance can best display.

Serene upon thy placid brows  
 Contented wishes sink to rest;  
 But o'er thy agitated breast  
 Rapture his robe of crimson throws.

Thus, when the tempest is withdrawn,  
 In fragrant heaps we see combin'd,  
 The rose and lily, which the wind  
 Had scatter'd o'er the mossy lawn.

Les anneaux de ta chevelure  
 Flottent au hasard répandus,  
 Et voilent seuls tes charmes nus,  
 Dont le désordre est la parure.  
 Ton front peint la sérénité  
 Et du bonheur & de la joie;  
 Sur ton sein ému se déploie  
 L'incarnat de la volupté:  
 Tels quelquefois, après l'orage,  
 On voit, en monceaux parfumés,  
 La rose & les lys parfumés  
 Joncher les gazons du bocage.

Thy

Thy lips, which Love has arm'd with all  
 That grace can give to fix his pow'r,  
 Fresh as the morning's dewy flow'r,  
 Half-op'ning seem on me to call.

Thy arms that, while soft langours steal,  
 By slow degrees, their folds unbind,  
 Unknown to thee, thy dreams reveal,  
 And tow'rd's thy lover are inclin'd.

But gaining now its utmost height,  
 The radiant lamp of Venus glows,  
 And ev'ry added beam of light  
 An added charm of beauty shows.

Ta bouche qu'amour fut armer  
 De la grace la plus touchante,  
 Plus fraîche que l'aube naissante,  
 Semble s'ouvrir pour me nommer;  
 Et tes bras, dont la nonchalance  
 Se développe mollement,  
 Quelquefois avec négligence  
 Sont étendus vers ton amant.  
 Mais cependant sur l'hémisphère  
 Vénus fait luire son flambeau;  
 Chaque degré de la lumière  
 Me révèle un charme nouveau :

O'er

O'er all the treasures I possess,  
 My sight with still unfated gaze,  
 My hand in fond enchantment, strays,  
 And still by some more rich caress  
 I mark the morn's progressive blaze.

Now o'er the skies in rapid stream  
 The rays their redd'ning course pursue,  
 And while my wishes flame anew,  
 In ev'ry glowing kiss I seem  
 To give the dawn a brighter hue.

Sur tous les trésors que tu laisses  
 En proie à mon avidité,  
 J'égare mon œil enchanté,  
 Et veux marquer par mes caresses  
 Tous les progrès de la clarté.  
 A mesure qu'elle colore  
 L'horizon qui va s'embraser,  
 Un feu plus ardent me dévore ;  
 Et je crois que chaque baiser  
 Ajoute un rayon à l'aurore,

How did I hail the certain ray !!!—  
 The stars retir'd abash'd and pale,  
 Thy swimming eyes threw up their veil,  
 And gave the perfect birth of day.

## III.

## LA TRAGÉDIE.

WITH eyes of fire yon bard\*, by time rever'd,  
 Behold, with altars to his worship rear'd;  
 Lefs rais'd, a mortal† fits beside the throne,  
 From polish'd taste, who takes his brilliant crown,

---

Comme je fêtai son retour!  
 De la nuit les astres pâlirent,  
 Tout-à-coup tes beaux yeux s'ouvrirent;  
 C'est toi qui fis naître le jour.

---

LES yeux étincelans, quel vieillard dans ce lieu ?  
 Environné d'autels, semble en être le dieu ?  
 Un mortel moins altier, assis au même trône,  
 Reçoit des mains du goût sa brillante couronne.

\* Corneille.

† Racine.

Whose

Whose dreadful rival\* loves his scene to steep  
 In streams of bloody tears, and carnage deep;  
 While all the various laurels which they wear,  
 Combine to crown the forehead of Voltaire.—

Here the fam'd actress, with aspiring pride,  
 Assumes her honours near the writer's side;  
 Here in soft verse, and grief's enchanting mein,  
*Champmeslé* pours her sorrows to *Racine*;  
 While *Le Couvreur* in woes with downcast eyes,  
 Strikes her *Corneille* with transport and surprise.

---

Leur terrible rival, pour tracer ses tableaux,  
 Dans le sang & les pleurs trempe ses noirs pinceaux;  
 Et leurs lauriers épars, couvrant le sanctuaire,  
 Viennent se réunir sur le front de Voltaire.  
 La grande actrice, admise en ce séjour divin,  
 Marche & s'enorgueillit près du grand écrivain.  
 Récitant ces beaux vers, où l'amour seul domine,  
*Champmeslé* pleure encor dans les bras de *Racine*;  
 Et le *Couvreur*, l'œil sombre & de larmes baigné,  
 Attache les regards de *Corneille* étonné.

\* *Crebillon*.

Ye who the charms of bards like these recite,  
 Partake their glory, claim your kindred right ;  
 Pride of the pencil in each sumptuous feat,  
 Your various forms our pleas'd attention meet :  
 Here weeps *Gaußin* ; there, *Dumefnil*, we hear  
 Thy tones of terror piercing and severe ;  
 While simple Nature shows her graceful pow'rs,  
 And crowns, *Clairon*, thy breathing bust with  
 flow'rs.

---

Vous, de ces demi-dieux modernes interpretes,  
 La gloire vous attend, & vos palmes sont prêtes.  
 Chef-d'œuvres du pinceau, dans ces pompeux réduits  
 Déjà vos traits brillans sont par-tout reproduits.  
 Ici pleure *Gaußin*, toujours sensible & tendre :  
 Là, c'est toi, *Dumefnil*, toi que l'on croit entendre.  
 La nature enrichit ton simple médaillon ;  
 Et l'art couvre de fleurs le buste de *Clairon*.

## IV.

*L'OPERA.*

WHEN fam'd Timotheus, with his lyre in  
 By sound exerted his supreme command ;  
 In warlike strain, or love's alluring lay,  
 Made Philip's son submit to music's sway ;  
 Rais'd him to transport, while his bosom burns  
 With love, with hate, with joy, revenge, by turns ;  
 Made him assume, or lay his arms aside,  
 Now glow with rage, now melt in sorrow's tide ;  
 Against Persépolis now rear his arm,  
 Then gaze on Thais bound in am'rous charm ;

---

Lorsqu'un chantre fameux, une lyre à la main,  
 Exerçoit des accords le pouvoir souverain,  
 Et par une harmonie, ou belliqueuse ou tendre,  
 Maîtrisoit le génie & l'âme d'Alexandre,  
 Echauffoit ses transports, l'enivroit tour-à-tour  
 De douleur, de plaisir, de vengeance & d'amour,  
 Lui faisoit à son gré prendre ou quitter les armes,  
 Pousser des cris de rage, ou répandre des larmes ;  
 Rallumoit sa fureur contre Persépolis,  
 Ou le précipitoit sur le sein de Thaïs,

Then

Then can I think, in each accordant mein,  
 That energetic passion was not feen?  
 The look Orphean, tender, or severe,  
 More than his accent made his thought appear;  
 In ev'ry gesture was the frenzy shewn,  
 And his eyes spoke superior to the tone,  
 While action gave, as truth and skill inspire,  
 Life to the song, and spirit to the lyre.

---

Puis-je croire qu'alors un front plein d'énergie,  
 De ces divers accens n'aidât point la magie?  
 Les regards de l'Orphée, altiers, sombres, touchans  
 Peignoient les passions, mieux encor que ses chants;  
 Dans tous ses mouvemens respiroit le délire:  
 Son geste, son visage accompagnoit sa lyre,  
 Et de son action l'éloquente chaleur  
 Transfusoit à ses sons la flamme de son cœur.



V.

## L'OPERA.

WITHIN these groves Rinaldo sinks to rest,  
 No more a warrior, with a floating crest,  
 No longer proud in cruel deeds of arms,  
 But like Adonis sleeps secure in charms;  
 Armida sees him, screams with frantic rage,  
 Bent in his blood her anger to assuage:  
 O sudden change! Armida trembles, sighs,  
 Views the young hero with relenting eyes;  
 Thrice rears her arm t' avenge insulted pride,  
 And thrice her arm falls languid at her side;

---

Dans ces rians jardins Renaud est endormi,  
 Ce n'est plus ce guerrier, ce superbe ennemi,  
 Ombragé d'un panache & caché sous des armes;  
 C'est Adonis qui dort, protégé par ses charmes.  
 Armide l'apperçoit, jette un cri de fureur,  
 S'élançe, va percer son inflexible cœur....  
 O changement soudain! elle tremble, soupire,  
 Plaint ce jeune héros, le contemple & l'admire.  
 Trois fois, prêt à frapper, son bras s'est ranimé,  
 Et son bras qui retombe est trois fois désarmé.

With

With shortliv'd rage rekindled now she burns,  
Threatens Rinaldo, and adores by turns ;  
Quits and resumes the poignard, doom'd to prove  
That the last transport is transporting love.

## VI.

*LA DANSE.*

FREE from restraint, a wood-nymph us'd to rove,  
Her quiver only was her shield from love,  
And oft her shafts, in sylvan gore imbru'd  
The light-hoof'd hinds, beneath her sway sub-  
du'd :

Son courroux va renaître & va mourir encore ;  
Elle vole à Renaud, le menace, l'adore,  
Laisse aller son poignard, le reprend tour-à-tour ;  
Et ses derniers transports sont des transports d'amour.

INDIFFÉRENTE & libre, une nymphe des bois  
Pour seule arme aux amours opposoit son carquois,  
Et souvent renversoit de ses fleches rapides  
Le faon aux pieds légers, & les biches timides.

Thus

Thus wand'ring was she by a hunter seen,  
 Who scorn'd her shafts, but felt a dart more keen;  
 The different purpose of their motion view,  
 Her swift to fly, him swifter to pursue;  
 Desire to him gives eagle-wings of love,  
 She spreads the pinions of the fearful dove;  
 What warmth in both, what turns they each  
 display,  
 And now he touches, now has lost his prey;  
 At last she trembling from his grasp evades,  
 And panting seeks the cool of forest shades;  
 There falling near a friendly tree she droops,  
 And her pale cheek upon her bosom stoops:

---

Errante, l'arc en main, de réduit en réduit,  
 Un faune l'apperçoit, s'enflamme & la poursuit.  
 Voyez les mouvemens dont leur ame est atteinte,  
 Et l'aile du desir, & le vol de la crainte.  
 Quelle ardeur dans tous deux ! que d'agiles détours !  
 Le faune joint la nymphe ; elle échappe toujours.  
 Elle se sauve enfin, tremblante, sans compagne,  
 Et gagne, en haletant, le haut d'une montagne.  
 Là, se laissant aller près d'un arbre voisin,  
 Son col abandonné touche aux lys de son sein.

Again the hunter flush'd with joy appears,  
 His strength increasing with her growing fears ;  
 His feet, his eyes, like lightning swift and bright,  
 Less rapid wings a shaft its airy flight ;  
 Like Daphne she her falt'ring speed resumes,  
 While Hope her crescent on his front relumes ;  
 And now his breath has reach'd the flying fair,  
 Pants on her shoulder, revels in her hair :  
 His pardon, crav'd, is in a sigh display'd ;  
 He grows more lovely, and less coy the maid ;  
 Yields by degrees ; the soft emotion owns ;  
 Forgives the victor, and his conquest crowns.

---

Le faune reparoit : il tressaille de joie,  
 Et retrouve sa force, en retrouvant sa proie.  
 Ses yeux sont des flambeaux ; ses pas sont des éclairs :  
 Une fleche est moins prompte à traverser les airs.  
 La nouvelle Daphné frémit, tremble, chancelle :  
 Au front de son amant l'espérance étincèle ;  
 Du fugitif objet, qu'effarouchent ses vœux,  
 Déjà son souffle ardent fait voler les cheveux,  
 Il l'atteint, il soupire, il demande sa grace :  
 Le faune s'embellit, la nymphe s'embarrasse,  
 Se livre par degrés à ce trouble enchanteur,  
 Tombe, se laisse vaincre, & pardonne au vainqueur.

## TRANSLATIONS

FROM

*THE DIONYSIACA OF NONNUS.*

I.

## BOOK IV.

NE’ER did my eyes fuch beauty yet behold ;  
 For lavish Nature has on Cadmus shov’r’d  
 Each bloom of Spring : I faw his rofy hands,  
 I faw his eyes, whence Hybla’s sweets diffill’d ;  
 And in his cheeks, infpiring foft defire,  
 Light glow’d the blufhes of the new-blown rofe :  
 His legs, and feet, as gracefully he mov’d,  
 Of fnow, of crimfon, darted mingling rays ;  
 And on his arms the lily’s whitenefs fhone :  
 His locks,—but thofe I pafs, leaft I excite  
 The wrath of Phœbus, daring to degrade  
 Thofe of his much-lov’d haplefs Hyacinth.  
 Whene’er, with foul-enchanting fpell, he turn’d  
 His eyes quick-glancing, with lefs fplendour  
 beam’d

The full-orb'd moon ; and when his waving hair  
 His neck unveil'd, he shone the star of morn.  
 His lips, unequal, I forbear to name ;  
 But on his mouth, Love's rosy portal, sat  
 Persuasion, pouring forth her accents sweet ;  
 And by the Graces, with united care,  
 Was his whole form adorn'd.——

## II.

## BOOK IV.

COME, Death ! but let the while his roving palm  
 Mould with alternate pressure, unrestrain'd,  
 Each glowing orb, that swells my bosom's pride ;  
 Then let him place his half-disclosing lips  
 On mine, and from that verge of Love's own  
 chalice  
 Sip poignant kisses : thus, while I enfold  
 The youth in my fond arms, will I descend  
 To Pluto unrepining, and recount  
 On Lethe's mournful bank my blissful fate,  
 So as to rouse in Proserpine's stern breast

Regret

Regret with pity join'd :—there will I teach  
 Those hapless females, whom the secret flame  
 Of faint desire has waisted, how to taste  
 Such ecstasy, inspir'd by ev'ry blooming grace ;  
 Making the dead still jealous, if, though dead,  
 Love's jealous envy still in woman reign.

## III.

## BOOK X.

Now under Phrygian shades, in boyish sports,  
 The form of Ampelus had near attain'd  
 Its youthful prime, and on the verdant branch  
 The Loves and Graces tended: the soft down  
 Had not as yet upon his snowy cheek  
 Distinctly mark'd its confine, or display'd  
 The golden flow'r of manhood; but his locks,  
 That o'er his polish'd shoulders clust'ring hung  
 In many a fold, by ev'ry rustling breeze  
 Were lightly waisted; and when blown aside  
 The tresses half-disclos'd his neck, a beam  
 That left a shadow darted, as the moon

Emits

Emits her crescent light, when she divides  
 The humid veil of some opposing cloud,  
 Forth from his roseate lips the honied sound  
 Trickled in balmy sweetness, while the pride  
 Of Spring in all his lovely limbs appear'd;  
 And as he mov'd, beneath his argent feet,  
 In added bloom, a field of roses glow'd.

## IV.

## BOOK XXXIV.

————— Thou appearest  
 More roseate than the rosy-crowned morn;  
 Nor such a flow'r did e'er the gales, that blow  
 O'er dewy meads, produce: thy cheeks, sweet  
 maid,  
 Display the field of Spring, but one, which time  
 Not yearly withers: through the Winter's frost  
 Thy lilies bloom, and o'er thy form the rose  
 Its constant blush discloses, by each Grace  
 With fondness nurtur'd, and whose leaves no blast  
 Presumes to ruffle with a breath too rude.



AT length in tears, these were the words she  
spoke:

“ Sweet were my slumbers, when my Theseus fled,  
“ Lovely as faithless; O that he had left  
“ Me still so happy; for in the halls of Theseus  
“ Was Hymen, list’ning to th’ enraptur’d song  
“ Of Ariadne, while my hands adorn’d  
“ Love’s blooming altar with the flow’rs of  
Spring;

“ The bridal wreath I wore, and at my side  
“ Stood Theseus, clad in nuptial robes, to lay  
“ His fragrant off’ring on th’ Idalian shrine:  
“ Ah me, how sweet the vision in my dream!  
“ But soon, too soon the phantom fled, and all  
“ Which Night, alas for pity, gave, the Morn  
“ With her invidious lustre has destroy’d:  
“ Restore, O Sleep, the transitory boon,  
“ And send another dream of equal bliss,

“ That

“ That I may prove the fond illusive charm  
 “ Of slumb’ring Venus; but, with lengthen’d  
     pow’r,  
 “ O rest upon my eyes, that I may prove  
 “ Love’s breathless joys, in hymeneal dreams.”

### TO SLEEP.

DEATH’S truest image, sorrow’s surest friend,  
 Sleep ! like a bride upon my couch attend !  
 For O, what charm thy gentle pow’r applies,  
 To him who dying lives, yet living dies\*.

### ON A STATUE OF CUPID:

FROM VOLTAIRE.

WHOE’ER thou art, thy master see;

He was, he is, or is to be†.

\* SOMNE levis ! quanquam cortissima mortis imago

Confortem cupio te tamen tori;

Alma quies, optata veni, nam sic sine vitâ

Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

† QUI que tu fois, voici ton maître ;

Il l’est, le fût, ou le doit être.

FROM

FROM

## THE GREEK ODE

BY RICHARD MADDISON,

PET. COLL. CAMB.

On the Death of GEORGE II. ; and applied to the Decease  
of Mrs. COOKE, Wife of Major COOKE, formerly  
in the Service of the East-India Company.

HALLOW'D oblivion of our sorrows! thou,  
Who on good-fortune's cheek, by tears unstain'd,  
Takest thy dwelling; hither, O direct  
Thy soothing wing, and heal our wounded hearts:  
Sleep, with its balmy dews, has left these eyes  
With weeping fightless, and the wakeful streams

Στροφη.

Πόλιν Λαδά των κακῶν  
Ἄγχι ἀδιάνταις παρῆαις  
Εὐτυχέων ἐτυχύνεις,  
Οἶδ' ὅσα διγροτὸ κληήτριον  
Πτερογ' ἴσαι μὴ ἀθλίαν φρενα'  
Ὀφθαλμοὺς γὰρ ἀλαοὺς ὀμβρῶς  
Ἐλπὶ μελίκιος' μνήας δὲ κραναί

Of

Of sad remembrance, for the matron's worth,  
Who sleeps in icy death, pursue their course.

She fell, as when in Autumn Eurus blows  
With cloudy breath, and darkens in the storm  
The sun's bright circle ; or as when the moon,  
Who leads the glitt'ring train of stars, which  
breathe  
Their fires amid the blue serene, inclines  
Her silver head, and shuns the rushing host  
Of sea-born clouds, when through the troubled air  
The black-wing'd eagles urge their crowded  
flight :

Ἄνθρωποι προχειροῖς ἔσονται

Ἀνακλῶς γὰρ νασίων

Ἀήσιζοφῃ.

Ἐνδ' ἐπιστ' ὥς ἐν τῷ θέρει

Οὐρανὸν φλογιδὸν ὁρμα κεῖται

Εὐρὸς, ἀχλὺς οὐρανόθεν

Ἡ γ' ὥς χοροῖα πυρὰ-πυρρῶν

Σελάνη δ' ἀστέρων, τογ' ἀργυροῦ καρὰ

Κλίνει, δεισάσα λοχὸν αἰνόν

Ἀλυσίων νιφελῶν γ' ὥταν σείνῃσι

Ἀήται μελανοπτερυγες

Ἐρημᾶς δι' αἰθέρος.

As flourishes the fond maternal elm,  
 Around whose stem, with confidential love,  
 The rising branches cling, so rose in pride  
 Of ev'ry virtue, she, whom we lament;  
 So clung her offspring, while the flood of time,  
 With unpolluted wave, upon its banks  
 Bestow'd each blessing: now the matron sinks,  
 In death untimely; while the root is torn,  
 The branches tremble, and the consort tree  
 Its aged head hangs drooping;—but her fame  
 What ages past to silence shall consign?  
 What future age shall for her equal hope?

Ἐπῶδος.

Δρυς ὡς υψικάρανος ἐν οὐρεσσι  
 Βερίανδος βαθυλείας  
 Γένος ἰσοθεῶν τεθλη·  
 Ἀκηραία τε χερσὶν ρειθεῖα  
 Βεβραχ' αἶν' πλοῦσι τε κλέος τε  
 Ἀνθηραῖς ἐπ' ἀρείαις·  
 Νυν' δ' ἀφαρ κυμαλοπληγὴ καίτερι πει·  
 Φρουδὰ δὲ ρίζα, φρουδοὶ κλαδοί,  
 Φρουδος βασιλεὺς τᾶν ὧν·  
 Τίς ποθ' αἰὼν σε σιγάσῃ;  
 Τίς δὲ τοιοῦτο ἰλπίσῃ;

## TRANSLATION.

## SONNET.

HERE lies the worthy husband of a wife,  
 Whose virtues worthy of that husband shone;  
 Love's charming contest was their only strife,  
 While in two bodies their two souls were one:

An equal ardour either breast reveal'd,  
 Its favours Heav'n bestow'd with equal hand;  
 Both felt Love's wound, in neither bosom heal'd,  
 United both in one celestial band:

But he now sleeps, and she still wakes to mourn  
 Her solitary couch, his lonely urn,

Nor has she join'd to his her parting breath:  
 No, no, a fond exchange each comfort bears,  
 Half of her life within her heart he shares,  
 She in his tomb partakes of half his death.

## ORIGINAL.

cove

## DE PORCHERES.

Helas ! que ton mari fut digne de sa femme,  
 Femme par tes vertus, digne de ton mari,  
 Et toy de luy cheri, et luy de toy cheri,  
 Vous faisiez dans deux corps, de deux âmes,  
 une âme.

Vous brulastes tous deux d'une semblable flamme,  
 Des mesmes dons du ciel chacun fut favori,  
 Tous deux blesez d'un trait, dont nul ne fut gueri,  
 Et tous deux attachez d'une divine trame.

Mais ton mari est mort, et tu vis en ton dueil,  
 Tu es seule en ton lit, il est seul au cercueil,  
 Et sa mort de ta mort n'est encore suivie :  
 Non, non : vous partagez un réciproque fort ;  
 Il prend de dans ton cœur, la moitié de ta vie,  
 Tu prends dans son tombeau, la moitié de sa  
 mort.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

---

 TO THE LADY.

COULDEST thou within this breast discover

What ardent passion glows for thee;

Love never prov'd so warm a lover,

Nor friendship found a friend like me;

From you I pine in sighs despairing,

Near you I pause in silent fears;

No more my tongue presumes declaring,

And still perhaps too much appears.

Ah, si vous pouviez comprendre

Ce que mon cœur ressent pour vous,

L'Amour n'a rien eu de si tendre,

Ni l'Amitié rien de si doux :

Loin de vous mon cœur soupire,

Près de vous je suis interdit ;

Voilà tout ce que j'ose dire,

Et je crains que j'ai trop dit.



## FROM THE LADY.

Alas, why can I so well discover

The flame thy bosom feels for me?

Why do my blushes own my lover,

Whene'er I turn my eyes on thee?

To reason now I fly despairing,

While love insults my feeble fears;

No thought my tongue design'd declaring,

And ev'ry thought I doubt appears.

Pourquoi sçai-je si bien comprendre

Ce que ton cœur ressent pour moi?

Pourquoi ne sçais-je me défendre,

De rougir vis-à-vis de toi?

A la raison je me retire,

Je l'invoque et l'Amour en rit,

Je croiois n'en rien vous dire,

Et je crains que j'ai tout dit.

FROM

*BERTAUD,*

ON THE DEATH OF RONSARD.

CAST back thine eye, and ponder upon all  
 Which in her ample bosom the vast earth  
 Enfolds : there shalt thou see the fatal scythe  
 Of Time, mow all before it, like the grass  
 Of Spring ; shalt see the temples, palaces,  
 The pride of empire, and the wealth of kings,  
 From their foundations rock ; and nought remain  
 Of state, or city once renown'd in fame,  
 Save the faint rumour that it once has been :

---

Jette l'œil du penser dessus tout ce qu'enferme  
 Dedans son large sein le grand corps de la terre ;  
 Tu verras que le faulx de la parque et du temps  
 Y' vâ tout moissonnant comme herbe du Printems ;  
 Tu verras trébucher les temples magnifiques,  
 Les grands palais des rois, les grandes républiques ;  
 Et souvent ne rester d'une auguste cité,  
 Si non le petit bruit d'avoir jadis été :

Nor, by the shock, shall brazen gates, or walls,  
 Or arches only crumble into dust,  
 But the huge mass of this stupendous whole,  
 Wherever eye can pierce, or thought can reach,  
 Shall fall——unknowing where its fall shall end.

Et si, non seulement le tems fera résoudre  
 Les temples, les châteaux, et les villes en poudre,  
 Mais aussi ce grand tout, ce grand tout que tu vois,  
 Qui ne sçait en tomber, tombera quelquefois.

Vid. Shakespeare's *Tempest*;  
 The cloud-cap'd towers, &c.

And Lucretius, Book v. ;

—— Non lapides quoque vinci cernis ab ævo,  
 Non altas turris ruere, et putescere saxa,  
 Non delubra Deum, simulacraque fessa fatisci ?  
 —— non monimenta virum dilapsa videmus,  
 Cedere proporrò, subitoque senescere casu ?  
 Non ruere avulsos filices a montibus altis ?  
 Denique jam ruere hoc circum, suprâque quod omnem  
 Continet amplexu terram?——

FRANCESCA:

FROM DANTE, INFERNO, CANT. V.

WHEN thus I heard my guide assign the names  
 To these of either sex, renown'd of old,  
 My senses well nigh were in pity lost,  
 When thus I spake;—"Fain would I, bard,  
 address

"Those two, who move together, and appear  
 "Tost by the blast so lightly:"—when thus he;  
 "Those, as they nearer come, thou shalt behold;  
 "Conjure them then, by that unhappy love

---

Pofcia ch'i hebbi il mi'dottore udito  
 Nomar le donne antiche e cavalieri;  
 Pietà mi giunfe, & fui quasi smarrito.  
 I cominciai; Poeta volontieri  
 Parlerei à que due, che infieme vanno,  
 Et paion fi al vento effer leggieri.  
 Et egli à me, vedrai, quando faranno  
 Piu prefs'à noi, & tu allhor gli prega

"Which

‘ Which led them here,—they will obey thy call.”

Soon as the blast had brought them, thus I spake :  
 “ Ye souls afflicted ! if no greater pow’r  
 “ Impedes, approach, and speak to my request.”  
 Like doves by fond desire impell’d, who raise  
 Their wings, and hover near the nest belov’d,  
 Wheeling repeated circles through the air,  
 Thus from the band where Dido mourn’d her fate  
 They came, dividing the malignant blast,  
 And then these piteous accents they employ’d :  
 “ O thou, whom kindness by compassion mov’d,  
 “ Leads thus to visit in these drear abodes

Per quell’amor, ch’ei mena, & que verranno.  
 Si tosto, come il vento à noi gli piega ;  
 Muovi la voce ; O Anime affannate  
 Venit’a noi parlar, s’altri nol niega.  
 Quali colombe dal disio chiamate  
 Con l’ali alzate & ferme al dolce nido  
 Volan per l’aer dal voler portate ;  
 Cotali uscir de la schiera, ou’è Dido,  
 A noi venendo per l’aer maligno ;  
 Si forte fu l’affettuosò grido.  
 O animal gratioso & benigno ;  
 Che visitando vai pet l’aer perfo

- “ Us, who have stain'd the earth with streaming  
 blood ;  
 “ If the Supreme would lend a friendly arm,  
 “ From him for thee, we mercy would implore,  
 “ Since thou hast felt compassion for our fate ;  
 “ But what it pleases thee to speak, and hear,  
 “ That will we hear, and speak, while thus the  
 storm,  
 “ As now, controuls the thunder of its voice :—  
 “ The land where first I saw the light, is plac'd  
 “ Where near the shore the Po in state receives  
 “ The treasures of its tributary streams ;  
 “ Love, which too soon inflames the noble breast,

Noi, che tigneml' mondo di sanguigno ;  
 Se fofs' amico il re dell'univerfo ;  
 A noi pregherem lui per la tua pace ;  
 Po c'hai pietà del nostro mal perverso.  
 Di quel ; ch'udir : & che parlar ti piace ;  
 Noi udiremo : & parleremo à vui ;  
 Mentre chel vento, come fa, si tace.  
 Siede la terra, dove nata fui,  
 Su la marina : dou'el Po discende  
 Per haver pace co seguaci fui.  
 Amor ; ch'al cor gentil ratto s'apprende ;

“ Seiz'd

“ Seiz’d him, for those soft beauties I have lost, —  
 “ And still I feel the agonizing blow ; —  
 “ That love, which ne’er forgives what it creates  
 “ In those who feel its pow’r, seiz’d me for him,  
 “ So strong, thou fee’st, it yet forsakes me not ;  
 “ Love t’was which led us to a common death,  
 “ And Hell awaits the wretch, who dealt the  
   stroke.”

Such were the words I heard ; — I instant bow’d  
 My head in sorrow, and so long remain’d  
 In that dejected posture, that the bard  
 Ask’d me, why thus I thoughtful, silent stood ;

---

Prese costui de la bella persona,  
 Che mi fu tolta ; e’l modo anchor m’offende ;  
 Amor ; ch’à null’amato amar perdona ;  
 Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte ;  
 Che, come vedi, anchor non m’abbandona.  
 Amor condusse noi ad una morte :  
 Caina attende, ch’in vita ci sponse :  
 Queste parole da lor ci fur porte.  
 Da ch’io intesi quell’anime offense ;  
 Chinai il viso ; & tant’ il tenni basso,  
 Fin ch’el poeta mi disse, che pense

At last I spake:—"Ah me! what gentle thoughts,

"What fond desires, have led them to their woe!"

Then to them turning, I address'd my words:—

"Francesca, such thy dismal story is,

"That tears of pity trickle down my cheek;

"But tell me, while thy fondest sighs were  
breath'd,

"The time and manner, how, and when, thy love

"Gave the possession of thy dearest wish."

She answer'd thus:—"There is no greater grief

"Than to recall in woe our happier days;

"And this full well thy master-poet knows:

Quando risposi cominciai; O lasso;

Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio

Mendò costoro al doloroso passo.

Poi mi rivols' à lor, & parla' io,

Et cominciai; Francesca i tuoi martiri

A lagrimar mi fanno tristo & pio.

Ma dimmi; al tempo de dolci sospiri

A che: & come concedette amore,

Che conoscesti i dubbiosi desiri?

Et ell'à me; nessun maggior dolore,

Che ricordarsi del tempo felice

Ne la miseria; & ciò fa il tuo dottore.

"But



“ But if so earnest is thy wish, to trace  
 “ The rise of our affection, I like him  
 “ Who joins his tears to mine, will weep, and  
   say,—  
 “ One day for pleasure we took up the tale  
 “ Of Lancilotto, and read his tender loves :  
 “ We were alone, suspecting nought of harm ;  
 “ When more than once, in reading, while we  
   rais'd  
 “ Our eyes in mutual glance, the colour left  
 “ Our cheeks :—but one, one incident, produc'd  
 “ Our ruin ;—as we read the dear delight,  
 “ Which on her lips so fond a lover prov'd,

---

Ma s'a conoscer la prima radice  
   Del nostr'amor tu hai cotanto affetto ;  
   Farò, come colui, che piange & dice.  
 Noi leggiavam'un giorno per diletto  
   Di Lancilotto, com'amor lo strinse,  
   Soli erravamo, & senz'alcun sospetto.  
 Per piu fiate gli occhi ci sospinse  
   Quella lettura ; & scoloroci'l viso ;  
   Ma sol un punto fu quel, che ci vinse.  
 Quando legemmo il disiato riso  
   Esser baciato da contanto amante ;

“ He,

“ He, who henceforth will never quit my side,  
 “ Preft with his trembling lips a kifs on mine;  
 “ The book and he who wrote it, was our  
 pandar.—

“ That day we read not any farther.”—Thus,  
 While the one fpirit fpake, the other wept  
 In fuch affliction, that I fainting fell  
 To th’ ground in pity, as if death had dealt  
 Its fatal blow, and lay a lifelefs corpe.

---

Quefti, che mai da me non fia divifo,  
 La bocca mi bafciò tutto tremante:  
 Galeotto fu il libro, & chi lo fcriffe:  
 Quel giorno piu non vi legemmo avante.  
 Mentre che l'uno fpirto quefto diffe;  
 L'altro piangeva sì; che di pietade  
 I venni men cofi, com'io moriffe;  
 Et caddi, come corpo morto cade.

FROM  
DANTE:

INFERNO, CANT. XXXIII.

THE sinner from his fell repast now rais'd  
His mouth, and wip'd it with the hair, which  
hung  
Around the mangled head, and thus began:—

“ My hopeless sorrows must I then renew?  
“ Which, e'er I speak, in thought alone I feel.  
“ Weigh heavy on my heart; but if my words  
“ May to this traitor detestation bring,  
“ My words and tears shall both together flow.

La bocca sollevò del fiero pasto  
Quel peccator forbendola à capelli  
Del capo ch'egli hauca di retro guasto  
Poi cominciò, tu voi ch'i rinovelli  
Disperato dolor; che'l cor mi preme  
Già pur pensando pria ch'i ne favelli;  
Ma se le mie parole esser den seme,  
Che frutti infamia al traditor ch'i rodo;  
Parlare & lagrimar mi vedra' insieme.

“ I know

" I know thee not, nor by what means I see  
 " Thee now before me, yet thy speech declares  
 " Thee born in Florence; but know thou, my  
   name  
 " Is Ugolino, and Ruggiero his.  
 " Why thus so near him (as thou see'st) I stand,  
 " I will unfold: How, by his dark designs,  
 " And my weak confidence, he seiz'd me first,  
 " And next destroy'd, it boots not to relate;  
 " But what yet never can have reach'd thine ears,  
 " How cruel was my death, how piteous;  
 " Now shalt thou hear, and after judge my  
   wrongs.

---

Mi non so chi tu sie, ne per che modo  
 Venuto se' quà giu: ma Fiorentino  
 Mi sembli veramente, quand' i t'odo.  
 Tu dei saper ch' i fu' l' conte Ugolino,  
 Et questi l' Arcevescovo Ruggieri:  
 Hor ti dirò perch' i son tal vicino:  
 Che per l' effetto de' suo mia pensieri  
 Fidandomi di lui io fosse preso,  
 Et poscia morto, dir non è mestieri.  
 Però quel, che non puoi haverè inteso;  
 Ciò é come la morte mia fu cruda;  
 Udirai; & saprai, se m' ha offeso.

" A nar-

" A narrow crevice, in the dungeon's side,  
 " (By me to famine sacred, in whose gloom  
 " Yet many a wretch shall pine) had oft already  
 " Shown me the moon's wan lustre; when a dream  
 " Tore back the veil of misery to come:  
 " I saw the hunter eager in pursuit;  
 " Before his steps a wolf with all its young  
 " Ran to the hill which shadows Pisa's plain:  
 " Lank hounds were with him panting for their  
 " prey;  
 " And all Sedition's bloody tribe had join'd  
 " Their leader in his sport: soon to my view

Breve pertugio dentro da la muda;  
 La qual per me ha'l titol de la fame,  
 E'n che convien anchor ch'altrui si chiuda;  
 M'havea mostrato per lo su' forame  
 Piu lume già, quand' i feci'l mal sonno,  
 Che del futuro mi squarciò il velame.  
 Questi pareva á me maestro & donno  
 Cacciando'l lupo e' lupicini al monte,  
 Perch' e Pisan veder Lucca non ponno.  
 Con cagne magre studiose, & conte  
 Gualandi con Sismondi & con Lanfranchi

" The hapless race, worn down with toil, appear'd,  
 " And the whole ruthless pack in all their fides  
 " Stain'd their sharp fangs.—Before the morn I  
 " woke,  
 " And heard my children wailing in their sleep,  
 " In broken cries for bread ;—hard is thy heart  
 " If now it yearn not, but to think the horrors  
 " Which then too truly were announc'd to mine:  
 " When wilt thou weep if now thou weepst not?  
 " Now were we risen, and the hour approach'd  
 " Which us'd to bring with it our daily food,  
 " And all in doubt were musing on the dream,

---

S'havea messi dinanzi da la fronte.  
 In picciol corfo mii pareano stanchi  
 Lo padre e figli; & con l'agute scane  
 Mi pareva lor veder fender li fianchi.  
 Quando fui desto innanzi la dimane;  
 Pianger senti fra'l sonno i miei figliuoli,  
 Ch'eran con meco; & dimandar del pane.  
 Ben se' crudel; se tu già non ti duoli  
 Pensando ciò, ch'al mi' cuor s'annuntiava  
 Et se non piangi; di che pianger suoli?  
 Già era desto; & l'ora s'apprefava,  
 Che'l cibo ne soleva esser addotto;

“ When

“ When under me I heard the grating sound  
 “ Of bolts fast shutting on our horrid tow’r :  
 “ Gazing by turns upon my children’s faces,  
 “ I without motion stood, nor shed a tear,  
 “ So deep had grief turn’d inward sense to stone ;  
 “ They did : and thus my little Anselm said,—  
 “ You look so, father ; what is it you fear ?—  
 “ Yet I wept not, nor all that whole day spoke :  
 “ Night came in silence, and the next day rose.  
 “ Some gleams of light had pierc’d our gloomy  
     cell,  
 “ When in four faces, rooted all on mine,

---

Et per su’foglio ciascun dubitava ;  
 Et io sento chiavar l’uscio di sotto  
 A l’horribile torre : ond’io guardai  
 Nel viso à miei figlivoli sanza far motto.  
 I non piangeva, sì dentro impetrai ;  
 Piangevan elli : & Anselmuccio mio  
 Disse ; tu guardi sì Padre : che hai ?  
 Però non lagrimai, ne rispos’io  
 Tutto quel giorno, ne la notte appresso,  
 Infìn che l’altro sol nel mondo uscìo.  
 Com’un poco di raggio si fu messo  
 Nel doloroso carcere, & io scorsi

“ I saw

“ I saw the image of my own distress ;

“ With grief I gnaw'd my hands : — my sons  
arose,

“ And thinking hunger had provok'd the deed,

“ Thus spoke : “ Dear father, feed, O feed on us ;

“ Let's shall we grieve : thou gavest us these limbs,

“ Now let thy wants the wretched gift resume !”

“ I calm'd my rage to lessen their affliction.

“ That day and next we all in silence stood :

“ Pityless earth, why was thy bosom clos'd ?

“ Now was the fourth day come, when at my  
feet

“ Gaddo expiring lay ; and as he fell,

Per quattro visi il mi'aspetto stesso ;  
Ambo le mani per dolor mi morfi ;  
Et quei pensando, ch' i' l' fesse per voglia  
Di manicar, di subito levorsi ;  
Et disser ; padre, assai ti fia men doglia,  
Se tu mangi di noi : tu ne vestisti  
Queste misere carni ; & tu le spoglia,  
Quetami allhor, per non farli piu tristi ;  
Lo di, & l'altro stemmo tutti muti :  
Ahi dura terra perche non t'apristi ?  
Poscia che fummo al quarto di venuti,  
Gaddo mi si gittò disteso à' piedi

“ Cried,



“ Cried, ‘ Dearest father, why will you not help me?’

“ He died ; and I whom now you see before you,

“ The two succeeding days saw one by one,

“ Three other children fall ; then without eyes,

“ On hands and feet from corpse to corpse I  
crawld :

“ Three days I call’d them after they were dead,

“ Then hunger did what grief in vain had tried,”

Dicendo, Padre mió che non m'aiuti?

Quivi morì : & come tu mi vedi,

Vid'io cascar li tre ad un ad uno

Tra'l quinto di e'l festo : ond'ì mi diedi

Già cieco à brancolar soua ciascuno :

Et tre di li chiamai, po'che fur morti :

Pofcia piu che'l dolor pote il digiuno.

FROM

*MARINO:*

GIERUSALEMME DISTRUTTA, CANT. VII.

THERE in the midst, where no expanded space,  
 No place confin'd intrudes, there on a throne,  
 Or rather in himself ONE fits; one good,  
 One true, one fair Supreme, whence Heav'n de-  
 rives

Its name, and Nature, dwells; the One unknown,  
 Distinct and yet united, one and three,  
 Not distant nor confus'd; unmov'd, unmade,  
 Whomakes and moves the whole; who always *was*,  
 Still *is*, and *will*; Jehovah, ever be.

---

Nel mezo stà, nè spatio ingombra, ò sito  
 In foglio eccelfo, anzi in se stesso affiso,  
 Quel un, quel buon, quel ver, quell'infinito  
 Onde s'imparadisa il Paradiso,  
 Quel, non sò che distinto, e pur unito,  
 Uno, e trin, non confuso, e non diviso,  
 Che non mosso, e non fatto, e move, e cria,  
 Quel che fù, quel che è sempre, e quel che fia.

Within

Within the abyfs of one concenter'd light,  
 In full beatitude, the Father holds  
 Within himfelf his throne:—from one deep fount  
 Fraught with exhaustlefs treasures; from one  
 breaft,

Immense, incomprehenfible, he pours  
 Torrents of glory, oceans of his blifs,  
 Which know no pause; while numberlefs, on him,  
 Angels ecftatic, gaze, and from his light,  
 Reflect as mirrors the transcendant beams.

There he himfelf beholds, and in himfelf,  
 Intelligence divine, intenfely turn'd,

---

Dentro gli abiffi d'una luce denfa,  
 Stalfi il gran Padre in fe beato à pieno  
 Da la fontana di tefori immenfa,  
 E da l'immenfo incomprensibil feno  
 Oceano di gloria egli difpenfa,  
 Torrente di piacer, che non vien meno,  
 Mill'alme ebre d'amor fpecchianfi in lui,  
 E di fe fpecchio à fe, fà fpecchio altrui.

In fe fteffo fi fpecchia, & in fe fteffo  
 Volto il fempere fecondo alto intelletto,

Another

Another self produces, perfect form ;  
 At once, birth, image, likeness, and the Same,  
 Eternal, equal, offspring increate ;  
 But still from fountain the most high deriv'd,  
 Stream holy, holy Son, from holiest Sire,

Then while that form he contemplates, and  
 views  
 That image so produc'd, complacence, love,  
 All other loves surpassing, to the Son,  
 Breathes with enkindled ardour, mutual flame ;  
 One undivided spirit, of free grace ;

Un'altro se produce, e questo espresso

E di se questo in un parto, e concetto,

Unico eterno in tutto eguale ad esso

Divina imago, anzi divin subietto,

Originata, e non creata prole,

Dio di Dio vero, e unico sol di Sole.

Mentre se stesso intende, e la sembianza

Di se con tutto se vagheggia, e mira,

L'alma, e l'amor, ch'ogn'altro amor avanza

L'amato Figlio in lui riflette, e gira,

Da la gemina fiamma egual sostanza,

Et ineffabilmente allhor si spira,

Indif-

Indissoluble bond of equal bliss,  
Gift holy, holy messenger on earth.

As in one soul, remembrance, will, and mind  
Are blended ; as one ocean vast implies  
Each fountain, river, sea ; as life and heat,  
With light, is in the sun's sole orb contain'd ;  
Thus of three energies, one single group  
Is form'd, the system of three pow'rs in one :  
Three person'd Geryon, truth in fable cloth'd,  
United ardour of a triple blaze.

As branches from one tree ascend, whose trunk  
Infolds one nature's complicated growth,

---

Spirto Dio, divin nodo, eterno amore  
Santo don, Santo messo, e Santo ardore.

Come un'alma, è membranza, e voglia, e mente,  
Come un'onda è fontana, e rivo, e fiume,  
Come di Sole un globo solo ardente  
Hà vigore, e calore insieme, e lume.  
Così di trè virtù mirabilmente  
Fassi un sol groppo, e di trè numi un Nume,  
Di trè persone un Gerion verace  
Unita fiamma in triplicata face.

In trè rami un sol tronco, una natura  
Triplicata union chiude, e comprende,

Thus from one faith, one hope, one love, the  
links

Suspended, form an undivided chain:—

But light like this, by its o'erwhelming rays

With blindness strikes the sight, confounds the  
powers

Of mortal intellect, whose depth ador'd

Cannot be fathom'd, and is better shown

By humble silence, than presumptuous words.

E d'un solo voler, fola una cura,

Si come un'esser sol deriva, e pende;—

Ma tanta luce i chiari ingegni oscura,

Meglio s'adora affai, che non s'intende,

Sì profondo mistero, e sì sublime,

Più che still roco humil silentio esprime.

## THE SAME IN RHIME.

**T**HERE in the midst, where no expanded space  
 Contains, or marks the bounds of time, or place,  
 There in Himself resides, one endless cause,  
 One only good, whence Heav'n its essence draws,  
 With all its pow'rs ; the truth supreme, unknown,  
 Distinct and yet united, *three in one* :  
 Not parted, nor confus'd, unmov'd, unmade,  
 From whom life, motion, is to all convey'd ;  
 He, who from everlasting *was*, and He,  
 Who *is*, and ever *will*, Jehovah, be.

Within th' abyſs of one concenter'd light,  
 Within himself in dazzling ardour bright,  
 The Father holds his throne, supremely blest,  
 Whence from the fount exhaustless of his breast,  
 In oceans knowing no restraint of shores,  
 Torrents of glory and of bliss he pours ;  
 That source admitting neither rest, nor pause,  
 Where souls ascending to their native cause,

Imbibe

Imbibe the treasures of primæval fireams,  
And give like mirrors their reflected beams.

There He *himself* beholds with eyes divine,  
And while all forms within his essence shine,  
Another self is kindled from the flame,  
At once, birth, image, likeness, and the same :  
Transmitted light from one congenial fire,  
Eternal Son of an eternal Sire.

Then while his image so produc'd He views,  
Complacence, love, their balmy breath diffuse ;  
Love mutual, undivided, which exhales  
Its odours wafted by alternate gales,  
On dovelike wings, to earth benign, which move,  
Gift holy ! holy spi'rit of truth and love !

As in one soul, remembrance, will, and mind,  
Are by a blended bond, in one combin'd ;  
As to one ocean seas and rivers flow,  
As in one sun, life, heat, and vigour glow,

Thus



Thus of three energies in mode unknown,  
 Is form'd the system of three pow'rs in one ;  
 Where highest angels, lost in wonder, gaze,  
 United splendor of a triple blaze.

As spring three branches from that tree, whose  
 stem  
 Infolds each leaf in each expanded gem ;  
 Thus on one cause, on one effect and end,  
 First, midst, and last, faith, hope, and love,  
 depend :  
 But while the beams of this transcendant light  
 Confound with reason, thought and mental fight,  
 No longer be such mysteries explor'd,  
 But rest, in silence and respect, ador'd,

FROM

*M A R I N O :*

IL TEMPIO.

BEFORE this goddess, on her hallow'd shrine,  
 Presumptuous sense resigns its lawless sway,  
 No fires terrestrial there, though splendid, shine,  
 No scents from Araby their sweets display ;  
 No flames appear, but in her radiant eyes,  
 No fumes ascend but those of purest sighs.

Within the temple let those priests attend  
 Who to your courts, ye goddesses, belong ;  
 Let them alternate in her homage bend,  
 And with their hearts present their holy song :

Innanzi à questo Nume, à questo Altare,  
 Che confonde le menti, abbaglia i sensi,  
 Non s'accendan facelle ardenti, e chiare,  
 Non vaporino intorno Arabi incensi,  
 Bastino i raggi sol de' propri lumi,  
 E degli altrui sospir bastino i fumi.

Sien del Tempio ministri, e Sacerdoti  
 Gli habitatori, ò Dee, de' poggi vostri,  
 Che le porgano ogn'or chini, e devoti  
 Tributi d'alme, e vittime d'inchioftri,

While

While 'mid the victims speechless, which expire,  
In silence sink these accents of my lyre.

Let honour guard it, nor a foot profane

Prefume to press the threshold with its tread;  
Here let no thought impure, nor wishes vain,  
No loose desires their baneful influ'ence shed;  
But o'er the gates, its entrance which defends,  
Let Time his scythe, his dart let Death suspend.

---

Dove fia frà l'altr'hostie offerte ancora

Questa cetera mia poco sonora.

Honor ne sia custode, e piè profano

Non osi entrar ne le sacrate soglie,

Tutti i sozzi pensier fogan lontano,

Impudici desir, impure voglie,

E vi restino appese in sù le porte

L'ali del Tempo, e l'armi de la Morte.

## TRANSLATION.

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## SONNET.

**T**HOU gentle son of Silence and of Night,  
 Father of Fancy's bright ideal train !  
 Sleep ! by whose pathless footsteps gliding light  
 Enamour'd souls their love's high heav'n ob-  
 tain.

---

Now that deep sunk beneath thy friendly shade,  
 All hearts, but mine, are in thy bands confin'd,  
 Quit thy Cimmerian grotts, too truly made  
 The dark resemblance of my gloomy mind :

Come, with thy calm oblivion to my aid,  
 And with thee bring the image of the maid,  
 Whose sight alone so lost a wretch can save ;  
 But if that form my slumbers may not bless,  
 Yet fly not, thou ! that I may still possess  
 At least the image of that death I crave.

## O R I G I N A L.

\*\*\*

## MARINO.

O DEL Silentio figlio, e de la Notte,  
 Padre di vaghe imăginate forme,  
 Sonno gentil, per le cui tacit' orme  
 Son l'alme al Ciel d'Amor spesso condotte!

Hor che'n grembo à le lievi ombre interrotte  
 Ogni cor (fuor che'l mio) riposa, e dorme;  
 L'Herebo oscuro, al mio pensier conforme  
 Lascia ti prego, e le Cimmerie grotte.

E vien col dolce tuo tranquillo oblio,  
 E col bel volto, in ch'io mirar m'appago,  
 A consolar il vedovo desio :  
 Che, se'n te la sembianza onde son vago,  
 Non m'è dato goder, godrò pur io  
 De' la morte, che bramo, almen l'imago.

## TRANSLATION.

ooo

## SONNET.

To go, yet stay, and staying to be gone,  
 To leave the heart within another's breast,  
 To sigh, lament, nor yet know why we moan,  
 To die with grief, without Death's peaceful rest;

To pine with hope, to languish with desire,  
 To feed the fancy with past scenes of bliss,  
 To lose the joys which truth might still inspire,  
 To fall from Heav'n to torture's deep abyss;

To trust suspicion, and the truth deny,  
 In hollow caves, and desert wilds to lie,

To senseless rocks our hapless state to tell;

Endless to call each minute of an hour;

This is that absence, whose relentless pow'r

Subdues the soul, and makes our life a Hell.

O R I G I N A L.

\*\*\*

## MARINO.

GIRE, e restarsi, e n'el restar partire,  
 Partir senz'alma, e gir con l'alma altrui,  
 Languir, dolersi, e non saper di cui,  
 E morir di dolor senza morire.

Struggerfi di speranza, e di desire,  
 Pascer sol di memoria i pensier fui,  
 Havere un core, e dipartirlo in dui,  
 Cader dal Ciel nel fondo del martire?

Prender le solitudini a diletto,  
 Narrare a i fordi boschi il duolo interno;  
 Negare il vero, e credere al sospetto;  
 Chiamar de l'hore ogni momento eterno,  
 Questo è quel mal che Lontananza è detto,  
 Morte de l'alme, e de la vita Inferno.

TRANS-

## TRANSLATION.

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## SONNET.

LASH on thy loit'ring steeds, before the time,  
 Fair goddess! quit the bosom of the night,  
 Since nor high noon, nor morning's rosy prime,  
 Like thee can give me comfort, or delight!

And let the leader of the starry train,  
 Hesperus, yielding to my tender pray'r,  
 Encamp his bands along the azure plain,  
 Chearing the horrors of the darken'd air:

Arise, O moon! my faithful guide arise,  
 And o'er the regions of the vaulted skies  
 O deign to shed thy mild propitious ray!  
 Thou from the sun, which feeds thy silver beams,  
 Shalt light and life receive in copious streams,  
 I from those eyes which turn my night to day.



## O R I G I N A L.

\*\*\*

## MARINO.

SFERZA i pigri giovenchi, e innanzi l'ora  
 Sorgi d'Abisso o de la notte negra  
 Candida Dea : già l'alma afflitta, & egra  
 Altro sol non desia, non altro Aurora.

Tragga pria de l'usato Hespero fora  
 Per gli campi del Ciel la greggia integra  
 De le luci minute, e l'aria allegra  
 Squarci l'ombroso vel, che la scolora.

Sorgi, non più indugiar, deh sorgi meco  
 Mia fida scorta; e con tua fronte adorna  
 Il mondo alluma tenebroso, e cieco;  
 Tu te n'andrai le'nargentate corna  
 A specchiar nel tuo Sole, io verrò teco  
 A veder quel, che le mie notti aggiorna.

## TRANSLATION.

C O O O

## SONNET.

WHILE in sweet descant o'er the golden string  
 The Hebrew youth his flying fingers drew,  
 The tortur'd mind of Judah's envious king  
 From its accustom'd pangs some respite knew;

And while the Thracian bard, in plaintive strains,  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his tuneful shell,  
 The guilty souls were loosen'd from their chains,  
 And music sooth'd th' avenging powers of Hell:

But now, when leaving the star-spangled sphere,  
 With heav'nly sounds this seraph strikes my ear,  
 How can I still increasing anguish prove?  
 Is it, that heav'nly harmony can fail,  
 To lull our cares, when earthly sounds prevail?  
 Or that Hell sooner is appeas'd than Love?

ORIGINAL.

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## MARINO.

QUALHOR la mano in sù la cetra d'orò,  
 Il giovinetto Hebreo, dolce movea,  
 Il tormentato Rè de la Giudea  
 Da l'ufato flagel prendea ristorò.

E mentre che col pettine canoro  
 Il Tracè inervi armonici battea,  
 Tregua a gli affanni o refrigeriò liavea,  
 De l'alme ree lo sconsolato choro.

Et hor, che'n terra oltre mortal concento,  
 Spirto di Ciel foavemente cria,  
 Laffò, ond' avien, che maggior pena io sento?  
 O men c'humana angelica armonia  
 Dirò che possa, ò ch' al' altrui tormento,  
 Più l'Inferno, ch'Amor placabil fia.

TRANS-

## TRANSLATION.

## SONNET.

I FEEL, but dare not own *two* flames so bright,  
 That both in silence undistinguish'd shine,  
 But like Heav'n's piercing fires, too swift for fight,  
 Consume within, but leave no outward sign.

What though my looks, my sighs suppress, in vain  
 The *blended* ardour would of *each* impart,  
 The bashful blush, in Fear's oppressive reign,  
 Flies from my cheek, and centers in my heart.

Thus do I trembling freeze when most I glow,  
 Unhappy me ! for, who relief can show  
 To *double* pangs, unseen by mortal eye?  
 Then let this suff'ring bosom still be made  
 The silent urn, where *either* hope is laid,  
 While in that tomb, the *mingled* ashes lie.

ORIGINAL.

0033

MARINO.

ARDO, ma non ardisco il chiuso ardore  
 De l'alma aprir, che tacito cocente  
 Quasi invisibil fulmine cadente,  
 Dentro mi strugge, e non appar di fore.

Ben ne gli sguardi, e ne' sospiri Amore  
 L'arfura palefar cerca sovente:  
 Ma vinta dal timor la fiamma ardente  
 Fugge dal volto, e si concentra al core.

Così tremo, & agghiaccio, ove la mia  
 Face più avampa, hor, chi (misero!) aspetto,  
 Ch'è non veduto mal rimedio dia?  
 Soffri, e taci ò mio cor, fatto ricetta  
 Di sì bel foco, incenerisci, e sia  
 De le ceneri tue, sepolcro il petto.

## T R A N S L A T I O N .

0000

## SONNET.

MAN, wretched man, the moment he is born  
 To breathe this life, where miseries abound,  
 Opens his eyes to tears e'er to the morn,  
 And feels the fwathings which his limbs fur-  
 round :

No more an infant in his mother's arms,  
 The scourge of discipline his youth sustains,  
 His manhood, harrafs'd with more stern alarms,  
 Of love and fortune groans beneath the chains :

What pangs prolong'd succeed, what deaths de-  
 lay'd !

While on the bending crutch he leans for aid,  
 As weak as when he left his mother's womb ;  
 The narrow grave atlength concludes his woes :  
 Thus, with a sigh, the mournful theme I close ;  
 One step unites the cradle to the tomb.

## O R I G I N A L.

COCO

## MARINO.

APRE l'huomo infelice allhor, che nafce  
 In questa vita di miferie piena  
 Pria ch'al Sol, gli occhi al pianto: e nato appena  
 Và prigionier frà le tenaci fasce.

Fanciullo poi, che non più latte il pafce,  
 Sotto rigida sferza i giorni mena:  
 Indi in età più ferma, e più ferena  
 Trà Fortuna, & Amor more, e rinafce.

Quante pofcia foflien trifto, e mendico  
 Fatiche, e morti infin che curuo, e laffo  
 Appoggia a debil legno il fianco antico?  
 Chiude al fin le fue fpoglie angufto faffo  
 Ratto cofi, che fofpirando io dico,  
 Da la cuna à la tomba è un breve paffo.

## TRANSLATION.

0000

## SONNET.

SEE, from the waves the sun's bright chariot rise,  
 And with those beams my parting hour behold;  
 Lilla, if love its ardour still supplies,  
 Let our fond tidings in a sigh be told:

And as by paths unknown beneath the main  
 Her lov'd Alphæus Arethusa meets;  
 So while the load of absence we sustain,  
 Our thoughts shall mix with undiminish'd  
 sweets:

Thus two far distant stars their courses trace,  
 In diff'rent orbs through Heav'n's divided space,  
 Yet oft in gentlest aspect are combin'd;  
 Above the foil thus separated grow  
 Two kindred plants, while still their roots below,  
 If not their branches, will an union find.



## O R I G I N A L.

C. 263

## MARINO.

**GIA'** fuor de l'onde il Sol 'sferza i destrieri,  
 Ecco del mio partir l'ora, che giunge,  
 Lilla, intanto s'Amor ne scalda, e punge,  
 Sieno i fidi sospir nostri corrieri.

- E come per incogniti sentieri  
 Con Aretusa Alfeo si ricongiunge;  
 Così, mentre viuranno i corpi lunge,  
 A visitarfi tornino i pensieri.

Spesso due stelle in Ciel destre, e felici,  
 Se ben per vario sito il corso fanno,  
 Scontranfi almen con lieti aspetti amici:

E due piante talhor divise stanno,  
 Ma sotterra però con le radici,  
 Se non co'rami, a ritrovarsi vanno.

## TRANSLATION.

\*\*\*

## SONNET.

THE hill, the vale, the shady grove, and stream,  
 Where oft my steps unknowingly have stray'd,  
 Still shall I seek by day, by night shall dream  
 On ev'ry valley, with each stream, and shade :

Where happy waters glide, or hillocks rise,  
 My former scenes of joy I still behold ;  
 Love still presents them to my doating eyes,  
 And whisper'd sighs in ev'ry gale are told :

Here the remembrance of that blissful hour  
 Returns, when Daphne own'd love's pleasing pow'r,  
 And with her blooming charms resign'd her  
 heart ;

Where'er I turn my steps, or cast my view,  
 T' inhale their fragrance, or admire their hue,  
 Groves, plants, and flow'rets new delight im-  
 part.

## O R I G I N A L.

6600

## MARINO.

A quest'olmo, à quest'ombre, & à quest'onde  
 Ove per uso ancor torno sovente,  
 Eterno i' deggio: & haurò sempre in mente  
 Quest'antro, questa selua, e queste fronde.

In voi sol felici acque, amiche sponde  
 Il mio passato ben, quasi presente,  
 Amor mi mostra: e del mio foco ardente  
 Trà le vostre fresche aure i semi asconde.

Quà di quel lieto dì soave riede  
 La rimembranza: allhor, che la mia Clori  
 Tutta in dono se stessa, e'l cor mi diede.  
 Già spirar sentò herbette intorno, e fiori  
 Ovunque, ò fermi il guardo, ò mova il piede  
 De l'antiche dolcezze ancor gli odori.

## TRANSLATION.

0000

## SONNET.

O THOU who rovest without guide, or dread,  
 The willing mind attracting with delight,  
 The radiant footsteps of desire to tread,  
 And takest from my heart thy secret flight:

Through paths unseen, to join my distant fair,  
 With thee I go, to calm my restless grief;  
 And while love's wings support me through the air,  
 By stealth obtain in absence some relief:

Benign preserver! by whose fond disguise  
 Afflicting truth no longer meets my eyes,

I feel thy flatt'ring aid, with pity fraught;  
 Led by thy theft I live, and if I know  
 One momentary gleam of bliss, I owe  
 To thee alone the boon, enchanting thought!

O R I G I N A L .

\*\*\*

## MARINO.

PEREGRINO pensier, ch'ardito, e folo  
 Trahendo ovunque vai l'anima accorta  
 Dietro al vago desio, che ti fa scorta,  
 Dal fondo del mio cor ti lievi à volo.

Teco ne vengo, e per sottrarmi al duolo,  
 Giunto al mio ben, per via spedita, e corta  
 Di là, dove sù l'ali Amor mi porta,  
 A le gran fani mie qualch'esca involo.

O fido fchermo à gli amorosi affauni,  
 Me come dolce ombrando à gli occhi il vero,  
 Pietosamente infidioso inganni,  
 De'tuoi furti mi vivo, e s'io non pero,  
 S'ho conforto à i martir, ristoro a'danni,  
 Tutto è sol tua mercè, caro pensiero!

## T R A N S L A T I O N.

0339

## SONNET.

THE dawn appear'd, and from his silver hair  
 The star of morning shook the glitt'ring dew;  
 While Flora scatter'd through the perfum'd air  
 Such flow'rs in heav'nly Paradise as grew:

The skies their sapphire to the waves convey'd,  
 The waves their em'ralsds on the skies bestow'd;  
 And as they both their blended beams display'd,  
 A sea the sky, the sky an ocean, shew'd:

Beneath night's veil a smile of joy was spread,  
 The changeful pearl, the ruby's blushing red,  
 The shores, the rocks, the vaulted caves illumine;  
 With them my Lilla caught my ravish'd sight;  
 Whence can, I said, each object of delight,  
 But from her charms, their sweeter tint assume?

## O R I G I N A L.

\*\*\*

## MARINO.

SPUNTAVA l'alba, e'l rugiadoso crine  
 Già la stella d'Amor sparso cogliea,  
 E già grembi di fior, nembi di brine  
 Dal celeste balcon Clori scotea.

Le cerulee bellezze, e matutine  
 Il mar da'l ciel, il ciel da'l mar prendea ;  
 E tranquillo, e feren senza confine  
 Un mar il ciel, un ciel il mar pareo ;

Ridea l'horror caliginoso, e cicco,  
 Era di perle, e di zaffiri adorno  
 Ogni lido, ogni scoglio, & ogni speco.  
 Quando à me Lilla mia fece ritorno,  
 E dissi, hor chi menar potea mai seco  
 Altri, che'l mio bel Sol, sì lieto giorno?

TRANS-

## TRANSLATION.

## SONNET.

**T**HE day she left her mortal mansion cold;  
 Heav'n op'd, enrich'd, its everlasting gates;  
 While Earth disclos'd her marble jaws, to hold  
 That form, whose loss her poverty creates:  
 Farewell, said Earth, and leave this world forlorn,  
 To me, in clouds of darkness unremov'd;  
 Go, to salute thy Heav'n's ambrosial morn,  
 None like thyself have I bewail'd, or lov'd:  
 Come, Heav'n exclaim'd, to that paternal light,  
 Whose beam for ever pure, for ever bright,  
 Is God's own shadow, and admits no shade;  
 The stars I saw in glitt'ring orbs rejoice,  
 Each element I heard in varied voice,  
 While Earth its sorrow, Heav'n its joy, display'd.



## O R I G I N A L.

## MARINO.

QUEL dì, che fciolta dal suo fragil velo  
 De'bei membri s'uscìo l'alma ben nata,  
 Quinci la Terra apprissi, e quindi il Cielo,  
 L'un ricco; e l'altra de'fuoi fregi orbata.

Vattene (quella disse) e'l mondo in gelo  
 Lascia, e me sol d'eterne ombre velata:  
 Ch'altra mai de la tua con maggior zelo  
 Non fie spoglia da me pianta, & amata.

Vientene (questo) e ne' profondi abissi  
 De la gloria t'interna, e ne gli ardenti  
 Raggi del Sol, che non conosce ecclissi.  
 Allhor rider le stelle, e gli elementi  
 Turbarfi io vidi: e quinci, e quindi udiſſi  
 L'una pianti formar, l'altro concenti.

FROM

*MARINO:*

THUS through the lifts of life, the simple soul,  
 Like Atalanta, to the destin'd goal  
 Pursues her course, with still increasing pace,  
 Eager to gain the glories of the race:  
 But flatt'ring sense, with her delusive sway,  
 Allures the racer from the path to stray,  
 While o'er the plain at intervals is hurl'd  
 That golden apple, which is call'd the World.

---

Per l'arringo mortal, nova Atalanta,  
 L'anima peregrina e simplicetta  
 Corre veloce, e con spedita pianta,  
 De'l gran viaggio a'l termine s'affretta;  
 Ma spesso il corso suo stornar si vanta  
 Il senso adulator, che à se l'alletta,  
 Con l'oggetto piacevole e giocondo  
 Di questo pomo d'or, che nome na mondo.

## TO ECHO,

FROM

MARINO.

O THOU, whose voice oracular is heard  
 Within these glooms, sweet spirit of the woods,  
 Who dwellest 'mid these shades, thyself of sound  
 A fleeting shadow; thou, who, 'mid th' abodes  
 Where lurk in darkness the ferocious tribes,  
 Complaining still pursue'st thy flying love!  
 Light wand'ring sylph, unhappy whisp'ring  
 breeze!

Faint image of an accent not thy own;

Oracolo de' boschi,  
 Anima de le selue,  
 Cittadina de l'ombre, ombra sonante:  
 Tu che per entro i foschi  
 Alberghi de le belue  
 Segui il fugace tuo querula amante,  
 Lieve spirito errante,  
 Stridul' aura infelice,  
 De l'altrui parlar vago  
 Invisibile imago,

To

To fight impervious, inmate of these wilds !—  
 If in my sorrows thy compassion bears  
 A friendly part, O listen to my words.

Lift to my words, from that low bending rock ;  
 But what to thee my faithful heart reveals,  
 Tell not to others ; while in broken tones,  
 Stripp'd of thy living form, thou dost receive  
 The parting sound ; but if that sound be dear,  
 Preserve it undivulg'd, and let that rock,  
 In whose sepulchral vault thy griefs are clos'd,

De gl'inhospiti horrori habitatrice ;  
 Se del mio duol ti dole  
 Odi le mie parole.

Le mie parole ascolta

Da quest' ombrosa grotta ;  
 Ma non ridire altrui ciò ch'io ragiono.  
 Tu da le membra sciolta  
 Voce flebile, e rotta  
 Accogli pur de le mie voci il suono.  
 Ma se care ti sono,  
 Teco le chiudi, e ferba ;  
 E questa pietra oscura,  
 Ch'a te fù sepoltura,  
 E de la pena tua grave, & acerba

From

From side to side resounding till they sink,  
Afford my woes a monumental rest !

Not that my grief may undisclos'd remain,  
Or what I feel from unrelenting love  
May rest unknown, but, that a wretch like me,  
May not offend that cruel Heav'n, which smiles  
At sounds so piteous ; nor that 'mid the tribes  
Of joy, this lamentable voice should pierce  
Intrusive, and disturb their cheerful blifs,

---

Ancor freme e rimbomba,  
Del mio dolor sia tomba.

Non perche'l mio cordoglio  
Resti occulto, e secreto,  
E l'altrui ferità non si rivele ;  
Misero, ma non voglio,  
S'è del mio mal sì lieto.  
Ferir con suon pietoso il Ciel crudele ;  
Nè che triste querele  
Vadan trà gente allegra  
Turbando l'altrui festa

With sad remembrance ;—here then, 'mid the  
 gloom  
 Of these deep horrors, without joy, or hope,  
 Let us united pour our mutual moan.

FROM

*M A R I N O :*

BALLETTO DELLE MUSE.

To her, then love advanc'd ;—not *that* *debas'd*  
 By vice plebeian, who directs his shafts  
 To wound the vulgar low-born tribes of earth,  
 From luxury and sloth enervate sprung,

---

Con memoria sì mesta  
 Quì dunque quì trà l'ombra opaca, e negra  
 Fuor di gioia, e di speme  
 Stiamo piangendo insieme.

---

A LEI ne venne Amore ; Amore il figlio,  
 Non quel vile, e plebeo,  
 Ch'à la gente villana il cor faetta,  
 De l'immonda lascivia infame parto,

In

In stealth impure; the naked archer train'd  
 To foul deceits, 'mid beasts of rapine nurs'd;  
 A child in shape, not age; a blinded lynx;  
 A smiling infant with a giant's frown;  
 Misguiding spirit, tyrant fierce, whose strength  
 Usurps fair reason's throne, and o'er the will  
 Lords it supreme; assassin of all good,  
 Subtile magician, whose fell pow'r can change  
 The human form divine; a serpent's sting,  
 Distilling venom through the fostering breast  
 With wound conceal'd, which to the sufferer brings

---

De l'otio human licentioso allievo.  
 Garzon nato di furto,  
 Nutrito trà le fere, Arciero ignudo,  
 Lunfighiero fallace,  
 Attempato fanciul, Cieco Cerviero,  
 Pargoletto benigno, e fier Gigante,  
 Spiritello vagante, empio Tiranno,  
 Ch'usurpandosi il seggio  
 De la ragione oppressa,  
 Signoreggia le voglie, il senno uccide:  
 Mago sagace, à trasformar possente  
 Le divine sembianze,  
 Angue, che accolto in seno  
 Spira mortal veleno,  
 Piaga, ch'ascosa in petto

Mortal

Mortal delight : the flame, which shining burns ;  
 Alluring poison ; pestilence, whose fumes  
 Intoxicate the heart ; — above controul,  
 Each sense corrupting, and whose foul assaults  
 Break through the bonds of justice, and of law ;  
 Unsated passion, fire of fatal pride,  
 Artificer of fraud, whom madness drives  
 To headlong fury, on whose footsteps tread  
 Repentance, anguish, and ignoble shame—  
 But, *that*, which born in Heav'n, amid the spheres  
 Resides ; chaste suppliant, of bashful mein,

Reca mortal diletto,  
 Fiamma, che luce, e coce,  
 Tosco, che piace, e noce,  
 Peste de l'alme, ebrietà de' cori  
 Corrottela de' sensi  
 Passion violenta,  
 Sozza violatrice  
 Del lecito, e del giusto,  
 Smoderato appetito :  
 Padre di vanità, fabro d'errori.  
 Furor precipitoso, infanzia ingorda,  
 Del cui libero piè seguon la traccia  
 Pentimento, e vergogna :  
 Ma quel, che nacque in Cielo,  
 Cittadin de la Sfere,

Whose



Whose down-cast eye in speaking silence pleads,  
 And gains, ere utter'd, its deserv'd request :  
 Firm friend of concord, and ingenuous faith ;  
 Wing'd youth, who from the earth each grov'ling  
     thought  
 Exalts ; the god of wonders, who in bonds  
 Indissoluble binds consenting hearts ;  
 Courteous dispenser of all lawful bliss ;  
 Inspiring guide of ev'ry good desire,  
 Illuminator of each turbid thought,  
 Beneath whose sway unbridled passion bows,  
 And ev'ry ardour, ill-enkindled, cools ;

---

Nume casto, e pudico,  
 Amico di concordia, e d'honestate,  
 Alato giovinetto,  
 Che da terra solleva i pigri ingegni,  
 Dio de le meraviglie,  
 Ch'in forte nodo alme discordi accoppia,  
 Dispensiero cortese  
 Di legittime gioie,  
 Imperador de' nobili desiri,  
 Illustrator de' nobili pensieri,  
 Regulator de gli sfrenati affetti,  
 Temperator de' mali accesi ardori,

The gen'rous virtue, undiffembled with  
 For what is like *itself*, is *good* and *fair* :  
 Afylum of all heartfelt peace, the tie  
 Of kindred spirits, union of their wills ;  
 Joy of the universe, restorer bland  
 Of nature, and support of all that lives,  
 In one unbroken chain : Phoenix unfeign'd,  
 Who from its ashes springs to life renew'd,  
 And is at once another, and the same :  
 Constant rotation of incessant forms,  
 Comfort of mortals, and delight of gods.

---

Generosa virtù, puro desio  
 Del simile, e del bello,  
 Dolce innesto de' corpi,  
 Santa pace de' Cori.  
 Sacro giogo, e legame  
 De l'anime gentili,  
 Union de' voleri,  
 Piacer de l'universo,  
 Ristoro di Natura,  
 Sostegno de' viventi,  
 De gl'huomini trastullo, e degli Dei.

## MARINO.

Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum  
 Tradidit, ille tuum dici se jactat alumnum,  
 Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores,  
 Mollis et Ausonias, stupefecit carmine nymphas.

MILTONUS AD MANSUM.

## TRANSLATION.

To thy protection soon the learned Muse  
 Gave her sweet-voic'd Marino; he with boast  
 Confesses thee his master; he who sung  
 The long-protracted loves of Syrian gods,  
 And charm'd th' Ausonian virgins with his lays.

---

Go now, ye tribes of frigid critics! ye  
 Who like faint shadows, from the sun can trace  
 No outline, save where body's cumbrous mass  
 Affords you scope for servile judgment; ye,  
 Vain sons of Echo! whose repeated voice  
 Enfeebled, speaks not till it hears a sound;  
 In silence sink; or raise your envious scream,  
 Like chatt'ring pies, at Jove's majestic bird,  
 Or the soft murmur of th' Idalian dove;  
 'Tis Milton speaks, who, like the sun, destroys  
 The feeble glimmer of the distant stars,  
 And soars beyond the eagle's boldest flight;  
 Yet gentle as the breeze o'er Eden's vale  
 That blows, can vie with its most tuneful stream:  
 'Tis Milton's hand, which on Marino's brow  
 The laurel binds, and by deserved praise,  
 Stamps worth on others, and confirms his own.

SONNET,

## SONNET, FROM PETRARCH.

LASCIATA HAI MORTE.

DEATH ! thou the world without a fun hast left  
 Cold, dark, and cheerless, Love disarm'd and  
 blind ;

Beauty of charms, and Grace of pow'r bereft,  
 And leav'st me only my afflicted mind :

See, captive truth, and virgin softness fade,  
 I grieve alone, nor only ought to grieve ;  
 Since Virtue's fairest flow'r thy spoil is made,  
 The prime worth lost, what second can retrieve ?

Let earth, air, sea, their common woes bemoan,  
 Mankind lament, which, now its boast is flown,  
 A gemless ring, a flow'rless mead appears ;  
 The world possessest, nor knew its treasure's pride,  
 I knew it well, who here in grief abide,  
 And Heav'n, which owes its beauty to my tears.

SONNET,

## SONNET, FROM PETRARCH:

QUEL ROSSIGNIUL,

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET mourner thou ! who in thy artless tone  
 Pouring the sorrows of thy swelling throat,  
 Haply thy mate, or infant brood to moan,  
 Fillest the air with pity's thrilling note :

Here each long night I listen to thy tale,  
 While harpy thoughts each racking grief re-  
 new ;

I, who my own fond error only wail,  
 Not thinking death a goddess could subdue :

Vain hope ! Deceit's inevitable prey,  
 Those eyes are sunk in damp neglected clay,  
 Which equal splendor might with Phœbus  
 boast :

Now am I grown by sad misfortune wife,  
 And know too truly by my tears and sighs,  
 That least is lasting which we doat on most.

## SONNET, FROM PETRARCH:

AMOR; CHE VEDI.

LOVE! thou who see'st each inmost thought display'd,

Each step I take with thee my only guide,  
O let thine eyes this panting breast pervade,  
Reveal'd to thee, but clos'd to all beside!

Thou know'st what toils, pursuing thee, are past,  
While still from height to height thy pennons  
soar,

Nor deign'st one pitying look on me to cast,  
Who wearied, fainting, can pursue no more:

I see from far the mildly-beaming ray,  
To which thou pointest through a pathless way,  
But I, like thee, can spread no wings to fly;  
From humble thought then let me draw content,  
In distant homage let my life be spent,  
Nor she be' offended that for her I sigh.

SONNET,

## SONNET, FROM PETRARCH.

ARBOR VITTORIOSO.

TREE of triumphant victory ! whose leaf  
 For bards and heroes forms the glorious crown,  
 How many days of blended joy and grief  
 Have I from thee, through life's short passage  
 known ?

Lady most noble ! who in Virtue's field  
 Reapest unrivall'd honour, all thy care ;  
 To thee must Love his arts insidious yield,  
 Whose calm discretion sees, and scorns the snare.

The pride of birth, with all that here we hold  
 Most precious, sparkling gems or massy gold,  
 Abject alike in thy regard appear ;  
 Nay e'en thy charms, the world's fix'd wonder,  
 raise  
 No joy in thee, but as their splendors blaze  
 From Chastity's true light, serenely clear.

SONNET,

## SONNET, FROM PETRARCH:

SE UNA FEDE AMOROSA.

If fondest faith, a heart to guile unknown,  
 Whose pleasing langour the soft wish betrays,  
 Desires that glow with temper'd flames alone ;  
 If weary wand' rings in a murky maze ;

If ev'ry thought in ev'ry feature borne,  
 Or veil'd in words which interrupted move,  
 As doubtful Fear, or bashful Hope, have worn  
 The vi'let's paleness, or the blush of love ;

If more another than myself to prize,  
 If still to weep, to heave incessant sighs,  
 To feed on passion, or in grief to pine,  
 To glow when distant, or when near to freeze,  
 If all my sufferings take their cause from these ;  
 Thine is the fault, the punishment is mine.



## SONNET, FROM PETRARCH:

GLI OCCHI' DI CH'IO.

THOSE eyes, which gave their spirit to my praise,  
 Th' angelic form, the features, and the face,  
 Above themselves my native pow'rs which raise,  
 And rank me higher than the mortal race:

The curling ringlets of that floating gold,  
 That heav'nly finile, where harmless light'ning  
 shone,  
 Where I on earth could Paradise behold,  
 Reduc'd to senseless dust, alas ! are flown :

Yet I survive, but such a life disdain,  
 Who here depriv'd of that dear light remain,  
 My bark unmailed, and my canvas torn ;  
 Here I each accent of my Muse will close,  
 Dried is the stream ; my mind no talent knows,  
 And my lyre only can in sorrow mourn.

## SONNET,

FROM

*TASSO.*

**T**HY early youth was like the bashful rose,  
 Shunning the day's too penetrative light,  
 Whose verdant leaves its future charms inclose,  
 Hiding its virgin beauties from the sight ;

Or rather didst thou seem (for nought on earth  
 Can be thy likeness) an æthereal dawn,  
 Which calls the day-spring into perfect birth,  
 Gilds ev'ry mountain, and impearls each lawn :

And now, thy years mature their pride maintain,  
 Nor youth, that boasts the triumph of her reign,  
 Commands superior, or an equal praise ;  
 Our senses thus the flow'r more grateful greets,  
 Whose ripen'd bosom breathes ambrosial sweets,  
 And the morn yields to noon's collected blaze.

## SONNET,

FROM

*DESPORTES.*

To thee, these tears I offer from my heart,  
 To calm thine anger, unrelenting Fate!

O spare my love, nor let thy lifted dart

On Beauty's empire reek thy mortal hate:

If such thy will, to shew thy cruel might,

O let my bosom with its point be torn,

Pity her charms, our wonder, and delight,

Nor leave the world in poverty to mourn:

But, if my cries must fail to reach thine ear,

And thou thy savage boast art bent to rear

O'er all that's faithful, and o'er all that's fair:

Still let her beauty grace our honour'd age,

And thou strike boldly, to content thy rage,

That perfect form which in my heart I bear.

SONNET,

## SONNET, FROM PETROCCHI.

I ASK'D of Time, "To whom was rear'd the mass,  
 " Whose ruins now thou crumblest with the  
 foil?"

He answer'd not, but fiercer shook his glass,  
 And flew with swifter wing to wider spoil:

I ask'd of Fame, "O thou! whose breath supplies  
 " Life to high works of wonder, Whose re-  
 mains——"

Abash'd to earth she bent her mournful eyes,  
 Like one who sighing silently complains:

Lost in amaze, I turn'd my steps aside,  
 When o'er each heap I saw Oblivion stride,  
 With haughty mein, denoting fix'd design;  
 "Thou then (I cry'd) canst tell, ah! deign de-  
 clare:"

Stern she reply'd, and thunder shook the air,  
 "Whose once it was, I reckon not,—now, 'tis  
 mine."

## SONNET,

To HENRY the IVth of FRANCE.

FROM BERTAUD.

SUCH fame exalted never didst thou gain,  
 When o'er the field the blood of thousands  
 flow'd;  
 Or when the Muses, in their boldest strain,  
 Their crown of glory on thy deeds bestow'd ;  
 As thou shalt gain long life, in ev'ry heart  
 Where faith and love shall glow with righteous  
 praise,  
 Shewing thou warrest on Religion's part,  
 The cause of Heav'n by victory to raise :  
 Pursue, great prince ! the tenour of thy fate,  
 Crush all opposers to thy tranquil state,  
 While discord sinks beneath thy thund'ring  
 car ;  
 Pursue, and let thy glories still increase ;  
 Make thou Him triumph in the smiles of peace,  
 Who made thee triumph o'er the frowns of war.

SONNET,

FROM

GIROLAMO PRETI.

Sun! of that sun the source, whose lucid stream  
On each revolving star its ray bestows;  
O Thou, to bear whose penetrating beam  
Their wings, as veils; the seraphim oppose;

Dispel these clouds, disperse that icy cold,  
Which blind my sight, which turn my heart  
to stone;

For since these earthly charms mine eyes behold,  
Cool to thy flames, I burn in their's alone:

These sighs, which now proceed from foul desire,

O let thy grace, with purifying fire,

Melt into tears of penitence and pray'r;

Thus from the briny main those vapours rise,

Which, charg'd with tempest, darken all the skies,

Then fall in fertile show'rs, and cleanse the air.

## SONNET, FROM BOSSUET,

IN HIS LATIN PREFACE TO THE CANTICLES.

AVAUNT, ye race whom truth and reason spurn,  
 Low tribes! who none but poison'd pleasures  
 know;  
 Attend, chaste spirits! ye, whose bosoms burn  
 With brighter flames, from purer love which  
 glow;  
 Ye too attend, interpreters divine!  
 Ye, who on themes sublime your pow'rs em-  
 ploy;  
 Whose thoughts the meaner sense of man refine,  
 Nor check the rapture of angelic joy:

Thus

---

Procul hinc illi, qui terrena sapiunt, animales, spiritum non  
 habentes: adsint casti castæque, qui sanctum amorem spirent,  
 deoque, qui est charitas, adhærescant: accedant boni sanctique  
 interpretes, qui non se immergant carnalibus, sed qui amorum  
 humanorum sensus et voluptates, ut periti musci chordas, levi  
 digito

Thus minstrels, masters of harmonic lore,  
 With temper'd touch the choral chords explore,  
 Nor press presumptuous on the warbled lay;  
 Thus with a foot which leaves unmark'd the  
 ground,  
 The roes of Hermon o'er the vallies bound,  
 Then 'mid the mountain woods, in secret stray.

*digito pulsant, tantum ut amoris divini suavissimum sonum  
 eliciant; qui, ut hoc quoque ex Canticis sumamus, caprearum  
 cervorumque more, vix pede terram attingant, mox transilient  
 sensus humanos, atque ad excelsa se efferant.*

BOSSUET, Præf. in Cantic. t. I. p. 509.

Edit. Paris, 1772. qto.



## SONNET,

FROM THE ITALIAN.

NYSA, 'tis true, my peace of mind is flown,  
 No more can I conceal my deep distress;  
 O thou, on whom my bliss depends alone,  
 I fear thy truth, and thus my fears confess:

But fears, perhaps, are false;—yet tell me why,  
 Why is Amintas ever at thy side?  
 Why bent on him is still that anxious eye,  
 And what those whispers thou wouldst wish to  
 hide?

Still I may err; and these, the signs of love,  
 Though such they seem, may still fallacious  
 prove,—

Yet such the mutual tokens once we knew;  
 Fain would I trust thee;—but this tortur'd heart  
 If thou canst see, and pityless depart——

Alas, I am betray'd! my fears are true!—

TRANS-

## TRANSLATION.

## SONNET.

THOU virgin rose ! whose op'ning leaves so fair  
 The dawn has nourish'd with her balmy dew ;  
 While softest whispers of the morning air  
 Call'd forth the blushes of thy vermeil hues.  
 That cautious hand, which cropp'd thy youthful  
 pride,  
 Transplants thy honors, where from death se-  
 cure,  
 Stripp'd of each thorn offensive to thy side,  
 Thy nobler part alone shall bloom mature.  
 Thus, thou, a flow'r, exempt from change of skies,  
 By storms, and torrents unaffail'd, shalt rise,  
 And scorn the winter colds, and summer heats :  
 A guard more faithful now thy growth shall tend,  
 By whom thou may'st in tranquil union blend  
 Eternal beauties, with eternal sweets.

O R I G I N A L .

C 4000

## METASTASIO.

LEGGIADRA rosa, le cui pure foglie  
 L'alba educò con le soavi brine,  
 E la cui le molli aurette mattutine  
 Fero a vermiglio colorar le spoglie,

Quella provvida man, che al fuol ti toglie,  
 Vuol trasportarti ad immortal confine,  
 Ove spogliata delle ingiuste spine,  
 Sol la parte miglior di te germoglie.

Così fior diverrai, che non soggiace  
 All'acqua, al gelo, al vento, ed allo scelerato  
 D'una stagione volubile, e fugace;  
 E a più sodo cultor possa in governo  
 Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace  
 Ad eterna bellezza odore eterno.

TRANS-

## T R A N S L A T I O N.

ooo

## SONNET. IV.

NOT thee, O Hymen ! fabled god, I hail,  
 Nor ask thy fancied torch, and garland vain ;  
 Nor her, whom Greece with legendary tale  
 Has feign'd the produce of the foaming main :

But thee alone, celestial, sacred Love !  
 To guard the royal couch, I suppliant call ;  
 Thee, by whose laws the constellations move,  
 And order governs this terrestrial ball.

Thrice happy pair ! with ev'ry grace endow'd ;  
 Still in your race let Italy be proud,  
 And each new hero swell her former fame :  
 Thus shall we both in noble strife contend,  
 Whilst we on you, for ev'ry hope depend,  
 And you surpass the boldest hope we frame.

## O R I G I N A L.

1773

## METASTASIO.

Non delle nozze il favoloso Nume  
 Col finto ferto, o la fognata face  
 Non lei, che figlia delle false spume  
 Finse la Grecia garrula, e mendace,

Ma te d'intorno alle reali piume  
 Te solo invoco, o santo Amor verace;  
 Te, per cui prendon gli astri ordine, e lume  
 E stan le sphere, e gli elementi in pace.

E voi sposi felici a prò di noi  
 Rendete ormai del glorioso seme  
 Superba Italia per novelli Eroi.  
 Contenderem con bella gara insieme;  
 Noi riponendo ogni speranza in voi;  
 Voi superando ognor la nostra speme.

## S O N N E T,

FROM

*CARLO MAGGI.*

THROUGH each effect to one great cause of all  
 The mind well taught its contemplation bends;  
 And him alone the truly wise I call,

Who to the Worker from the work ascends :

To teach his chosen all things HE controuls,  
 Whose word fix'd Fate, and changing Chance  
 obeys ;

Father of light ! upon their righteous souls

He pours the splendor of his hallow'd rays :

The clouds He brightens of the heart unwise,  
 Where, then he gives his radiant form to rise,

As the sun's presence the Parhelia prove ;

From Him proceeds, to Him returns each ray,  
 And while his fear to Wisdom opes the way,

Her last best Knowledge is to know his love.

## S O N N E T,

FROM

*CARLO MAGGI.*

HOPE, fairest blossom, antedated flow'r  
 Of that eternal bliss which shall be giv'n;  
 Offspring of Faith! whence Charity its pow'r  
 Derives, commanded by indulgent Heav'n!

Low as I am, by thy exalted worth  
 I still resign not its parental care,  
 By thy suggestion, though confin'd to earth,  
 I feel its pardon, while its grace I share:

Prest by the dangers of the world I groan,  
 Yet while thy voice is heard in Pity's tone,  
 No fears assail me, but what love destroys;  
 And O beneath th' uplifted arm of Death;  
 So let thy transports soothe my parting breath,  
 That fleeting Hope may change to endless joys.

TRANS-

## T R A N S L A T I O N .

\*\*\*

## SONNET.

ETERNAL Sun ! whose beauty and whose ray,  
 Dark with excess of splendor, blind my sight,  
 How of thyself thou art enamour'd, say,  
 And how three persons in one orb unite !

Thyself thou viewest, and with mutual flame,  
 Thy image and thyself breathe one desire,  
 Nor is thy image less than thou, the same,  
 Nor less the ardour which ye both inspire :

Of three thus one is form'd ; thyself the source,  
 The stream engender'd, and the blended course  
 Of holiest union, which alike you prove ;  
 One equal blaze distinct in three you show,  
 And still as colours paint the heav'nly bow,  
 Art each, the Lover, the Belov'd, and Love.



## O R I G I N A L.

6032

## FRANCESCO DI LEMENE.

ETTERNO fol ! che luminoso e vago,  
 Sei troppo fosco all' intelletto mio,  
 Di' come fei di te medesimo pago,  
 E trè persone una gran mente unìo ?

In te specchi te stesso, e d'arder vago,  
 De l'imgo che formi, è il tuo desio,  
 Ma non men di te stesso, è dio l'imgo,  
 Ne men l'ardore onde tu l'ami, è Dio :

Così fei fatto trino egual, ti miri  
 E quello imago, e quel beato ardore,  
 Che generi mirando ; amando spiri ;  
 In trè lumi distinto è il tuo splendore,  
 Come distinta in trè colori è un' iri,  
 E fei tu solo amante, amato, amore.

## T R A N S L A T I O N.

0000

## SONNET.

LEARN thou, my soul, by due degrees t' ascend  
 From mortal beauty to th' immortal fair,  
 Love to thy flight his fav'ring wings shall lend,  
 And Cynthia's beam her guiding light prepare:

Pas thro' three periods;—first from matter rise,  
 From frail allurements to Truth's lasting charm,  
 Whose form unbodied to the mind supplies  
 Its heav'nly radiance, holy hearts to warm:

If mounting still, thy wings unwearied soar,  
 Where Time, his scythe resigning, reigns no more,  
 Then know thou treadest where archangels trod;  
 Thence to the One supreme pursue thy course,  
 And piercing onward through the bounded source  
 Of matter, time, and number,—gaze on God.

O R I G I N A L.

\*\*\*

GIOV. GUST. FELICE ORSI.

IMPARA di salire anima mia,  
 Al sommo ben, da una beltà mortale,  
 Amore a tuoi pensieri appresta l'ale,  
 E di Cintia co i rai fegna la via;

Per trè gradi trascorri—alzati in pria  
 Da la materia, e in separar d'al frale  
 Il puro esser del bello, apprendi quale  
 L'incorporea beltà dell' alma fia:

Se più t'alzi, e lei miri in sicurtade,  
 Fuor del corpo e del tempo, alhor comprendi,  
 L'immutabile angelica beltade;  
 Quindi a l'unico bello infine ascendi,  
 Che s'oltre la materia, oltre l'etade,  
 Oltre il numero, arrivi,—Iddio già intendi.

TRANS.

## T R A N S L A T I O N.

0000

## SONNET.

T R A N S C E N D A N T Sun ! who from thyself alone  
 Derivest splendor from thy cause profound ;  
 Whose single virtue, in three forms is shown,  
 Where sense and reason sink in wonder drown'd.

Thou in thy Son conceal'd, thy Son in Thee,  
 Both in the Spirit, glow with secret fire,  
 Sole Deity supreme, diffus'd in Three,  
 Where One, without division, reigns entire :

Immense eternal Father ! Son immense,  
 Coæval, boundless, ever-flowing love !  
 “ Whose streams its waters to the Lamb dispense,  
 “ Fann'd by the plumes of Heav'n's descend-  
 ing dove ! ”

But, less I know Thee, as I think the more,  
 And more thy truth, as less I know, adore.

## O R I G I N A L.

0338

## GIOV. BATTISTA ZAPPI.

LUCIDO Sol, che non derivi altronde

Che da te stesso ampia cagion primiera

L'unica cui virtute in trè s'infonde

Per sì maravigliosa alta maniera;

Tu nel tuo figlio, il figlio in te fasconde,

Egli, e tu nello spirto, — O sola e vera

Gran deità, che il suo poter diffonde

Ma in trè diffusa in ciascun regna intera:

Eterno immenso Padre, eterno immenso

Figlio, immenso ed eterno Amor! ch'ardendo,

Nel seno d'ambiduo, sei Dio con loro;

A' voi m'inabzo, in voi m'affisso, e penso,

Ma quanto più a' voi penso, io men v'intendo,

E quanto men v'intendo, io più v'adoro.

## TRANSLATION.

0079

## SONNET ON A SONNET.

MY haughty fair a sonnet bids me make,  
 I never was in such a fright before;  
 Why—fourteen lines, they say, these sonnets take!  
 However, one by one, I've ek'd out four:  
 These rhymes, said I, I never shall complete,  
 And found the second stanza half was done!  
 If now the triplets had but all their feet,  
 These two first stanzas pretty well might run.  
 On the first triplet thus I enter bold,  
 And as it seems my speed I still may hold,  
 Since this foundation is so fairly laid:  
 Now for the second; and so well dispos'd  
 My Muse appears, that thirteen lines are clos'd;  
 Now count the whole fourteen,—the sonnet's  
 made.

This sonnet is to be found translated in DODSLEY'S COLLECTION, but it is not so exact as it might be to the original.

## O R I G I N A L.

## LOPE DE VEGA.

U<sub>N</sub> foneto me manda hacer Viólante ;  
 Que en mi vida me he visto en tal aprieto ?  
 Catorce versos dicen que es foneto ;  
 Burla burlando van los tres delante.

Yo pensè, que no hallàra consonante,  
 Y estoy à la mitad de otro quarteto ;  
 Mas si me veo en il primer terceto,  
 No hay cosa en los quartetos que me espante.

Por il primer terceto voy entrando,  
 Y aun parece que entri con pie derecho,  
 Pues fin con este verso le voy dando ;  
 Ya estoy en il segundo, y aun sospecho  
 Que voy los trece versos acabando :  
 Contad si son catorce, y està hecho.

THE  
SONG OF PLEASURE,

*FROM THE CHOICE OF HERCULES BY METASTASIO.*

YE thoughtless souls, betray'd to strife,  
Who plough the faithless sea of life;  
Your port behold, behold the nest,  
Where, safe in undisturbed rest,  
Perpetual pleasures reign :

Here each pursues, without restraint ;  
The bliss his fondest wish can paint ;  
While, plung'd in Lethe's peaceful stream,  
The mind is free from ev'ry theme  
Of sorrow, or of pain.

Let no desire of empty praise  
Your sight beguile with dazzling rays ;  
Nor lose in honour's vain career,  
The prime of youth's delightful year,  
While yet its pow'rs remain :



Life is a flow'r, whose brightest hue  
 Appears beneath the morning dew ;  
 In gaudy pride its buds arise,  
 But soon the fading blossom dies,  
 And all regrets are vain.

### THE SONG OF VIRTUE,

*FROM THE SAME.*

YE gen'rous souls, whose steps pursue  
 Bliss unpolluted, constant, true ;  
 Amid this train, by Virtue grac'd,  
 Has Happiness sincerely plac'd  
 Her everlasting feat ;

Those joys refin'd, we feel, which flow  
 Unfollied with another's woe ;  
 Which still unchang'd the mind engage,  
 And all the unavailing rage  
 Of time and chance defeat.

Remorse

Remorse here shakes no threatening dart,

No hostile fear affails the heart ;

No doubtful blushes here inflame

Our cheeks, no self-accusing flame

Defiles our pure retreat :

Flow'rs may adorn the flatt'ring way,

Where folly leads the wifh astray ;

But flow'rs conceal the faithless snare,

And fall'n, we strive with fruitless care,

To free our captive feet.

## A TRIUMPHAL SONG,

FROM THE *BETULIA LIBERATA* OF METASTASIO.

CHORUS.

PRAISE to the mighty God, whose hand  
 Hath forc'd his foes to bite the ground,  
 Hath fought for this afflicted land,  
 With triumph hath the contest crown'd.

JUDITH.

Th' Assyrian came, a countless host;  
 The Persian files their aid supply'd;  
 They meet, they march; the plains are lost;  
 They halt, they drink; the streams are dry'd.  
 Their shafts obscure the mid-day sun;  
 And Israël appall'd with fear,  
 Thought as the chief came tow'ring on,  
 Their final day of doom was near.

CHORUS;—REPEATED.

JUDITH.

JUDITH.

## JUDITH.

Fire, sword and ruin, chains and death,  
 In thund'ring voice his threats bespeak ;  
 And blasted by the cruel breath  
 Palenefs bespreads Bethulia's cheek :

But lo ! at once his daring pride  
 Is crush'd by unexpected fate ;  
 The tempest roars, the clouds subside ;  
 So disappears his baffled hate.

CHORUS ; — REPEATED.

## JUDITH.

Dispers'd, abandon'd, and forlorn,  
 Their flight the fell barbarians speed ;  
 On terror's wing Assyria's borne,  
 And wild dismay appals the Mede.

Nor were they giants, us'd t' assail  
 The stars, who deal the fatal blow ;  
 A woman's arm defenceless, frail,  
 Alone hath laid the tyrant low.

CHORUS, — REPEATED ; — CONCLUDES.

## DEGREES OF CONTEMPLATION:

FROM

NORRIS OF BEMERTON, AND BISHOP TAYLOR'S  
GREAT EXEMPLAR.

WITHIN thy inmost soul thy pow'rs withdraw,  
There think on truth, and its eternal law ;  
Let sound by silent spirit be supprest,  
Nor outward sense disturb thy inward rest :  
In heav'nly union let thy soul rejoice,  
And listen only to God's still small voice ;  
Let sacred slumbers close thy drooping eyes,  
Then wake to joy, and raptur'd ecstasies :  
Behold the substance of the fainted blest,  
Those floating forms in robes of glory drest ;  
The seraph glowing in the flame he loves,  
The cherub moving as the spirit moves\* :  
Pause on the glory of the ONE supreme,  
While darkness yet obscures the sov'reign beam ;

\* EZECHIEL.

Till the full rays be manifest display'd,  
 And thou behold him without veil or shade;  
 Then shalt thou see the splendor of his throne\*,  
 And know thy God as thou thyself art known†;  
 By knowledge shall thy bliss perpetual prove,  
 Hope yield to faith, and faith be crown'd by love.

FROM

*G R A Y.*

O T U S E V E R I.

Left in the Monastery at the Grande Chartreuse:—

Vid. MASON's Gray. 4to. p. 117.

O THOU! whose guardian pow'r amid these wilds  
 Severe is hallow'd; by whatever name  
 Best pleas'd thou hear'st, (for sure, no wanton train,  
 Oread, or Dryad, haunt these native streams,  
 These antique forests; where, 'mid sleepy rocks  
 Impervious tow'ring, cheerless summits, craggs  
 Abrupt, hoarse torrents, and a night of shade,  
 Deeper we feel the presence of a God,

\* ISAIAH.

† PAUL.

Than

Than if inshrin'd in citron dome, he shone  
 The golden wonder of some Phidian hand :)  
 Hail Thou ! and if I right invoke thee, grant  
 A way-worn youth thy placid rest to find !  
 But, if these envied feats, these holy laws  
 Of rigid silence, Fortune to my wish  
 Deny relentless, and with rapid force  
 Resorb me struggling 'mid her boist'rous waves ;  
 At least, O Father ! in some lonely spot,  
 Some unmolested hours of hoary age  
 Grant me to pass, and shelter me, secure  
 From worldly tumults, and the cares of men !

---

Blank verse, on this, as on other occasions, has been judged more proper for a translation of lyrics, either Latin or Greek ; as its measure, with the variety of pauses, is more consonant to the originals, where no rhyme was ever used.

## IDEAL WORLD:

FROM

THE DIALOGUES OF ROUSSEAU, PART. I.

ASSIST me, spirit of my guide, Rousseau!  
 While I in verse thy prose more brilliant show;  
 Thy World Idéal, deck'd with ev'ry grace  
 Of thought and language, while I strive to trace.

\* \* \* \* \*

In outward shape alike, yet not the same,  
 And wider still oppos'd in inward frame,  
 Th' Idéal World, and its transcendant race,  
 As here, their origin from Nature trace;  
 But more distinct its laws, in clearer light  
 Each scene of beauty strikes the wond'ring sight;  
 With grace more soothing, with pow'r more in-  
   tense,  
 And brighter hues, each object greets the sense:  
 So fair its nature, that an ardent love,  
 By contemplation rais'd, their bosoms prove;  
And



And while they fear in each accordant part  
 To cause disturbance, in their raptur'd heart  
 They feel the gen'rous wish, the warm desire;  
 In all, with mind harmonious to conspire:  
 Hence the soft sensibility, which lives  
 In ev'ry bosom, true delight which gives;  
 Charms to the tribes of common earth unknown,  
 Where animating fires have never shone:—  
 The passions there, as here, to action move,  
 But more direct, more efficacious prove;  
 Or less compounded, and still more refin'd,  
 Assume a purpose of superior kind:—  
 By nature all emotions tend to good,  
 And lead to right, if rightly understood,  
 Preserve our being, and advance our bliss;—  
 But if perverted, their true object miss:  
 A thousand obstacles impede their course,  
 Or turn the current from its native source;  
 To crooked paths our steps bewilder'd bend,  
 Where man forgets his nature, and his end:

Erroneous judgment, prejudice and pride,  
 Thus join, our better aims to turn aside ;  
 Hence the weak mind its first design forfakes,  
 From some light flock a new direction takes,  
 Like balls of billiards, in advent'rous play  
 Which, from the cushion driv'n, obliquely stray :  
 Not so the pond'rous mass from cannon sent,  
 Which forces onward in its first intent,  
 Pierces at once the bulwark of the place,  
 Or sinks, repell'd, inactive at the base.

These happy beings Nature thus maintains,  
 Augments their pleasure and relieves their pains,  
 Whose genuine passions constant joy produce,  
 Nor by self-love are warp'd to foul abuse ;  
 Self-love unfocial, solitary, base,  
 Where thought of others holds no friendly place,  
 Which bent on mischief, knows no brighter joy,  
 But harms itself, its rival to destroy.

When thus mankind to ev'ry virtue lost ;  
 By ev'ry storm of self, or others tost,

By

By vice assail'd, corrupted, led astray,  
 No more to truth or worth can find their way ;  
 What can the wise do more, than calm retire  
 From clouds impell'd by blasts of mad desire ?  
 Or keep his station where his lot is thrown,  
 Nor risk by change new follies of his own ?  
 The hapless race with pity he surveys ;  
 His placid bosom no resentment sways,  
 Nor seeks their malice to return with wrong,  
 But firm resists the tumult of the throng :  
 Thus 'mid the din of elemental war,  
 When Nature's germins in convulsion jar ;  
 When thunders roll, and livid lightnings fly,  
 And burst the concave of this nether sky ;  
 When ocean heaves from its profoundest bed,  
 And upturn islands rear their rifted head ;  
 When giant waves, like Titans fam'd of old,  
 Who scal'd the Heav'ns, on trembling shores are  
     roll'd,  
 Calm at his summit, Teneriffe remains,  
 Defies the storm in middle realms that reigns,

Darts into regions of impervious space,  
Nor hears the billows roaring at his base.

In this Idéal World, our race pursue,  
By diff'rent paths, the same exalted view;  
With force collected, they attentive rest,  
Till with success their firm attempt be blest;  
That state celestial, to whose joy no chance  
With adverse stroke can make them *not* advance,  
While firm remembrance in their bosom lives,  
And new supply of resolution gives:  
Hence lower objects sink beneath their care,  
Whose glowing hearts admit no chill despair;  
To one fix'd point their steady passions tend,  
No means they alter, and they change no end.

In deeds as diff'rent, as in words the same,  
In man two motives urge their rival claim;  
Unjust self-love, and love of self allow'd;  
This, gen'rous, noble,—that, ignoble, proud;

Due love of self its harmless wish would fill,  
 Self-love its good creates on other's ill;  
 That sees direct its proper bliss alone,  
 This still compares another's with its own;  
 Displeas'd within, abroad it roams in vain,  
 And counts its losses from another's gain:  
 Hence there true honour, noble truth we trace,  
 Here mean deceit, and well-deserv'd disgrace.

Observe two diff'rent youths:—in one, with  
     pride,  
 Hate, rancour, rage, and jealousy abide;  
 The other glowing with Love's gen'rous flame;  
 Their wishes equal, and their hopes the same:  
 In one his hatred may survive his love,  
 Though lost, or scorn'd, the joy he wish'd to prove;  
 On th' other's happy brow no frown appears,  
 He hates no rival, who no rival fears:  
 Not that more virtue here perhaps is known,  
 But love of virtue is more truly shown;

Nature herself still good, to good designs,  
 And virtuous deeds, her happy sons inclines ;  
 But the world's intercourse the will pollutes,  
 And what might angels be, converts to brutes ;  
 Till rooted habits base obedience yield,  
 And man with coward flight deserts the field.  
 Crimes may, alas ! in this our world appear,  
 Since virtue may, with onset so severe,  
 Be prest by passions in th' unequal fight,  
 That man may falter in his own despite ;  
 Commit the evil, and the deed detest,  
 While fell remorse with torture tears his breast ;  
 But still to cool deliberate ill a foe,  
 He feels no envy, deals no secret blow,  
 Treason and fraud exert no pois'nous art,  
 His hand is guilty, guiltless is his heart ;  
 On faults of others he compassion takes,  
 And still adores the virtue he forsakes.

No vain appearance, no external show,  
 These happy spirits boast, or wish to know ;

Whate'er

Whate'er the rank by fortune they possess,  
 They raise not higher, nay would make it less;  
 They seek not honour, but content, to find,  
 As more secure, more suited to their mind;  
 Opinion loses over them its pow'r,  
 And fickle fashion, changing with the hour;  
 True to true pleasure, wealth they set at nought;  
 Who know true pleasure never can be bought;  
 And though the rich may deal their gifts around;  
 In these the good, and not in them, is found:  
 Wealth less amass'd, flows in more equal stream,  
 Nor can the gift the guilty gain redeem:  
 But dearer far their liberty they prize,  
 Than all which may from rank or fortune rise;  
 To them dependance, with the rich man's cares,  
 The load of pomp which ceremony bears,  
 The fear to lose, the trouble to employ,  
 Would mar possession, and their bliss destroy.

By Nature thus, by reason, only bound,  
 They unsuspecting tread life's little round;

Each

Each day they pass delighting to procure  
 What may their own, or other's bliss ensure;  
 And while of men the judgment they disdain,  
 Demolish Error's mask, and break her chain.

Nor can such beings, like the rest of men,  
 Or form their thoughts, or trace them with their  
 pen;  
 Traces to those of soul congenial known,  
 Who feel the truth, and its impression own:  
 Thus mingling rays of many-colour'd light  
 Mix in one mass, and shine a perfect white;  
 From kindred founts thus flow the streams allied,  
 And blend their murmurs as they social glide;  
 Thus Arethusa, with attractive charms,  
 Receives Alphæus with enfolding arms,  
 Waits in the verdure of Sicily's plain,  
 Or meets her love beneath th' Ionian main:  
 Hence the magnetic touch, with fix'd controul,  
 Their thoughts associates to the guiding pole;  
 Baffles



Baffles light efforts of all vain pretence,  
And from the heart alone appeals to sense.

No books of lengthen'd labour they indite,  
Few would the folio's be would angels write;  
But when the object rises to their view,  
The path themselves have pointed they pursue;  
Some bright discov'ry for the use of man,  
Somet ruth important, some extensive plan;  
Some glowing picture, some aspiring fane,  
Some airy tow'r which scorns the lowly plain;  
Some brilliant phantom they by fancy see,  
Not what man is, but what man ought to be;  
Such as of old before the patriarch's eyes  
Were given in sacred slumber to arise,  
When choirs of seraphs, link'd in ardent love,  
He saw descending from their realms above;  
In circling bands awhile he saw them fly,  
He heard celestial warblings pierce the sky,  
Till re-ascending from all human sight,  
Their melting forms were lost in floods of light.

These

These are the motives which their pens engage,  
 To amend the present, warn some future age ;  
 To such, no period of appointed years,  
 The time most proper for the work, appears ;  
 But then, when glitt'ring with benignant rays,  
 The rising dawn of thought its light displays,  
 In hues more radiant than the blooming flow'rs,  
 From rosy fingers which Aurora show'rs,  
 When *she* proclaims the Sun's reviving ray,  
 And *they* announce the beam of Reason's day :  
 They seize the pen, ascend the Muse's throne,  
 And write with ardour hardly deem'd their own,  
 Themselves unconscious of the flame divine,  
 Which glows in each unlabour'd polish'd line.  
 And if no great occasion should afford  
 A cause to manifest this secret hoard,  
 Their thoughts, their works, may never spring to  
 light,  
 Absorb'd in more than dark oblivion's night ;  
 Like gems and gold, in some unfought for mine,  
 Doom'd ne'er, withdrawn from central depths,  
 to shine.

O Nature ! Providence ! O Pow'r supreme !  
 Whence flow the treasures of the poor man's dream ;  
 The firm resource to which the wretched fly,  
 When wrong and insult their keen scourge apply ;  
 He to whose heart thy holy laws are known,  
 Who makes their helps his trust, and those alone ;  
 Whose mind within enjoys a tranquil reign,  
 Whose outward form feels no attack of pain ;  
 Thanks to thy blessing, a defenceless prey  
 Can never fall to haughty human sway ;  
 In man's despite, and all by man design'd,  
 Thy blest asylum he is sure to find ;  
 By cruel hands through present life oppress'd,  
 He finds a future hope illumine his breast ;  
 Imagination present good supplies,  
 And fancy gives what real truth denies.  
 Far more :—He only tastes of real bliss,  
 Since earthly gifts, which still their purpose miss,  
 Fly from the grasp illusive, false and vain,  
 Of him, who deems they will secure remain ;

But

But no controul tyrannic can suppress  
 What friendly fancy gives them to possess ;  
 Gain without loss, entire, without alarm,  
 Where men and fortune lose the pow'r to harm.

But here, bright spirit ! who by woes oppress'd,  
 Hast gain'd at last thy state of bliss, or rest,  
 Hast join'd thy better Julia, and her friend,  
 In realms idëal, thou thyself hast penn'd ;  
 Here let me close this tributary strain,  
 With wish as ardent, as my pow'r is vain,  
 To crown thy genius with its just applause,  
 And still defend the truth, thy fav'rite cause.

## SONNET, FROM ROUSSEAU :

JULIE, LETT. 50.

CHASTE pow'r of Love ! whose steady fires refine  
 The meaner dross of man's corrupted frame ;  
 Each wand'ring wish in one fix'd hope combine,  
 Stamp'd with thy dread inviolable name :

To thy commands let Sense the reins resign,  
 Or veil its transports with thy decent flame ;  
 Whose joys conceal'd with heighten'd lustre shine,  
 As midnight fires with doubled splendor flame :

To those, whose passions undetermin'd stray,  
 Intent alone on Pleasure's worthless prey,  
 Each man is lovely, and each woman fair ;  
 True Love from all, one, only one selects,  
 That idol high above all thought erects,  
 And sinks all others far beneath its care.

## FROM THE SAME.

YE days of pleasure, days of glory ! days  
 Too exquisite for mortal lot, too bright  
 To pass so sudden ! an ecstatic trance  
 Absorb'd your whole duration, in one point  
 Collected all, one universal now : —  
 I knew no past, no future, but at once  
 Enjoy'd the transports of unnumber'd ages.  
 Ah me ! like lightning have you disappear'd ;  
 My eternity of bliss hath only fill'd  
 One instant of my being ; time resumes  
 Its slowness, clogg'd by moments of despair ;  
 And stale disgust marks out, by tedious years,  
 The melancholy remnant of my days.

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These extracts (and many more remain) are taken from that superior, but unhappy work, which must be censured by all those (and how numerous the tribe !) who have either no hearts to feel its transports, or distresses ; or those who with equal, though with different failings, have done so little to regain the virtues which they have lost.

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To such,  
 So bright an object of esteem retriev'd,  
 Must cast such dazzling rays, as to confound  
 Their half-form'd merits, or their faults confirm'd,  
 And wound their conscience, or alarm their pride:  
 Who then will praise? Those who have worth sufficient,  
 To need no trophies from another's spoil;  
 Who can secure behold the distant danger,  
 Yet feel for those less happy than themselves;  
 Who scorn Ulysses, and his doubting caution,  
 When cords confin'd him struggling to the mast;  
 But with attentive ear, and just applause,  
 Can hear the Siren's voice, yet shun the shore.

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#### ERRATA.

Page 8, for *social*, read *social*.

47, ver. 1, Latin—for *salutis*, read *solutis*; and for *sepenibus*, read *serpentibus*.

55, ver. 7, Latin—for *lata*, read *lata*.

69, Title—the word *corpora* should begin another line.

194, ver. 7, French—for *se*, read *je*.

There may be a few more errata, whose correction is left to the sagacity of the reader.

### POSTSCRIPT.

*Many Translations, with some Prose Essays, are now omitted for want of time and space, but may hereafter appear.*



NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON SOME OF THE

*ORIGINAL POEMS*

IN THE FIRST VOL.



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N O T E S  
AND  
O B S E R V A T I O N S.

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*On the Tabula Eugubina.*

IN 1444, at a town in Italy, anciently called Iguvium, in modern Italian, Eugubio, situated in Umbria, at the foot of the Apennines, towards the West, some brass plates were found in a ruined wall, and fastened to it by cramps of iron, as represented in one of the vignettes of the 'Etruscan Antiquities,' by S. W. Hamilton, in his first volume. On these plates are inscriptions, in the most antient Pelasgic characters. These plates had frequently exercised the sagacity of the learned, in Italy: their inquiries Gori pursued in his 'Museum Etruscum,' printed at Florence, in two volumes, folio; and, by joining his learning to the former inquiries, he determined the characters; and

and supposing the language to be the *Æolic* Greek, brought into Italy by the *Pelaſgi*, he attempted an explanation of each word; and found the whole to be a hymn in time of the greateſt diſtreſs, ariſing from a peſtilence and famine. This event he confirms by a paſſage in *Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus*, who quotes from a more ancient hiſtorian, called *Myrſilus*, the *Leſbian*, that more than one century before the ſiege of *Troy*, ſuch a calamity did happen in that part of Italy. On theſe grounds, *Gori* calls the inſcription, on the *Tabula Eugubina*, the *Carmen Orthion*. The characters are read from right to left, according to the more ancient oriental form, before the *Bouſtrophedon* was admitted; which alternate method ended in the *Western* languages, with an entire change of writing from the left to the right.—The original has no ſtops, or punctuation; and, as well from the rapid expreſſions of diſtreſs, changing from invocation to deſcription, and vice verſa, as from the imperfect ſtate of language in thoſe very early periods, very few, if any, connectives are admitted in the broken ſentences. This particular form, *Gori* has ſtrictly obſerved in his *Latin* verſion, which is placed, *verbatim*, under the original words; and the *English* paraphraſe, has obſerved the ſame, as far as was  
conſiſtent

consistent with any degree of perspicuity. It may be just remarked, that the opening of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, with the first choric ode, together with the first chapter of the prophet Joel, bear much resemblance to the circumstances and situation of the *Carmen Orthium*, here translated into Latin prose, and into English verse; on the form of which last, these previous remarks are offered by the writer of the paraphrase.

Poetry without music, in ancient ages, would have been as absurd as, in the modern, is music without poetry. The rhythm of the verse, and the time of the notes to which it was sung, were once connected with, and dependant on each other; or were, indeed, the same. How this union, by the ancients, was produced, we are now uncertain; and, in modern music with words, its use is lost. The greater divisions, therefore, of this hymn, in English, are not intended to have any reference to the strophe and antistrophe of the ancients, but only to guide the musical composer (if ever the hymn should appear in its due form), in the choice of airs and recitative, as well the simple, as the more adorned species, called accompanied, as they may seem to require the different application. Whether the ancient music was superior to the  
modern,

modern, must remain undecided; but, of the superiority of ancient versification, as to rhythm, there can be no doubt, from the variety of measures and of feet which, for different purposes, were employed. This is evident in the measures and feet, which are known, and whose effect may be perceived: in the apparent irregularity, indeed, of many of the lyric or choric measures, there is nearly as much difficulty of conception, to modern ears, as in the music.

In modern verse, the iambic, and its inversion, the trochee, are all the feet which we can apply, at least, in serious works; for the anapæst, of which we have some notion, with its inversion, the dactyl, is best suited to the lighter species of poetry; all, therefore, which modern poets can do, and especially in the lyric, is to produce what variety they are able, by the following methods: the mixture of the iambic and trochaic feet, by employing different lengths of the verse, as to the number of either feet, and by an interchange or blending of the final sounds, now called rhyme; but never, I think, using less than two feet or four syllables, and scarce ever more than five feet or ten syllables; for the Alexandrine, as it is called, seems rather two verses of three feet each, than any  
distinct

distinct species: these methods, in the paraphrase of the hymn, have been applied. To the musical composer, the longer lines will, perhaps, suggest the recitative of both kinds, and the more short, or unequal lines, will belong to the airs or chorusses; but, in general, in our days, poets know so little of music, and musicians of poetry, that it is a vain attempt to produce any intercourse between them, so as to promote the union of sound and sense, which must be the perfection of the two arts combined. The measures, therefore, of the hymn, in English, I leave to the ears and taste of the learned and candid reader.—The following, is the verbal translation by Gori; in which the lines after the words show only, where the lines of the original inscription end, and return to the right side of the plate:—

Estote filii percussi simul—Incendite nunc  
 Urnas impositas odoramentorum—Remedium  
 fugam extremi (i. e. Mali) diffusi.—Dilate  
 Viri adstantes guttur—Frater Fratribus ostentato  
 Ignem—Mersus divisus (Ignis) est—  
 Pueri dilate guttur valide—Pueræ adstantes  
 sacris clamate gutture—Matres omnes ter cantu  
 ululate—Clamate Viræ (virgines adultæ)—  
 Fratrum (omnia) inauspicata—Ululate Filiae  
 dispersa

dispersa clamantes Arva everſa——deſolatum Far  
 nimia Uredine——ſacrum clamate (carmen)——  
 Specioſi proventus deſiderati in Arvis——Specio-  
 ſa camporum vaſtata ſunt——Fætuſ ſpecioſi aucto  
 duplo malo ſubmerſi——Clamate gutturibus ever-  
 ſi——Clamate exuſtione Optima ſubverſa——  
 Proventus ſubverſi——Arbores feraces ſubverſæ  
 plus tres Annos——Exuſtione extincti proventus  
 tres Annos——Extinctæ Arbores feraces fu-  
 mantes——Extinctæ fugatæ ululate——tem-  
 pore ab illo fugerunt fructuſ annui pingues——  
 perſiccata Dona——fugit Far——Ægræ ſunt  
 Reſ everſæ ſacræ——tua neceſſaria ſumme Joviſ  
 Pater——Calamitatem averte Dexter——tua  
 dona——Per Fratres Sacerdotes Patreſ jure adeſto  
 —Alumnoſ per Juventutem——produc tua neceſſa-  
 ria Alimenta——Ululate Clamate——Tua neceſ-  
 ſaria ſumme Paſtor——publice depulſor pro-  
 duc tuam——neceſſariam nardum——Eheu diſ-  
 perſum eſt Officiuſ noſtrum——Vide per Fratres  
 Sacerdoteſ Patreſ——jure adeſto——totam  
 per juventutem alumnam ſacram——Vivifica ar-  
 mentorum fœtuſ——deſolatoſ arborum fœtuſ cla-  
 mate——Adſpira matura——fœtuſ conſolida  
 ——Paupereſ tuos penuria laborentiſ intuerè——  
 ſolidam profer frumenti copiam——Sirium ſub-  
 trahe



trahe a fœtibus——Epulas offerimus trementēs  
 ——omnes tuos pauperes intuerē——Averte  
 averte Luem——Pastor publice.

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*On the Ophi-cyclo-ptero-morphic Symbol.*

TO some readers, these few short notes of explanation may perhaps be acceptable:—

Verse 3.—vid. 1 Pet. i. 12.

Verse 7.—vid. Acts, vii. 22.

Verse 12.—This line is from the Platonic philosophy, which teaches, that there is *one* in many, and *many* in one. This is illustrated by a seal, and the impressions taken from it; where the seal is one, and the impressions are many.

Verse 14.—The gradations are 5, from Faith, Light, or Spirit, to brute matter.

Verse 17.—vid. Acts, xvii. 28.

Verse 21.—God is called, in Plato, *Form* of Forms; as distinct from, and pre-eminent above matter; here it is *Father* of Forms.

Verse 29.—vid. Prov. viii. 22, &c.

Verse 30.—The Christ is the image the Father; as by a figure, shapes are reflected from a mirror; but vid. Heb. i. 3.

Verse 41.—In most of the symbols, the wings are divided into three ranks;—one plain space, for spiritual beings; one, with one set of lines across the space, for rational beings; and, one with two lines crossing each other, representing inferior animals, and mere matter.

Verse 51.—A knowledge of geography renders explanation, in these lines, needless.

Verse 61.—In these two lines the difference of letters, as characters, and of hieroglyphics, as symbols, is marked.

Verse 67.—vid, Hom. Odyss. B. 24, at the beginning, with Clark's notes; and the passage, from Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

Verse 79.—The hieralph, is the letter *A* placed sideways, for *sacred* purposes.

Verse 90.—In this, and the following lines, the evil principle, or the origin of evil, is marked under the various names and types of various times and nations.

Verse 97.—The butterfly, papilio or psyche, is generally used as an emblem of the immortality of the soul, as a figure, from the different forms and states of that animal.

Verse 103.—Thoth, in Egypt; Hermes, in Greece; and, Mercury, in Etruria, or Italy, are names

names or titles of some great and very ancient instructors of mankind. The first, by later Grecian writers, is called Trismegistus;—the symbol is borne in the hand of many Egyptian idols.

Verse 108.—This hieroglyphic is called the cone of light, and that of darkness; to represent the assistance of the supreme, to correct the corruption of man upon earth; and the attempts of Corruption to resist the aid from above; till, what is express'd in lines 109 and 110.

Verse 118.—The three terms here employed, have the same meaning and intention as the three mentioned in verse 6.

Verse 120.—vid. 1 Cor. xv. 28.

Verse 122.—Jehovah, is a compound expression of Time, in its three forms of past, present, and future; according to the rudiments of the Hebrew grammar; it has been called tetragrammaton, from the four characters יהוה which are inscribed at the top of most altar pieces in the Christian churches;—and, Shiloh is Hebrew for *sent*.

### *On the Sonnet.*

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THE Sonnet has been generally considered as the production of the most early Provençal poets, called Troubadours, in the middle or at the beginning of the 13th century, and in the south of France, on the confines of Italy, when the Crusades had brought some refinement of literature from the East into Europe; and here, after many rude attempts, as is the case with all new inventions, Petrarcha, in the middle of the 14th century, carried that species of writing to its highest perfection; in which he was followed by Bembo, Ariosto, Tasso, and many others of later date; and, which is still a favorite mode of composition in Italy, on all subjects of a public or a private nature. They have been chiefly written in Italian, which became distinct from the Latin, by admitting, from the Celtic and Teutonic dialects, many northern words; and, by changing, principally, the inflexions of the Latin verbs into terminations more open and flowing: as *sono* for *sunt*, *amano* for

for *amant*; and is still, supèrior to the French, where the nasal endings in N, and the mute E, either with or without the added letters unpronounced, render the verses of that language so much less melodious than the poetic form of many others; and so much more difficult to be read, so as to give any effect to the verse, and to observe the laws by which it is composed: so peculiar, indeed, is the Italian tongue for its softness of sound, that most words, and in poetry nearly all, end with a vowel or a liquid; hence it is so adapted to music beyond any language, whose true pronunciation is known. The Latin language was always preserved for the church, and for works, chiefly, of sacred learning; but the blended dialect was called la Lingua volgare, in so much, that volgorizzare was a term synonymous for translation from the old Latin into the modern Italian.

In the sonnet, rhyme was always used, in distinction from the ancient rhythm, and is, most probably, a modern invention of Europe; though some authors say, that the similitude of the sound of words, at the ends of lines, was not unknown to the Orientals, perhaps, at a more early period. In all nations, more modern, rhyme seems to be

a supplement to the various feet and measures used by the Greeks, and from them by the Romans; who owe all their learning and improvements to the Etruscans, and their elegance and refinement to their Grecian intercourse: and, in my opinion, poor and weak is the substitute for such distinguished ornaments of poetry, as were the richness and sweetness of the ancient versification; besides, that it subjects the freedom of expression to an irksome chain, of which the greatest merit consists in its being the lightest borne and when it least discovers the shackles which it imposes. The Italian language is, indeed, very fertile in rhymes; and, therefore, the restraint gives less trouble to the writer, and by the reader is less perceived. These rhymes have been differently arranged by different poets, and by the same poets, in different parts of their works, as to the two first quatrains, as they are called; but these quatrains, hardly ever admitted more rhymes than two, and in the two triplets, of three verses repeated, a change was admitted in each; but, most often, the third verse of the first, and the third of the last were in strict rhymes. The number of verses, then, in a sonnet are always fourteen; for which peculiar number, a reason for a long time, in vain,

was

was fought, till one was suggested by a sonnet of Tasso, translated at p. 286. In this sonnet, the subject was proposed in the first four lines, pursued in the next four, and, an allusion to the main subject was made in the fix, which concluded the composition. In many of the original English sonnets, written after this sort of discovery, that form of arranging the subject and the allusion, or simile, has been adopted, and, perhaps, with this improvement, that the subject *proposed* in the first four lines shall be *pursued* in the second four, either by extension or contrast, in a kind of parallelism; the great discovery of Lowth in his Hebrew poesy; and in the two triplets or six last lines of the allusion, the parts of the simile in the first three shall refer to the four of the first quatrain, and in the last three, to the four of the second, *vid.* Original Sonnets, p. 141. This method may seem to add to the difficulty of this species of composition; but in very short works, a difficulty conquered is an added merit; and the method certainly conduces to that precision of the expression, which has always been allowed as a merit in the sonnet; and this merit is much procured by the proper use of antithesis, a figure of sentences, so often condemned, but so constantly applied by

the writers in all languages. And, for this reason: association of ideas attends most of our perceptions; as light may be called the absence of darkness, and darkness is the privation of light; and either of the one naturally induces the thought of the other, and by the contrast give a mutual strength. It is true that the antithesis should be more in the thought, and less in the words; in which last, when it is sought with labour, or does not, in the terms, exactly agree with the relative subjects, it is ever faulty; but, the abuse of truth and of propriety is no valid argument against the true and well-applied use of any form of writing.\* The true antithesis and the simile, which is a species of it, is founded on the strictest principles of science; in the doctrine of proportion; and, the simile and comparison is so mentioned by Aristotle, in his Poetics: where the four terms of the sky, and field, the stars, and the flowers, are adduced as the essential requisites of a metaphor; that is, the sky has stars, and the fields have flowers: and, therefore, by metaphor, the terms may be transferred, so that stars may be called flowers of the sky, and flowers may be called the stars of the field. In the symbols of proportion they are thus

pect

\* And this may be, also, applied to alliteration.



express:—Stars : sky :: flowers : field. I do not expect that in modern times of avowed and presumptuous ignorance, or in those of concealed and ungrateful knowledge, this reference to Aristotle will have great weight; but, I am certain that the strictness of a scientific method may, with great utility, be applied to subjects of criticism as well as those of morality; and produce that accurate distinction of ideas in which true knowledge and comprehension, or understanding, consist, and without which, all disquisitions are confused, obscure, imperfect, and ineffectual. But to return to the sonnet:—the laws of this composition are remarkably severe, inasmuch, that Boileau said, a perfect sonnet was worth an epic poem. The severity of these laws consist, first, in the unity of the thought, or the subject, to which the writer, of a legitimate sonnet, must, without the least variation, adhere. Next, no important word, as a noun or a verb, must be frequently, if ever, repeated; then the connection of the parts, in the whole, must be closely dependent on each other, by links always existing, though not always apparent; and, the breaks must be filled up by the most obvious and natural ellipsis. Lastly, the gradation of the climax, the thought, and diction, from the first line to the last, is to be observed. The sonnets of

Petrarcha, notwithstanding all the beauty of the diction, are deficient in this gradation; as the eight first lines are often superior to the six last, and but seldom the last line is the most full of thought. A sonnet may be considered as a serious epigram, and in all epigrams, as well in the simple manner of the Greek, as the satirical or pointed form of most in Martial, the last verse comprehends and confirms all the preceding; the defect, in this particular, is objected to Petrarcha, and was one cause of adopting the new method of the subject and the corresponding simile. The sonnets of Milton, both Italian and English, so evidently drawn up in the manner of Petrarcha, have the same suggested imperfections; as also many of those of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, the simple pathetic of which may, perhaps, be preferred to the elevated diction of Petrarcha, or the proposed innovation in the form of the sonnet. The madrigal may be considered as the shorter sonnet, not confined to any certain number of lines or to the larger measure of the Italian heroic repeated. Its thought is still more simple than that of the sonnet, and the point or close is more strictly observed. I have, sometimes, thought that as the Italian *serenata* is, evidently, from *sereno*, the evening, the

the madrigale may be from the Spanish *madrugare*, which means to rise early in the morning; and, therefore, that the madrigale is the morning song, as the serenata is that of the evening; but, on this I less insist, as my knowledge of the Spanish language is very imperfect. There is a whimsical sonnet, written by Lopez de Vega, on the difficulty of that composition; it is replete with true ridicule, as it attacks only the form and not the substance of such a kind of writing; to which substance it neither does, nor can, offer any injury, or make its true worth less esteemed. This burlesque has been rendered in one of the volumes of Doddsley's Collection, vol. ii. p. 321. The translation is not quite so perfect as it might be, and an attempt has been made to keep still closer to the original; for in all translations it is the principle, and has been the intention, of the writer of these short essays, to adhere, most strictly, to the sense, and where it is possible, to the words and their construction, which are used in the originals: if it is not possible, the attempt has, in general, been laid aside; and with all due deference to the *Nec Verbum Verbo* of Horace, a more extended, or lax translation is rather a paraphrasis than a metaphrasis, or exchange of diction. I insert the original

ginal Spanish, that the metaphrasis may be more distinctly perceived. I shall still add an observation concerning the rhymes, in which, the translations, as well as the originals, are written with a less frequent repetition:—the Italian language is so fertile in its rhymes, that, without any difficulty, they occur to every writer who is the least accustomed to verse, either written or read. In English, the rhymes in the words are much less frequent, and, consequently, the attention must be turned too much to the inferior parts of the composition, and thus endanger the accurate conciseness of the expression, and the just disposition of parts through the whole, in which the superior merits so much consist. It will therefore be most often found that in these English sonnets, original or translated, the rhymes in the two quatrains are changed; the crossed or alternate rhymes also of first and third, second and fourth, instead of each two in unbroken succession, has been constantly adopted, as being a medium between blank verse, as it is called, and the more common rhymes of each two verses. Dryden, in some of his poems, calls these alternate rhymes, in the four lines, the heroic stanza; the reason of such an appellation is not very evident, and succeeding poets, with

with Hammond and Gray, in particular, have applied these alternate rhymes to elegy, in which, subjects more serious, or plaintive, have been treated; and, as the sonnet is neither so elevated as the heroic in blank, nor so depressed as the common elegy, the mixture of the alternate, in the quatrains, and the more free disposition in the triplets, has been most generally used. The great difference, however, between blank verse and rhyme, which consists in making the lesser parts of the sentence either run into different lines, or be inclosed in the compass of one or two, has been most often observed in favor of rhyme; which, though the writer of this essay be a decided friend to blank or free measure, in longer and more serious works, yet in these shorter and more restricted compositions he has thought, as more agreeable to common taste and practice, so also more adapted to the structure of the sonnet; of which, either translated or original, he has composed so considerable a number in that most studied manner and form. Milton, indeed, from his superior talents in free measures, and from his strict imitation of the older Italian writers of sonnet, has blended the free structure of blank verse and the confinement of rhyme; by which, he has left no  
certainty

certainly of difference in the forms of either; has lost the best effect of rhyme, and checked the flow of the verse, more free, by an useless appearance of restraint. But to return to Petrarcha, and to conclude, indeed, this critique on the sonnet and its most distinguished writer; the numerical critics have, I doubt not, with considerable toil, observed, that the numbers, in an arithmetical sense, of the words used by Petrarcha, are very small. I really have forgotten the result of their enumeration; but, at once, asking the pardon of such exact and enlightened calculators, and to make some amends for the defect of my memory in such an important point, I will venture to suggest a character of Petrarcha, as to the general sameness of his subjects and the particular variety of which, in the small number of his words, he has invented the application:

“ Small is the stream, which to his Muse supplies  
Its stream, but on its banks such flow’rs he culls  
As deck his thoughts with beauties numberless;  
Creating for himself, in either mood,  
As Hope or Fear, each in his bosom reign’d,  
A world of transport, or a world of woe.” —

*A short Explanation of the Sum and Purpose of the Ægyptian Hieroglyphics: translated from the Pamphilian Obelisk; by Athan. Kircher, p. 256.—et p. 396.*

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WHEN the Egyptian priests had learned, by the doctrine delivered in succession by the ancient patriarchs, that *divinity* was infused through all things, their chief and sole employment was to discover the effects of such divinity, as lay concealed in each and all the degrees and orders of natural beings; and to exhibit them, when discovered, with propriety, by symbols apt, and taken from the nature of the things. Hence, they applied their minds to investigate the powers and properties of all animals: as, moreover, they thought, *Genii* were appointed by God to preside over every order, they endeavoured to know, by the deepest researches, under the protection of which *Genius*, each substance, in the classes of natural beings, was placed; by which knowledge, they held a firm persuasion that, by adapted symbols, sacrifices, hymns, rites, and ceremonies, and by holiness of life, they could render each genius propitious

pitious to their prayers; and that, when his favor was obtained, they should, by his influence, acquire all kinds of happiness; they thought, also, that, by such assistance, all evils would be averted, and were confident that, thus, after a happy course in this life, they should secure a blissful state in that which was to come. And this is the substance, and sum, and the purpose, and end, of all the hieroglyphic learning, concealed under the secret mysteries of all the symbols, and all the other ceremonies, and rites. A. K.—vid. also *Obelisci Pamphil.* p. 396.

These symbols were placed on the Obelisks, the sacred utensils, such as the table of Isis or the mummies, and on the gates and walls of all the temples, as still remaining in the magnificent temples of Luxore, or ancient Thebes, in the upper Egypt, and in other ruins on each side of the Nile; of which, the best information may be found in the travels of Savary; and Norden must be applied to for the best description by plates.

It has, in my private opinion, been fully shown by Kircher, that ideas, sacred, moral, and political, are expressed by the symbols in hieroglyphics, and not, as some have thought, historic facts, records of time, or less important calculations.



tions. The manner of enouncing these hieroglyphics is not by words to each character, but by what Kircher calls ideal reading; where each type is to be, collectively, unfolded, and the sounds are to be omitted and the sense retained. The manner of doing it is, generally, in a perpendicular direction; as appears by the ideal reading which he has given of the ranks of hieroglyphics, from which, at p. 65, vol. i. the ode is composed; and assumes the form of Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode, consistent with such division. The paraphrase, in the ode, is formed on the *Lectio Idealis* of the hieroglyphics; as given in Kircher's *Œdipus Ægyptiacus*, vol. iii. p. 414 : where the three columns on the Nardian mummy are explained; and the sense of the successive symbols are thus extended into words:

*1st Column.*

Let the beneficent gate of Osiris be opened to the deceased. May he be conveyed to his appointed place, in the barge, by the three intelligences of the powerful Section. May life be granted to him, by him, who, with motion imperceptible, pervadeth all things. Let Apis be present, with the intelligences of the sun; in whose vehicles may he be drawn to the source of the celestial

Crater, and by the watchful guidance of the providential Deity, may he find the center of contemplation, and live happily among the choirs of heavenly spirits!

### *2nd Column.*

Let him lead the life above—joined and united by contemplation to the power supreme—when he has subdued all adversity, and has been immersed in the intellectual Crater of Hemphtha, let him be inserted in the chain of beneficent powers; let him reign in the circles of blessedness free from the desire of inferior objects; and when he has been sprinkled with *supra mundane dew*, let him, in perpetual vigils, acquire strong wings which never will decay!

### *3d Column.*

Let him, by contemplation, adhere to the supreme providence;—by the vehicle of the supreme providence let him be restored to his own circle. Far be from him the carnal appetite; far, the desire of things corruptible; let his wings be strengthened by the force of contemplation of the superior world.—If after a long time, by the appointment of Fate, he should be returned to a corruptible sphere, let him find this his habitation!—

Whoever

Whoever would know more of the subject of hieroglyphics, must again apply to Kircher, in his recapitulation at the end of the third volume of the *Œdipus Ægyptiacus*; and whoever would search still deeper into such learning must read the work, particularly, in the Table of Isis in vol. 3; and in the whole work on the Pamphilian Obelisk, from which the extract was translated.

The first of these is the fact that the  
the first of these is the fact that the  
the first of these is the fact that the

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON SOME OF THE

*TRANSLATED POEMS*

IN THE SECOND VOL.





# N O T E S

AND

## O B S E R V A T I O N S.



### *On the four proscribed Poets.*

IN the passages which are translated from Lucan, Statius, Claudian, and Seneca, to illustrate the characters given of them in the original lines, I feel myself under the necessity of obviating some objections, which, from scholars of a more advanced age, may be made to the recommending, or even mentioning, such authors as may tend rather to corrupt the taste, than to improve the judgment, of younger students, as to the merits of poetry. Of such authors, the principal in Latin are these four, who are almost proscribed from the list of those received with general approbation, and ranked under the figurative class of the brazen or the iron age: but taste, which is only a metaphorical expression for judgment, depends on an

accurate and enlightened comparison of the different excellencies in different writers; and, as public fame is often no more than a repeated echo, from trust in the opinion of others, so a well-grounded opinion of our own can only be formed on our own reading and experience, which must lead us to justify or to condemn, according as we perceive the merits or defects of a performance to prevail. It has been said, and I believe, with much truth, that the age of genius or of invention is not the age of taste and judgment, and *vice versa*; the conciseness of which sentence is thus to be explained: taste, or criticism, as the last term evidently implies, means to pass judgment or to decide; and in that general sense it was used in early times, when the writers were many, and the judges but few; and these, as formed by the excellence of the compositions then produced, were full as much inclined to commend as to blame; whereas in later times, when the number of judges far exceeded that of the writers, criticism is chiefly employed in marking out the defects, rather than in passing an impartial judgment on the works of others: and this might arise either from the envy which attends exertions superior to our own abilities, or from the satiety and caprice which follows



lows a long succession of endeavours to obtain our applause: this satiety has a peculiar effect on what is properly called art, or the application in practice of principles founded in nature and in truth; and particularly so in the composition and execution of music, where the artist, who from necessity must be attentive to more than applause, finds his hearers wearied with what they have long admired, either from themselves or the decision of others, and are in course less frequent in their attendance on such exhibition, by which absence the performers or composers are compelled to strike into new paths, to awaken their audience; and, having arrived near to perfection in their progressive efforts, must now descend to novelty and surprise, by which the truth of art is corrupted and destroyed. It would not be difficult to produce instances of this degradation in more arts than one; but I hasten to return to the subject of poetry. It is true also, that in early times, authors attended more to strength of thought and boldness of diction, than to that accurate disposition of a whole into its component parts, (vide Harris's *Philolog. Inq.* part ii. chap. 5.) which, by frequent examples of improving writers, became the great aim of their successors; and, as from these examples, rules

were now formed in a more polished age; so from the observance or neglect of these, judges now formed their final opinion; and often overlooked the more irregular beauties which the first attempts in every art are more apt to aspire to, and to obtain: and what is true with respect to these first efforts, is no less so, when many ages have succeeded, and poets, by endeavouring to surpass their predecessors, or to avoid their steps, have formed to themselves a peculiarity of style in the expression of their thoughts.

The extent of the Latin poetry, exclusive of Plautus and Terence, who were mere imitators of the Greek comedy, each in its kind, and of Ennius, who followed Homer so much, that he said, the soul of Homer was transfused into his body;—is from Lucretius to Claudian; to Lucretius succeeded Virgil, who, avoiding the faults, or rather the Greek method of versification of his master, not by improving on his merits, in the most glowing diction and most flowing verse, reached that summit of fame, to which it has been deemed sacrilege, by critics in general, to suppose, that any other poet has attained.

Lucan comes next in order, of those whom I mean to mention, whose age being only twenty-seven

seven when he died, may well excuse the imperfection of his work. A *dictum* of Quintilian l. x. c. 1. § 6. has had more influence on the reputation of Lucan than can be imagined: who, because the subject is taken from real fact and not from fabulous records, according to the critic, is to be numbered rather with the orators, than with the poets. But, if high description, glowing diction, strength of character, with the deepest sentiment, and often, the most ornamental comparisons, are component parts of the character of a poet, Lucan, when read, will appear to have possessed all these, in a degree, far superior to oratory; and, however great may be the authority of Quintilian, to whom I willingly allow all due respect, yet I adhere to the rule of Horace, *Nul-  
lius addictus jurare in verba*. One caution, however, let me add, that in dissenting from so great a master we should be well prepared, by our own reading, to counteract an opinion so long received by the disciples of the Fabian school. But to return;—Seneca was his cotemporary; he adhered more to the early form of tragedy, under Æschylus, than to the improvement of plan and diction introduced by his two successors Sophocles and Euripides.

Under the last of the Cæsars, appeared Statius, who, adhering as much to the spirit of Homer as Virgil had done to his plans, in each part of his *Æneis*, to the *Odyssæy* in the first six books, and to the *Iliad* in the six last; and in all to the same turns of thought and expressions; gave a loose to his unbounded fancy, and nervous traits of character, and of sentiment. Lastly, in the decline of the empire, appeared Claudian, in whom magnificence and richness prevail; and who, like the setting sun, appears of larger dimension and a deeper hue than when it shines at noon; but through that prejudice, which attends on the ages of taste, as they are called, the failings of the poets, of the Augustan age, have ever been palliated, while the merits of those of succeeding times have ever been passed over with as unjust a neglect: and though it is no more my intention to conceal their failings than it is to depreciate the worth of those more commonly approved, yet judgment may be greatly assisted by distinguishing the failings of inferior writers, as it is completely formed by attending to the most perfect models. Besides, in this method, we may have the opportunity and advantage of exercising our own sagacity in the discovery of what we may approve or condemn, without servilely

vilely treading in the steps of that croud of commentators or critics who, as it has been mentioned, have only repeated the opinions of others, in words of their own; and assumed, to themselves, the popular merit of thinking the same with those who were, already, in some degree of repute. But in the recommendation of these four poets, whom I propose, let all prejudice be laid aside; and, as good writing is the aggregate of different good qualities, let us apply to these authors, not as anxious for their reputation, but as studious of selecting, for our own improvement, whatever degree or kind of excellency they may possess; imitating the true judgment of Zeuxis, who, from divers examples of beauty, composed his perfect Venus; and here, I would suggest the advice to make frequent extracts, in writing, from the authors who come under our notice; and, for this purpose, of the four abovementioned authors, I shall propose some passages which best may guide the opinion of their merits, and thus, perhaps, induce a greater attention to be paid to them than what the laws of contracted taste or the injustice of prejudice have been inclined to allow.

The passages in Lucan, are his *Grove*, l. iii. v. 399;—the *Death of Vulteius*, l. iv. v. 474;—the *Brutus*, l. vii. v. 586;—the *Cato*, l. ix. v. 556.

In

In Seneca, the Prologue to Medea;—the Anapaests in the Agam, v. 670.

In Statius, the Prophets, l. iii. v. 524;—the Jocasta, l. vii. v. 470;—the Lion, l. xi. v. 470;—the Œdipus, l. i. v. 44.

In Claudian, the Mother and Daughter, in the Nuptials of Honorius and Maria, v. 241;—the Stilicho, l. i. v. 137;—the whole of the Consulship of Mallius.

Many of these passages have been translated, as examples to the characters; and, as it was the design to give peculiar specimens of the spirit of the writers, selected passages have been preferred to longer extracts, or to the whole work of any one author.

The method of translating a poet, in his entire state, may conduce to a lucrative purpose, and consult the convenience of those who are not masters of the originals; and by the length of the undertaking (not to mention passages less excellent or less understood, all which must be rendered,) may admit of many excuses in the execution; but a true knowledge of the real worth of an author can be gained only by such selected parts where the translator has the time, if he has the ability, to give the peculiar spirit of each poet, on  
which

which his intrinsic character and excellence depends. If the whole series of events be required, let the history be read, in some continued prose translation, by those who cannot command the verse; and though they gain less instruction, as to facts, yet they are better informed, by this shorter method, of that poetical merit, with which, it is supposed, that they wish to be acquainted. I leave to others to decide on the merits of those translations which are entire; and recommend, only a caution, not to be dazzled by the splendor of distinguished names.

Besides these passages, taken from the authors themselves, a most curious and excellent imitation of the turn of thoughts and mode of expression, in each, may be read in the prolusions of Famianus Strada, l. ii. prol. 6; as also the examples of styles, one of Livy, and one of Tacitus, together with the gradations of style in phrase and ornament, on the same subject of the Cyprian Heroine in history, oratory, and poetry. The work of Strada, on almost every subject of literature, except his prejudice against Tacitus, is replete with rules and observations, from which the greatest improvements may be drawn; since, as to the manner of different writers, he has collected, in-

to a small space, those beauties and peculiarities which, in course, are only scattered through their works.

There is, moreover, a treatise on criticism under that article, in the French Encyclopedia, written by Marmontel, which deserves, as well as to matter as manner, the strictest attention; as, also, the dissertation on taste, prefixed by Mr. Burke to his work on the Sublime and Beautiful. This preface is most exact in its definitions, and close in the chain of arguments, which are produced, and looks up proudly to the accuracy and extent of Harris, in some of his works; while it gives to me, at least, the undeniable criterion of taste, a subject so various and so perplexed by the generality of writers.

Dr. Hurd, in his treatise on poetical imitation, and, particularly, in the second part, on the marks by which it may appear that imitation has been employed, has followed the same accuracy of investigation of those fleeting objects; and the work of Diderot, *sur les Sourds et les Muets*, with the singular addition to the title, *à l'Usage de ceux qui entendent et qui parlent*, and that of Batteux *sur les beaux Arts*, are entitled to the strictest notice: nor let it be objected that so much stress is laid



laid on the French critics; since truth and instruction belong to no peculiar nation; and, it may, perhaps, be found, that whatever the English have done in all times, on all subjects of original composition, criticism and the rules of art have been cultivated both in prose and verse, by the French, with peculiar perspicuity and success.

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### *On the Limits of Translation.*

SO much has been already written on the subject of translations, that any new or considerable lights can hardly be thrown on what has been so well illustrated by precept as well as by example: in the French authors, indeed, the abbé de Lille, in his preface to the Georgics of Virgil, as by him translated;—the treatise of d'Alembert in his *Mélanges*, t. iii.—and, the instructions of d'Aguesseau, in his *Mercuriales*, deserve particular attention; and such authors it is rather my intention to point out to the reading of others, than to obtrude, as my own observations, what I have gained from their perusal. There is, however, one subject, belonging to translation, which has not yet

been particularly examined, and that is the limit, within which the thoughts and expressions of original compositions, (and I mean, chiefly, those in verse) may be rendered so as, not by prolixity and addition, to impair, or by conciseness and omission to obscure, what in the originals has attained the due medium between opposite defects. It may be justly observed, and I think I am indebted to d'Alembert for the knowledge though not for the application, that those authors, either in prose or verse, whose leading quality and merit is in the thoughts, are more happily translated than those whose efforts have been exerted on the expression, or what is sometimes called the style of their works:—thus, in Greek, Demosthenes appears better in translation than Lysias or Isocrates; Æschylus than Euripides; in Latin, Virgil than Ovid; Livy and Cicero than Sallust, or Tacitus, or the younger Pliny; in Italian, Tasso has met with more success than Ariosto, and in that language above all than Metastasio; in French, Corneille than Racine; but I will not longer pursue this apparent digression, and defer the limits of translation, on which I intended to suggest my opinion; and that on the following principles:—it has been, by all grammarians,

1

agreed,

agreed, that verse depends on regulated metre, metre on the number of feet, as they are called, feet on syllables, which, according to ancient systems, are long or short in time, or, according to ideas more modern, are more or less governed by accent, tone, or stress: the long syllables, to use the ancient mode of speech, are said to contain two times, and the short only one time; whether this proportion of two to one be accurately just is not important; certainly, the times, tone, or stress, is unequal. Of these feet, the Latin and Greek metres, in the epic, contain six; composed with some restriction, yet with variety, as to their places of dactyls and spondees, which are feet of equal duration:  $2+2$  or  $2+1+1$ .—(I beg to be excused the use of these scientific symbols, in speaking on subjects of literary criticism; especially, as I intend to adopt that form of notation, as I proceed on my purpose.) It appears, now, that the six feet, in the ancient epic, contain twenty-four times. In the English heroic, whether it be blank verse or rhyme, the number of feet employed is five; and these, in general, composed of what is called iambic, or the short syllable preceding the longer. Each of these feet then contains three times, and the five feet are equal to fifteen;  
now

now then let us institute this proportion, and in more subjects, than this of criticism, the accurate mode of the Geometers may be applied; and, if done with due caution, will always produce that perspicuity of ideas so peculiar to science.

A Latin hexameter is, to an English verse, as 24 is to 15; or thus:

L : E :: 24 : 15 :: 8 : 5. therefore, 5 Latin=8 English, or in common terms, eight English lines may be allowed to be translated from five of Latin:—hence, whenever a passage in Latin verse is to be rendered into English, we may say, As five is to eight, so is any given number of Latin lines, to be translated, to a fourth proportional obtained by multiplying the second and third term each by the other, and dividing by the first; thus, if the given number of Latin lines be ten, the number of English lines may be sixteen, for

$$5 : 8 :: 10 : \frac{10 \times 8}{5} \text{ or } 16.$$

If the given number produce a fraction in the process, that fraction will express how many parts of English metre may be employed beyond the whole verses, as thus:—

$$5 : 8 :: 12 : \frac{8 \times 12}{5} \text{ or } 19 \frac{4}{5}; \text{ or}$$

nineteen whole verses, with  $\frac{4}{5}$  or one foot of the  
next;

next; and this will be found most applicable to translations into blank verse, where the metre is not restricted by the end of the line. Hence it appears, how much more fitted for translations, from the Greek and Latin, is blank verse than rhyme: and it would be, perhaps, an invidious task to point out how much the very best writers, in rhyme, have been embarrassed by that species of metre, in their translations from longer works; when two lines of rhyme were not sufficient to express the sense of the original, and four lines were too much; so as, in one case, the defect has been by omission, and, in the other, by redundancy: and this is, perhaps, the reason of the triplet, or three rhymes, being introduced, as also, sometimes, of the Alexandrine, or verse, in English, of six feet.

The limits then, which are proposed, in translations into English, from Greek and Latin hexameters, are, that eight English lines be allowed for five in either of those languages; and this limit, but most often within it, will be found in those translations from the originals, whose characters are exhibited by description and allusion in the verses corresponding to each author. In Latin and Greek iambics, called trimetri, the least number,

ber, in a pure iambic, is 18, the greatest is 21; the sum, therefore, is 39, and the medium is  $19\frac{1}{2}$ ; the least English is 15, and the greatest, with two spondees admitted, if there are any such in our language, is 17—the sum is 32, and the medium 16; the number then, of Greek and Latin or English iambics, is nearly the same. I will, for a moment, pursue this theory of limits to the measures, particularly, in Latin, called lyric, as principally the Alcaic, the Sapphic, and others; here the whole stanza or system must be considered as one mass, and not each line: as for example, the four lines of the Alcaic will be found to consist of 64 times. Such a stanza of English lyrics is to be found, whose component lines shall, as near as possible, complete that number. I am aware, that the last syllable of every verse, in Latin, is *supposed* to be *long*; and, that the English stanza or lyric is almost compelled to be in rhyme; however disposed, or whatever number of feet, in each line, be employed; for the English lyric cannot be distinguished from the epic, except by the different number of *similar* feet which is used:—the Sapphic and other measures may be reduced to the same standard. The Sapphic, contains 5 times. I shall now conclude this short essay on the limits  
of

of translation, by observing, that, with respect to the French and Italian epic (for I know little of the Spanish, though, I believe, it agrees with the Italian), the difference between the original and the English is but small.

French heroic and tragic is strictly hexameter, if the feet be supposed iambic: and the Italian consists of five feet and a half, that is the falling syllable so peculiar to that language. The limits then, of the English verse and those of the French and Italian are nearly the same; and the same number of lines may be employed in each.

It is not now the time to speak on the different divisions of French verses into six iambics, with their cæsura, or into four anapæsts, as Marмонтel, in his excellent *Poétique*, has suggested, with the cæsura in the half of the line; nor of the variations, perhaps the licences, which the Italians allow in the structure of their metres: licences which our great Milton has taken, from his intimate knowledge of the Italian and Greek metres; and by which, many of his most difficult lines may be explained. I shall, therefore, conclude with these two remarks: that the difficulty of the Italian verse arises from the elisions of the vowels following each other, which the ductility of their language

language allows, and is best and most practised by Petrarcha and Ariosto; and from the knowledge and due application of the mute E in the French, on which the truth of their versification depends: and, that Voltaire, in my opinion, is the best versificator, in his language; avoiding the languor of Racine, the rigor of Corneille, and, perhaps, the monotony of Boileau: but, on this opinion I do not insist, as those natives only, who are duly acquainted with the principles of their own versification, ought to decide on these points of interior criticism. I have said that I do not mean to repeat what every scholar knows without my teaching; and wish, in the Horatian phrase, that *I fungar vice Cotis*; not desiring of others what I, with Horace, assert for myself: *Nullius addictus jurare in Verba.*—

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### *Appendix on Rowe's Lucan.*

TO Rowe, as a poet, whose sense was solid, and whose ear, as to sound, was formed for richest melody, all attention is given, all due praise is allowed; but here, he is to be considered as a translator;



translator, not of the exuberant Claudian, of the pointed Seneca, of the daring Statius, but of the full sententious Lucan, whose subject is superior to all fable, whose truth is beyond the ornament of art, and whose abilities, in despite of Quintilian, were as much superior to those of an orator, as those of Tully were inferior to a poet. If Rowe had written, from himself, a *Pharsalia*, it is not to be denied that many, nay most of his added lines or thoughts, might be worthy of Lucan; but, his present work is a translation of what has already been well performed, and certainly required no additions; many of which, I assert, to be the effect of the rhyme in which, unhappily, he wrote; when the manly spirit of his original required all that freedom and strength which, I maintain, blank or rather free verse only can supply. When I have first allowed this commendation to Rowe, as a poet, I hope it will not be thought either arrogant or invidious to point out his faults, faults rather those of his time, than of his own genius or judgment; for till near his time, Milton, in his free verse, was little studied; Shakespear, in his best parts, certainly free from rhyme, was but little known; while Dryden, whose rhyme, as metre, is of the first excellence,

and Pope, whose facility and accuracy, in moral epigrams or in pointed satyr, were the favorite writers most read and best understood; to these, the preceding Spenser added great weight by his stanza, too confined, and by multiplying the chains of Italian poesy, in Ariosto and Tasso who were his models. Jonson, indeed, knew and practised the true measures of *free* verse, for I shall banish the ignominious term of *blank*, given by those who thought there was no poetry without rhyme; and, therefore, considered its omission as a defect, a disappointment, or a blank, instead of the prize; which such judges thought the return of the same sound at the close of each two lines alone could claim. It has been already said, in the Essay on the limits of translation, that a Latin verse, heroic or hexameter, is, to an English heroic or pentameter, as 8 to 5; therefore, 8 English lines may be employed to render 5 Latin: but see the Essay, where the principles cannot be denied by any scholar competent to the subject. Now the lines in Lucan, of his famous speech of Cato, are 23, which might admit nearly 37 in English: Rowe has employed 56, with an excess of 20; and this is done by making the translation, not a metaphrasis or rendering Latin thoughts into English words.

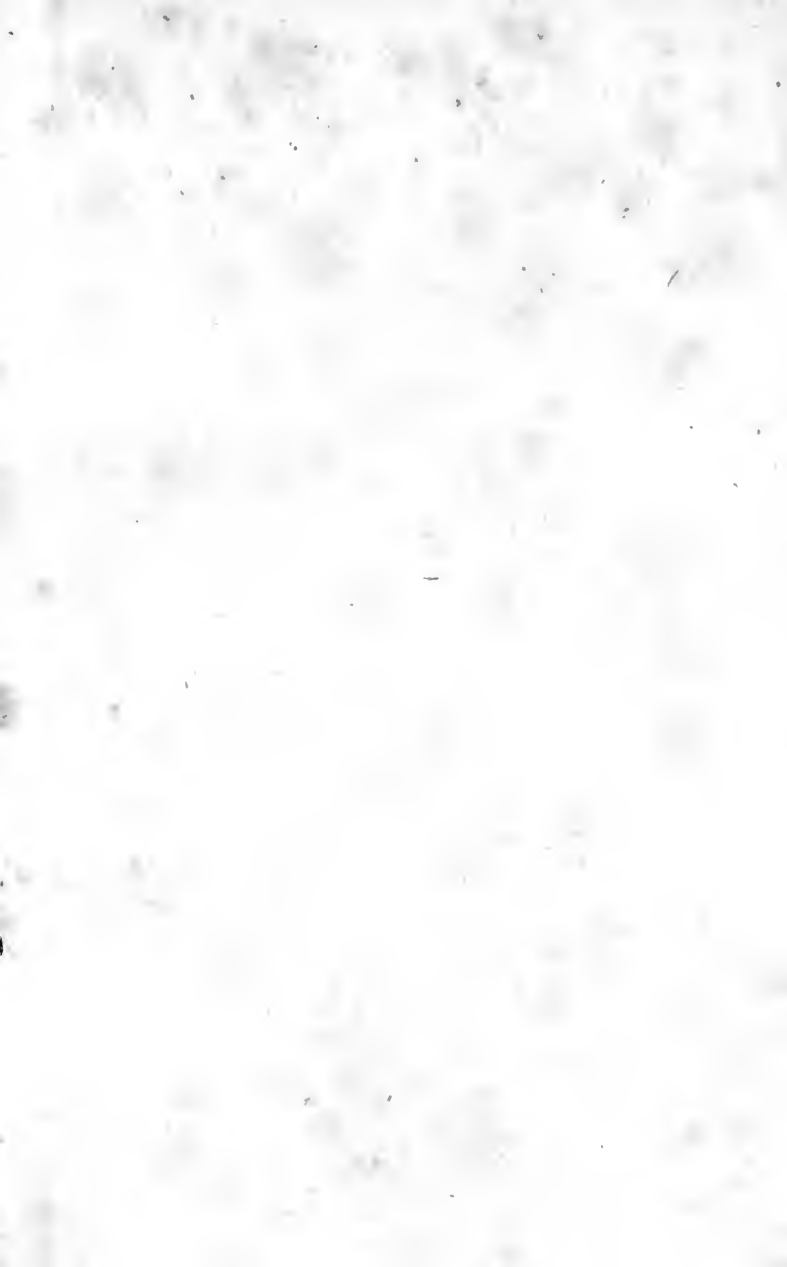
words, but a paraphrasis or explanation of what was already clear, a dilatation of what already possessed its due extent. It would be an easy task to point out all the places, in this extract, where Rowe has used repetition and redundancy; but, in an author whom I otherwise esteem, it is to me a task as unpleasing to remark defects as it is unwelcome, to most readers, to select the beauties. I shall, therefore, do neither, but leave both offices to true critics, who are as willing to praise as the false-ones are to censure what they cannot correct or equal :—one particular I will notice, and that more to deprecate rhyme, which, to such an author as Lucan, is, in my judgment, highly improper. The fault on which I fix, is the use of the triplet or triple rhyme; most often used, in this species of writing, by those who would not take the trouble of condensing the sense into two lines, which might often be done to good effect; and, who yet had judgment sufficient left not to increase, by a fourth line, what already was too much in the three. For the same reason, I am no friend to Alexandrines, which reduce the freedom even of our English rhymes to the wearisome hemistichs of the French verse. Much more may be said for the falling syllable of our genuine free  
1  
verse;

verse; which is borrowed from the Italian, a language far superior to the French, in the rhythm of versification. As I have avoided pointing out either the particulars, defects, or excellencies, of Rowe's translation, I shall, for a very obvious reason, not enter the translation lately made of the speech of Cato, and some other passages into the lists of competition; but shall only say, that where the limits of translation, as I have, at least, for myself laid them down, might have allowed me very nearly 37 lines for the 23 of the original, I have employed only 30; and that, while I have certainly not exceeded the limits of sound or times, I have not been deficient in giving the sense and genuine thought, as may appear to those, who are not competent judges of the Latin, by the exact and literal translation of Lucan, when it is given in the most unmeasured prose; in which, not an epithet is omitted, changed, or added; and the turn of the phrase preserved as much as the two different languages will admit.

END OF THE SECOND VOL.







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